

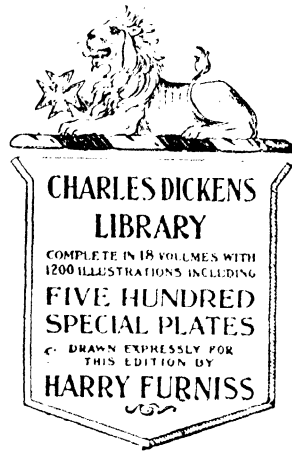
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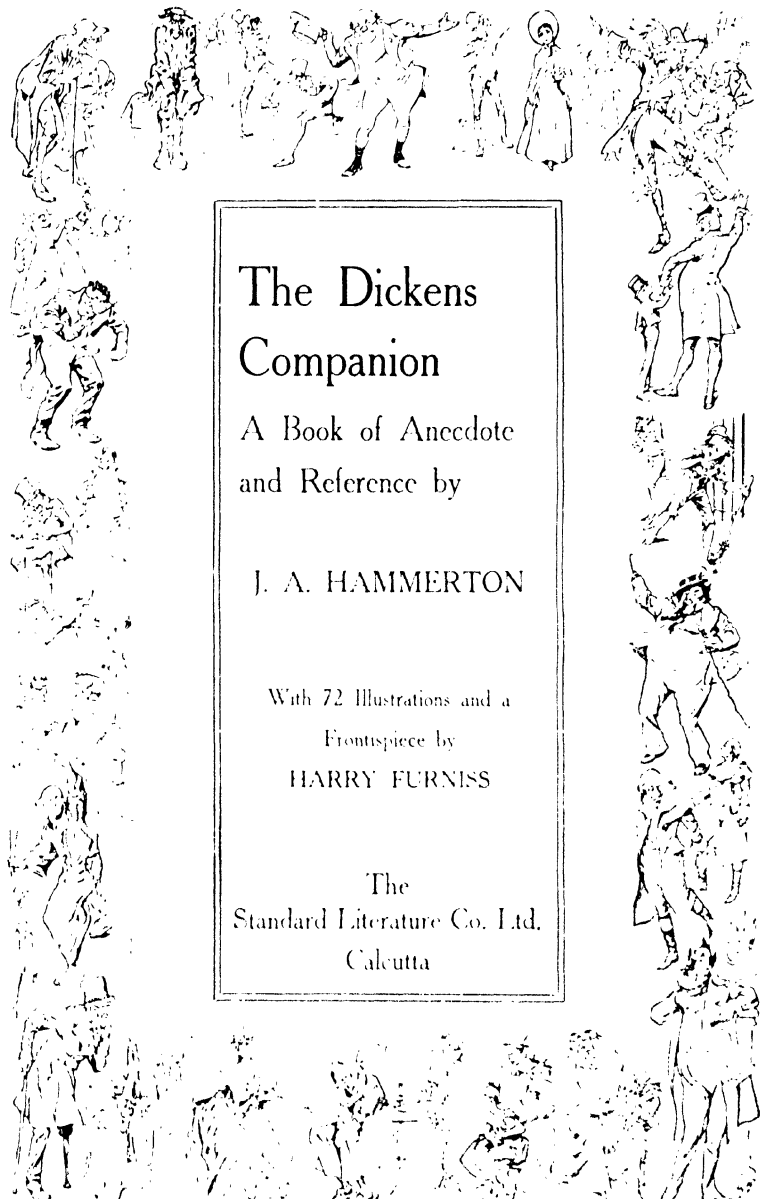


IMPERIAL EDITION

THE DICKENS
COMPANION



CHARLES DICKENS



The Dickens Companion

A Book of Anecdote
and Reference by

J. A. HAMMERTON

With 72 Illustrations and a
Frontispiece by
HARRY FURNISS

The
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DICKENS COMPANION
A Book of Association
and Reference

Edited by
J. A. HAMILTON

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EDITOR'S NOTE

To the making of books about Dickens there is no end. With the exception of Shakespeare there is probably no English author concerning whose life and work so many volumes have been written and compiled. From Forster's historic "life" to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's brilliant study, the list is a long and interesting one. Nor is there like to be an end. In the autumn of 1909 there appeared a volume devoted to *Charles Dickens and his Friends*, which, if it told us nothing new, at least brought within the compass of a single work much that was hitherto scattered, and scarce a month passes that does not bring news of some other addition to the ever growing store of Dickensiana.

Every conceivable form of book has been associated with the name of Dickens. There are at least two Dickens "Dictionaries," both with merits of their own, and both lacking in many respects; there is the late Mr. Kitton's admirable *Dickensiana*, more useful as a finger-post than as a source of general information; there is quite a little library of books devoted exclusively to the topography of the novels, such as Kitton's *Dickens Country*, Fitzgerald's *Borland*, and Pemberton's *Dickens's London*; there are books on all aspects of the great novelist's career; brochures such as Lockwood's *Law and Lawyers of Pickwick*, anthologies without number, books about his characters, and many "lives" of varying values; to say nothing of the innumerable chapters in the autobiographic literature of the Victorian era, furnishing forth some memories of its foremost literary figure.

In all this wealth of written words it might be thought the last had been said that remained to say concerning Charles Dickens; but that is far from true, so fascinating is the study of this man's personality, so rich in interest every feature of his wonderful career.

The present work, however, makes no pretence to add to the knowledge of Dickens. In it will be found nothing new or strange; yet, withal, the editor is hopeful that his labours may not be deemed ill-spent, and it is surprising that a work of this kind has not earlier

been attempted. It is designed to make available in handy form for the general reader an immense amount of miscellaneous matter to which none but students of Dickens, with a large and well-selected library, could have ready access. If the hand of Autolycus is here and there to be observed, perhaps it will not be gainsaid that the unconsidered trifle is often of sufficient interest to be worth the picking up.

The Dickens Companion is at once a work of reference and a book to read. Not to be read, it is true, in the same way as a continuous biography, but for dipping into at odd moments and choosing entries as the mood suggests. It will be found to provide an immense amount of interesting and curious information touching all phases of Dickens's life and work, a large and representative number of books and periodicals having been laid under contribution for the anecdotal side of the work. In no other work has anything on quite these lines been attempted, and what we have here is, in effect, the cream of a whole library. In this way, though nothing fresh may be set forth, many new points of view are obtained by bringing together in new relationships old and half-forgotten facts, the thoughts and memories of the most diverse writers.

But beyond the anecdotal interest of the present volume, it has a value as a work of reference which the editor may reasonably point out. A careful chronology of the life of Dickens is here included for the first time, and will doubtless prove useful to the reader whenever a question involving any incident in the life of the novelist is in point; the synopses of the novels, together with the quoted descriptions of the various characters, is a feature likely to commend itself to all students, and not to be found on the lines here followed in any other work of reference; the alphabetical list of characters, with references to the book or story in which they appear, is also likely to be of service, while a complete bibliography of the writings of Dickens needs no appraisal.

In a word, *The Dickens Companion*, as its title indicates, is meant to be a companionable book, both for the general reader and the more serious student of the great Victorian novelist. That it is free from mistakes the editor will not assert; that it is complete and definitive he makes no pretence; but that reasonable care has been exercised to make it useful, instructive, and entertaining, he respectfully submits.

J. A. H.

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DICKENS IN ANECDOTE AND CRITICISM



AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN

From a drawing by Thomas U'clius, R.A.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

From a painting by Francis Alexander, of Boston, U.S.A.

I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

THE boyhood of Dickens belongs to the same region and the same surroundings as his last hours. He was born at Landport, in Portsea, where his father was living, in 1812 [Feb. 7], his father at the time being employed in the Dockyard at Portsmouth; but it was in Chatham that he spent the years when he began to observe. Wandering among the ships there, he caught that love of nautical life which always remained with him, and he picked up his first acquaintance with those seafaring and longshore men who stood for so many of his portraits. An even more important moment was that when he and his father stood together and looked at a house which was on a strip of the highest ground between Rochester and Gravesend. The house was called Gad's Hill Place. The father, observing the admiration with which the boy looked up at the house, made one of those commonplace and time-honoured observations of parents, to the effect that if the child would only work hard enough, he might one day live in some such house. The observation was probably forgotten by the elder as soon as it was uttered; on the younger it made one of those ineffaceable impressions of childhood. It was that house which Dickens ultimately acquired [1856], and it was there he lived the best days of his later life. And it was there finally that, struck down prematurely to the unconsciousness and senselessness which is death's prelude and intimation, he passed away [June 9, 1870].

He was but eleven when he left Chatham [for London], and by that time he had got the better part of all the education he ever received. But a small collection of books was in an attic in the house where Dickens lived. In *David Copperfield*, he tells the story of this room:

"From that blessed little room, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe* came out, a glorious host to keep me company."

One of the results of this reading was to inspire in the boy the first impulse to write. He wrote a tragedy, began to tell stories well off-hand, and acquired a small reputation as a singer of comic songs. He felt the hopes "of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man."

In London [in 1823] the family had to go to a poorer house ; they took refuge in a mean, small house in Bayham Street, Camden Town, with a wretched little back garden abutting on a squalid court. Here Dickens was allowed to sink into a household drudge, running of errands, helping to nurse the children,—the family was of the abundance of the thriftless,—and polishing the boots of his father. They changed from Camden Town to 4 Gower Street North [where Mrs. Dickens attempted a “ Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies ”]. Everything in the house had to be sold or pawned to get food ; and poor little Dickens was made acquainted early with that dark and furtive resort of the poor, at once their Inferno and their Paradise—the pawn-office. In the end nothing was left of the furniture of the house except a few chairs, a kitchen table, and some beds.

Dickens had a relative named James Lamert, manager of a blacking manufactory [Warren’s, in the Strand], and the child was given employment under him at a wage of six shillings a week. He was a small, sickly child ; he was attacked by spasms at intervals.

The two rooms in which his family were camping in Gower Street were too far off to go home for dinner, so it had to consist of a saveloy and a penny loaf ; sometimes of a fourpenny plate of beef from a cookshop ; sometimes of a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of beer from a miserable old public-house over the way. But it was the suffering of the soul that Dickens again and again dwells upon.

“ My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander desperately back to that time of my life.”

His father’s creditors refusing to accept the composition, the family were forced out of the encampment in Gower Street, and settled down in the Marshalsea Prison in the Borough. Now the boy was handed over to a reduced old lady in Little College Street, Camden Town, who took children in. He has given a picture of the time, the words of which still have the power to burn themselves into your soul, as the things they describe burnt themselves into the soul of Dickens. Here is the passage :

“ I know I do not exaggerate unconsciously and unintentionally the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by anyone I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have

been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond. My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned as such altogether, though I am solemnly convinced that I never, for one hour, was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy. I felt keenly, however, the being so cut off from my parents, my brothers, and sisters, and when my day's work was done going home to such a miserable blank, and *that*, I thought, might be corrected. One Sunday night I remonstrated with my father on this head so pathetically, and with so many tears, that his kind nature gave way. He began to think that it was not quite right. I do believe he had never thought so before, or thought about it. It was the first remonstrance I had ever made about my lot, and perhaps it opened up a little more than I intended. A back attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent court agent, who lived in Lant Street, in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber yard, and when I took possession of my new abode I thought it was a paradise."

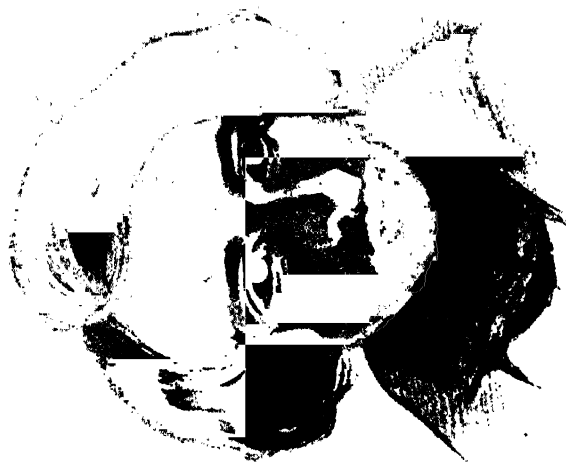
Release from this terrible life came through a quarrel between the father of Dickens and his employer. He was but twelve, and he was again sent to school. It was at the establishment of Mr. Jones, which stood at the corner of Granby Street and Hampstead Road. Here he had some success with his pen among his school-fellows. He showed, too, that love of amateur theatricals which remained with him to the end of his life; and he had so far outgrown the horrors of the blacking factory and of the Prison that he had become a curly-headed, handsome lad, "full of animal spirits, and always up to mischief." Then he entered a solicitor's office as a boy clerk. His father, at forty-five, had learned shorthand; the son determined to follow the example, with the result that at nineteen he was able to enter the gallery of the House of Commons as a reporter for the *True Sun*. When he was twenty-four he had begun *Pickwick*, and had become one of the famous men of the hour, and one of the immortalities of literature. He was at that hour such a marvel of vitality and energy that people were attracted and even a bit dazzled and hypnotised by his look. "What a face to meet in a drawing-room!" exclaimed Leigh Hunt. "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings." And from that hour onwards it was unbroken triumph.—T. P., in *T.P.'s Weekly*, December 26, 1902.

GLIMPSSES OF THE PROMISED LAND.

As a "very queer small boy" Charles Dickens used to walk up to Gad's Hill House—it stood on the summit of a high hill—on holidays, or when his heart ached for "a great treat." He would stand and look at it; for as a little fellow he had a wonderful liking and admiration for the house, and it was, to him, like no other house he had ever seen. He would walk up and down before it with his father, gazing at it with delight, and the latter would tell



DICKENS IN 1836



DICKENS IN 1838
From the painting by Samuel Lawrence

him that perhaps if he worked hard, was industrious, and grew up to be a good man, he might some day come to live in that very house. His love for this place went through his whole life, and was with him until his death. He takes Mr. Pickwick and his friends from Rochester to Cobham by the beautiful back road; and I remember one day when we were driving that way he showed me the exact spot where Mr. Winkle called out: "Whoa, I have dropped my whip!" After his marriage he took his wife for the honeymoon to a village called Chalk, between Gravesend and Rochester.—Miss Mamie Dickens, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia)

"A TERRIBLE READER."

Robert Langton, in his *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens*, chronicles the recollections of one who was a servant in the Dickens family in Ordnance Terrace, and in the house on the Brook at Chatham. Mrs. Gibson, whose maiden name was Mary Weller, and who afterwards married Mr. Thomas Gibson, a shipwright, said:

"Little Charles was a terrible boy to read, and his custom was to sit with his book in his left hand, holding his wrist with his right hand, and constantly moving it up and down, and at the same time sucking his tongue. Sometimes Charles would come downstairs and say to me, 'Now, Mary, clear the kitchen, we are going to have such a game,' and then George Stroughill would come in with his magic-lantern, and they would sing, recite, and perform parts of plays. Fanny and Charles often sang together at this time, Fanny accompanying him on the pianoforte. Though a good and eager reader in these days (about 1819) he had certainly not been to school, but had been thoroughly well taught at home by his aunt and mother, and" (added Mrs. Gibson, speaking of the latter) "she was a dear, good mother, and a fine woman. A rather favourite piece for recitation by Charles at this time was 'The Voice of the Sluggard,' from Dr. Watts, and the little boy used to give it with great effect, and with *such* action and *such* attitudes." . . . Little Charles Dickens lived in Mrs. Gibson's memory as "a lively boy of a good, genial, open disposition, and not quarrelsome, as most children are at times."

In a note to Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, vol. i. p. 3, there is a portion of a letter dated Gad's Hill, 24th September 1857, to this effect: "I feel much as I used to do when I was a small child a few miles off, and Somebody (who, I wonder, and which way did *She* go, when she died?) hummed the Evening Hymn to me, and I cried on the pillow—either with the remorseful consciousness of having kicked Somebody else, or because still Somebody else had hurt my feelings in the course of the day." Mr. Langton expresses little doubt that this singer of the Evening Hymn was Mrs. Gibson. Mrs. Mary Gibson died April 22, 1888, aged 84.

HIS SWEETHEART.

At Rochester he was placed under the charge of a Baptist minister, one Giles. In the playground he had been recognised by his

affianced one, Miss Green, "second house in the terrace." This schoolboy union he has often dwelt on. He later transferred its *locale* to Canterbury, in *Copperfield*. There Miss Green appears again under a fresh name. Over thirty years later, grown-up and famous, he went down to the old place, and records his impressions in his touching little paper, *Down at Dullborough*. On his visit he recognised some familiar faces, and went to call on an old school-fellow—now a flourishing doctor—whom he found married to Lucy Green, with whom he dined.—F 2.

NO ZEST FOR GAMES.

According to his own account, Southsea did not contribute much to Dickens's physical strength, neither indeed did Chatham; for, he used to say, he *always was* a puny, weak youngster, and never used to join in games with the same zest that other boys seemed to have. He never was remarkable, according to his own account, during his younger days, for anything but violent spasmodic attacks, which used to utterly prostrate him, and for indomitable energy in reading. Cricket, "chevy," top, marbles, "peg in the ring," "tor," "three holes," or any of the thousand and one boys' games, had no charm for him, save such as lay in watching others play.—D.

BOYISH COMPOSITIONS.

Dickens was sent to Wellington House Academy, Granby Street, Hampstead Road, when he was about twelve. He and his fellow-pupils invented a lingo by adding a few letters of the same sound to every word, and, by using this gibberish, pretended to be foreigners; they also kept bees, white mice, and other living things clandestinely in their desks. Charles took to writing short tales, which he lent to his schoolfellows on payment of marbles and pieces of slate pencil; and he and the other boys mounted small theatres with gorgeous scenery, the plays (such as *The Miller and his Men*) being presented "with much solemnity" before a juvenile audience and in the presence of the ushers. It is affirmed that he did not particularly distinguish himself at school, for he carried off no prizes.—K 1.

EARLY GIFT FOR MIMICRY.

Mr. George Lear, a fellow-clerk of Dickens, at Ellis and Blackmore's [the attorneys, of Gray's Inn], says that he recollected the novelist as being a mimic.

"He could imitate, in a manner that I have never heard equalled, the low population of the streets of London in all their varieties, and the popular singers of that day, whether comic or patriotic; as to his acting, he could give us Shakespeare by the ten minutes, and imitate all the leading actors of that time. He told me he had often taken parts in amateur theatricals before he came to us. Having been in London for two years, I thought I knew something of town, but after a little talk with Dickens I found that I knew nothing. He knew it all from Bow to Brentford."—K 2.

AS A REPORTER.

In 1835, Dickens was one of the eighty or ninety reporters who occupied the press gallery in the old House of Commons. He reported the proceedings for several newspapers, becoming at last a representative of the *London Morning Chronicle*. He was then twenty-three years of age, filled with an almost superabundant energy, and throwing himself with eagerness into his daily work, so that he was regarded with great favour by his chiefs, both for his accuracy and for the speed with which he transcribed his notes. Long afterwards he said: "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first success." Presently, when the *Evening Chronicle* was established, Dickens was asked to furnish for its columns some sketches in addition to what he contributed as a reporter. His salary was at the same time increased from five guineas to seven guineas per week. These sketches, of course, were those which in the following year were published in a small volume entitled *Sketches by Boz*.—Lyndon Orr, in *The Bookman* (New York, March 1906).

A large sheet [the *Morning Chronicle*], was started at this period of his life [1835], in which all the important speeches of Parliament were to be reported verbatim for future reference. Dickens was engaged on this gigantic journal. Mr. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) had spoken at great length on the condition of Ireland. It was a long and eloquent speech, occupying many hours in the delivery. Eight reporters were sent to do the work. Each one was required to report three-quarters of an hour, then to retire, write out his portion, and to be succeeded by the next. Young Dickens was detailed to lead off with the first part. It also fell to his lot, when the time came round, to report the closing portions of the speech. On Saturday the whole was given to the press, and Dickens ran down to the country for a Sunday's rest. Sunday morning had scarcely dawned, when his father, who was a man of immense energy, made his appearance in his son's sleeping-room. Mr. Stanley was so dissatisfied with what he found in print, except the beginning and end of his speech—just what Dickens had reported—that he sent immediately to the office and obtained the sheets of those parts of the report. He there found the name of the reporter, which, according to custom, was written on the margin. Then he requested that the young man bearing the name of Dickens should be immediately sent for. Dickens's father, all aglow with the prospect of probable promotion in the office, went immediately to his son's stopping-place in the country and brought him back to London. On telling the story, Dickens said:

"I remember perfectly to this day the aspect of the room I was shown into, and the two persons in it, Mr. Stanley and his father. Both gentlemen were extremely kind to me, but I noted their evident surprise at the appearance of so young a man. While we spoke together, I had taken a seat extended to me in the middle of

the room. Mr. Stanley told me he wished to go over the whole speech and have it written out by me, and if I were ready he would begin now. Where would I like to sit? I told him I was very well where I was, and we could begin immediately. He tried to induce me to sit at a desk, but at that time in the House of Commons there was nothing but one's knees to write upon, and I had formed the habit of doing my work that way. Without further pause he began and went rapidly on, hour after hour, often becoming very much excited, and frequently bringing down his hand with great violence upon the desk near which he stood."—*F* 1.

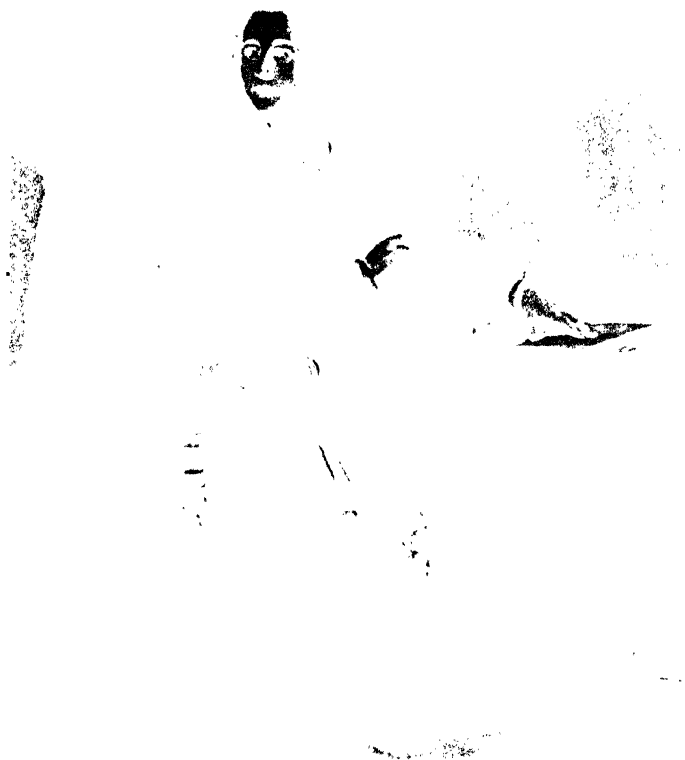
HIS OWN RECOLLECTIONS.

In a speech at the second annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, on 20th May 1865, Dickens, in proposing the toast of the evening, made an interesting reference to his own work on the Press:

"I have pursued the calling of a reporter," he said, "under circumstances of which many of my brethren at home in England here, many of my modern successors, can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer, from my short-hand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. The very last time I was at Exeter, I strolled into the castle yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took,' as we used to call it, an election speech of my noble friend Lord Russell, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the county, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good-natured colleagues, who chanced to be at leisure, held a pocket-handkerchief over my note-book, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession. I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep—kept in waiting, say, until the Woollack might want restuffing. Returning home from exciting political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry byroads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheel-less carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, and have got back in time for publication, to be read with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew."—*S* 1.

DICKENS'S FIRST LOVE.

The *Life of Charles Dickens* was written in three large volumes by John Forster, but that much was left untold is evidenced by



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1859
After the portrait by Daniel Maclise, R.A

many later writers. Very interesting, for example, are the facts given in a publication of the Bibliophile Society of Boston, dated 1908, and entitled, "*Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell : Private Correspondence*." Edited by George Pierce Baker, Professor of English Literature in Harvard University. Printed for Members only."

At one time it was generally supposed that the Dora of *David Copperfield* and the Flora of *Little Dorrit* were Mrs. Dickens (*née* Hogarth). We know now that Dickens's "first love" was Maria Beadnell. When the two first met, Dickens was a youth of eighteen. Maria was a little older. Dickens wrote to her, "I can never love any human creature breathing but yourself." Two years afterwards he was engaged to Catherine Hogarth, daughter of his friend and colleague, the musical critic of that name; and twelve years afterwards Maria Beadnell married Henry Louis Winter.

Maria Beadnell was the daughter of John Beadnell, manager for a firm of bankers, Smith, Payne, & Smith. Dickens was introduced to the family by his friend Henry Kolle, who married Anne Beadnell in May 1833, shortly after the letters here referred to were written. These five letters are apparently the ending of a happy intercourse of some months. In the first of them, dated only "March 18," Dickens declares that their recent meetings have been "little more than so many displays of heartless indifference" on her part, and he returns to her some present, which he says "I have always prized, as I still do, far beyond anything I ever possessed." The original of this letter was returned to Dickens, and it is printed from a copy retained by Miss Beadnell. Of the other letters of this series, one is undated, the others are dated simply "Thursday," "Friday," and "Sunday," but all were written within a few days. There was apparently never any engagement, but that Dickens was on familiar terms with the Beadnell family for three years or more is shown by a poem, "The Bill of Fare," written in the autumn of 1831. The manuscript of this, preserved by Miss Beadnell, is also printed in the volume. In it Dickens characterises his friends, including the Beadnells, and of himself says:

"And Charles Dickens, who in our Feast plays a part,
Is a young Summer Cabbage, without any heart; -
Not that he's heartless, but because, as folks say,
He lost his, twelve months ago from last May."

More than twenty years later, a new correspondence was taken up, and twelve letters written to Mrs. Winter, in 1855, 1857, 1858, and 1862, are included in the volume. The first of these letters are full of thoughts of the past. In one, dated February 22, 1855, he says:

"A few days ago (just before *Copperfield*) I began to write my Life, intending the manuscript to be found among my papers when its subject should be concluded. But as I began to approach within sight of that part of it [referring to his early love] I lost courage, and burned the rest."

But after he had seen Mrs. Winter, Dickens seemed to feel that the youthful romance was gone, and a different tone pervades the later letters. He gave her a copy of *David Copperfield* inscribed "Charles Dickens to Maria Winter. In remembrance of old times."

After ten years of marriage, Mrs. Winter wrote to Dickens, and received a warm response. He wrote:

"My entire devotion to you, and the wasted tenderness of those hard years, which I have ever since half-loved and half-dreaded to recall, made so deep an impression on me that I refer to it a habit of suppression which now belongs to me, which, I know, is no part of my original nature, but which makes me chary of showing my affection even to my children except when they are very young. You are always the same in my remembrance. When you say you are toothless, fat, old, and ugly, which I do not believe, I fly away to the house in Lombard Street . . . and see you in a sort of raspberry-coloured dress, with a little black trimming at the top—black velvet, it seems to be made of—cut into vandykes, an immense number of them, with my boyish heart pinned like a captured butterfly on every one of them."

When Dickens saw her he was sorely disenchanted, and he was cruel enough to record the effect in his account of Arthur Clennam's meeting with Flora:

"This is Flora. Flora, always tall, had grown to be very broad too, and short of breath, but that was not much. Flora, whom he left a lily, had become a peony, but that was not much. Flora, who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought, was diffuse and silly: that was much. Flora, who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now. That was a fatal blow."

Maria Beadnell scorned the young man who had such slight prospects in life. When she met him again he was famous and rich, while the man she had married was on the verge of ruin. He was indeed unhappy in his own married life, and, strange to say, Maria Beadnell was taken into the family confidence concerning his separation from his wife. But she was never to become anything to him again.—*The British Weekly* of September 10 and November 12, 1908.

PECUNIARY DIFFICULTIES.

There was one schoolfellow of Dickens who was an exception to the rest, because the connection was continued as he grew up. This was one Thomas Mitton. They were both law clerks together during Dickens's struggling days, and when the tide of success came, Mitton, then a solicitor, was employed by him in his various difficulties. The solicitor, however, had but a struggling existence, and was often assisted by his client. A large number of letters that passed between them have been preserved. A selection was published in the *Times* in October 1883. From these papers we learned, that when "Boz" had captured a triumphant popularity, and was presumed to be "coining money," he was still harassed

and troubled by pecuniary difficulties. Some of these seem to have come from his own family. Fame brought with it additional cares for him. Attempts were made to make unauthorised use of his name in connection with pecuniary transactions, which caused him much inconvenience and annoyance. The attitude of Dickens at this time towards those who caused him much embarrassment did him great honour. It seems what is called "hard lines," and this noble, patient being must have all our sympathy.—*F* 2.

II

IN HIS FAMILY CIRCLE

MR. "MICAWBER" DICKENS is described as "a well-built man, rather stout, of very active habits, a little pompous, and very proud (as well he might be) of his talented son. He dressed well, and wore a goodly bunch of seals suspended across his waistcoat from his watch-chain." Readers of Forster's *Life of Dickens* will recall how Dickens tried to settle his troublesome pater in Devonshire, and how enthusiastically he gloried in his acquisition. But Mr. Micawber did not see it, and returned to London. The place is described by Mrs. Nickleby, who hailed from Devonshire, in *Nicholas Nickleby* (Part II., Chapter xxiii.). "I don't think," wrote Dickens, "I ever saw so cheerful or pleasant a spot." That unreasonable Micawber!—*The Bookman* (New York), vol. ii.

Mr. Dickens (the novelist's father) appeared younger than his wife did, and was a plump, good-looking man, rather an "old buck" in dress, but with no resemblance to Micawber that I could detect; no salient characteristics that could be twisted into anything so grotesque, except that he indulged occasionally in fine sentiments and long-worded sentences, and seemed to take an airy, sunny-sided view of things in general. He avowed himself an optimist, and said he was like a cork—if he was pushed under water in one place, he always bobbed "up to time" cheerfully in another, and felt none the worse for the dip.—Mrs. Eleanor Christian, in *Temple Bar*, March 1888.

HIS MOTHER.

Dickens's mother had a most sensible face, and in after years he grew to resemble her greatly. She had a worn, deeply-lined face, evidently roughly ploughed by "carking care"; but she was very agreeable, and entered into youthful amusements with much enjoyment. His mother seemed to me to possess a good stock of common sense and a matter-of-fact manner: I detected one little weakness—a love of dancing. And, though she never indulged in it with any other partner than her son-in-law, or with some relation, Charles always looked as sulky as a bear the whole time.—*Ibid.*



MRS. JOHN DICKENS, MOTHER OF THE NOVELIST

From a pencil drawing



JOHN DICKENS, FATHER OF THE NOVELIST

From a pencil drawing

AS A HUSBAND.

No biographer of Dickens can entirely avoid referring to the cause of the unhappiness which overshadowed the last few years of his marvellous career, and which startled the world at large as much as it grieved those who were near and dear to him. After twenty[-two] years of married life, Charles Dickens concluded that he and his wife—the mother of his children—were not made for each other. “It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy,” he explained, “but that I make her so too—and much more so. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should even try and struggle on.” He claimed no immunity from blame. In 1858 Dickens and his wife mutually agreed to separate, the eldest son going to live with his mother at her express wish, and the other children remaining with their father.—K 1.

One of the managers of the *Morning Chronicle* [1835] was Mr. George Hogarth, a Scotch gentleman of education and repute. It was Mr. Hogarth who made the arrangement for the sketches [by “Boz”]; and he took so personal an interest in the young reporter as to invite him to his house, where Dickens presently became an intimate. Mr. Hogarth had two daughters. The elder, Miss Catherine Hogarth, was a lively, somewhat sentimental girl, and Dickens met her at the psychological moment. They became engaged, and were married in 1836. Mrs. Dickens was rather frivolous, somewhat feather-headed, exacting, unreasonable, and impulsive. But also, she was affectionate and well-meaning. So long as the young couple were equally inexperienced and equally childish, they were very happy. But whereas Dickens himself necessarily grew up and became mature, his wife never did so, but remained always a rather doll-like piece of femininity, nearer akin to a child than to a woman. She remained always, in fact, her husband’s child-wife, and, in consequence, as the years went by, he became gradually aware of a certain incompleteness in his existence on the domestic side. It was, however, not so much the attraction of another personality as the incompatibility between himself and Mrs. Dickens which led to a final break between them. This crisis was long foreshadowed ere it actually arrived. His secret discontent took the form of an extraordinary restlessness. He was unwilling to remain long in one place. He made frequent journeys to different parts of England and to the Continent, seeking perhaps, like his Horatian exemplar, to escape from the *atra cura* which, nevertheless, dogged him everywhere. What he called in his letters “an unhappy loss or want of something” began finally to affect his creative powers. It became less easy for him to write. He had to force the note continually. The old-time zest was beginning to disappear. Events soon brought about the logical results of such a state of mind. He separated from his wife, with whom his eldest son, Charles, thereafter made his home. Ample provision was made for Mrs. Dickens.—Lyndon Orr, in *The Bookman* (New York, March 1906).

MRS. CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. Charles Dickens was a pretty little woman, plump and fresh-coloured; with the large, heavy-lidded blue eyes so much admired by men. The nose was slightly *retroussé*, the forehead good, mouth small, round, and red-lipped, with a genial, smiling expression of countenance, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes. The general opinion of mutual friends is embodied in the remarks of one who had every opportunity of knowing the real state of affairs with regard to his [Dickens's] domestic difficulties; but I am not responsible for these opinions:

"I always pitied Mrs. Charles," she said, "and believe she was less to be blamed than others. Where she was wrong was in neglecting to assert herself in the beginning. She was indolent and easy-going, and allowed herself to be gradually ousted out of her proper place. It was hard to be repudiated for 'unsuitability' by her husband, after being the mother of his ten children; and to be deposed and banished from her home, while his esteem and confidence were transferred to her younger sister. She must have been a most amiable woman, free from all mean jealousy, to have borne so sweetly his preference for her sister Mary. From his own words one cannot doubt that his romantic love was given to her, and he never hesitated to speak of her as his ideal in his wife's hearing. When she died, he kept her portrait in the place of honour in his study, and mourned as one who would not be comforted. It is a mistake to have relatives living in the house with a young married couple, and Mrs. Charles would have been wise to have taken warning by this sentimental episode. Like the old woman who lived in a shoe, Mrs. Charles had so many children she did not know what to do, so she weakly allowed herself to be set aside, while a more energetic person managed her household and became counsellor and friend to her husband and children. There are two species of husbands difficult to live with, the genius and the fool. Perhaps the chances of happiness are greater with the fool!"—Mrs. Eleanor Christian, in *Temple Bar*, March 1888.

DELANE'S ADVICE.

It had been obvious to those visiting at Tavistock House that, for some time, the relations between host and hostess had been somewhat strained; but this state of affairs was generally ascribed to the irritability of the literary temperament on Dickens's part, and on Mrs. Dickens's side to a little love of indolence and ease, such as, however provoking to their husbands, is not uncommon among middle-aged matrons with large families. But it was never imagined that the affair would assume the dimensions of a public scandal.

Dickens, the master of humour and pathos, the arch-compeller of tears and laughter, was in no sense an emotional man. Very far, indeed, was he from "wearing his heart upon his sleeve" where his own affairs were concerned, though under Mr. Delane's advice

he was induced to publish that most uncalled-for statement in *Household Words* regarding his separation, a step which, in the general estimation, did him more harm than the separation itself. He showed me this statement in proof, and young as I was, and fresh as was then our acquaintance, I felt so strongly that I ventured to express my feelings as to the inadvisability of its issue. Dickens said Forster and Lemon were of the same opinion—he quarrelled with Lemon and with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for refusing to publish the statement in *Punch*, and never, I think, spoke to any of them again—but that he himself felt most strongly that it ought to appear; that, on Forster's suggestion, he had referred the matter to Mr. Delane, and by that gentleman's decision he should abide.

There can, I take it, be no doubt that, if the matter was referred to any jury composed of men ordinarily conversant with the world and society, the verdict returned would be a unanimous condemnation of the advice tendered to Dickens by Delane.

The two leading personages in this little drama are dead, and I fail to see the necessity or expediency of recalling its various details. It is not for me to apportion blame or to mete out criticism. My intimacy with Dickens, his kindness to me, my devotion to him, were such that my lips are sealed and my pen is paralysed as regards circumstances which, if I felt less responsibility and less delicacy, I might be at liberty to state. As it is, I am concerned with the man, and I shall content myself with remarking that it was fortunate for him that just at this time Dickens was opening up a new field of labour. To have concentrated his mind upon the writing of a book, amid all this "Sturm und Drang," would have been impossible; but into his public readings he could throw all his energy, and temporarily forget his troubles.—Y.

[The only references to Dickens in Mr. Dasent's *Life* of the great editor of the *Times* are two brief notes to the effect that Delane dined with Dickens on 9th May 1857, and was present with him at a "very pleasant party" at Lord Alfred Paget's on 17th February 1858.]

STORY OF AN ATTACHMENT.

The London *Tribune* has come into the possession of some hitherto unpublished letters by Dickens, and has been printing them as a sort of epistolary serial. In these letters the names are suppressed, and a good deal is left to be inferred; yet they have interest as uncovering an episode in the novelist's life which has hitherto been concealed from the general public. It appears that Dickens in middle life conceived an attachment for a lady who was presumably ignorant of the extent of his admiration. For a long time perhaps he himself was not aware how strong a hold upon him this new sentiment had secured. At last a friend of his, whom he had introduced to the lady, won her love, and the two became engaged. Dickens had not known anything about the affair; and when its culmination was announced to him in a letter, his

agitation was extreme. Writing soon after, he described his own emotion, and declared that his heart stopped beating at the news, and that he turned white to his very lips. His subsequent relations with the two were those of disinterested and unselfish friendship, or, at least, this is the inference from the letters already published.—Lyndon Orr, in *The Bookman* (New York), March 1906.

DICKENS'S LOVE OF CHILDREN.

In the scattered reminiscences of Charles Dickens's home life two notes are always touched upon with decision: his love of children, and his devotion to the celebration of "old Christmas customs."

Dickens's relations with children were ideal in character, and Miss Dickens recalled that he was a most kind, indulgent, and considerate father, always gentle to them about their small troubles and infantine terrors. She remembered how he would sing to them of an evening before bedtime, to their great delight, as, with one seated on his knee and the others grouped around, he would at their request go through no end of songs, mostly of a humorous kind, and laugh over them quite as much as his small listeners, enjoying them quite as much too.—*K* 1.

Dickens loved his children, and was beloved by them in return. When his son Henry Fielding returned from Cambridge, having gained a scholarship of £50 a year at Trinity Hall, Dickens met him at the station and drove him to Gad's Hill with their dogs bounding by the side of the trap. About half-way on the journey he suddenly put out his hand, and, grasping that of his son, with tears in his eyes said, "God bless you, my boy."—*R* 2.

Dickens, between his two bright daughters, and he the brightest of the trio—his trim, well-made figure in motion; his keen, ever-glancing face and laughing eyes; his gay, showy dress—velvet collar, red carnation (invariable as Mr. Chamberlain's orchid); his showy, gleaming air, bringing light and quicksilver wherever he was; his gay, cheerful talk; hearty laugh; everything kept moving by him; good-natured and kindly; in all corners, and bringing genial fun and frolic—what an amazing man this was! And yet all the time one of the most famous men in England! And his modesty and retirement—never obtruding, always wishful to listen and not to speak himself, to be second while others were first, to laugh and not to cause laughs. . . . Affection, good-humour, domestic enjoyments—these things were next his heart. So when he wrote the same qualities were displayed.—*F* 2.

"It was here" [at Boulogne in 1856], says his eldest daughter, "that the Plorn (his youngest child, then about four years of age) would be carried about in his father's arms to admire the flowers, or, as he got older, trot along by his side. The remembrance of these two, hand in hand, the boy in his white frock and blue sash, walking down the avenue, always deep in conversation, is a memory inseparable from those summers at Boulogne."—*K* 1.

On one occasion, when Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, their children, and their few guests were sitting out of doors in the small garden in front of their Devonshire Terrace house, enjoying the fine warm evening, I recollect seeing one of his little sons draw Charles Dickens apart, and stand in eager talk with him, the setting sun full upon the child's upturned face and lighting up the father's, which looked smilingly down into it; and when the important conference was over, the father returned to us, saying, "The little fellow gave me so many excellent reasons why he should not go to bed so soon, that I yielded the point, and let him sit up half an hour later."—C 1.

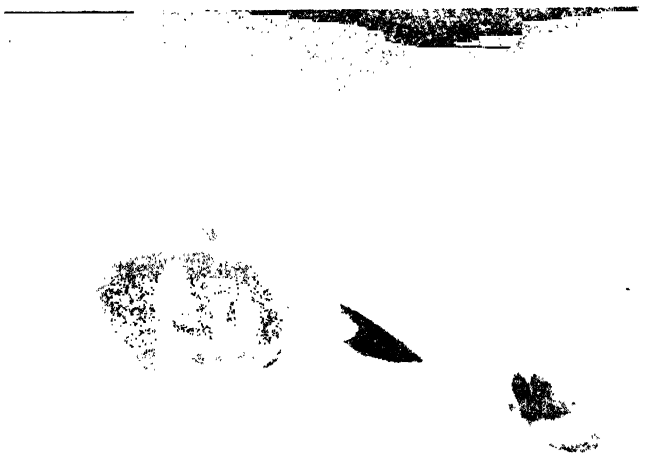
LEARNING THE POLKA.

When Miss Mary ("Mamie") Dickens, the elder of the novelist's two daughters, was eleven years old, we are told that she and her sister (afterwards Mrs. Perugini) had taken great pains to teach their father the polka, that he might dance with them at their brother's birthday festivity on Twelfth Night. In the middle of the previous night, as he lay in bed, the fear had fallen on him suddenly that the step was forgotten, and there, in that wintry cold night, he got out of bed to practise it. On reflection, Dickens himself seems to have thought this characteristic of the intense earnestness with which he applied himself to his occupations and even his amusements, for he said to Forster, in narrating the story, "Remember that for my biography."—*Daily News*, July 1896.

IN THE NURSERY.

In the *North American Review* for May 1895, Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, commenced his long-announced reminiscences of his illustrious father, which bear the title, *Glimpses of Charles Dickens*. The "glimpses" open with recollections of the great novelist at his house in Devonshire Terrace. They picture him sitting in a favourite rocking-chair which he had presumptively brought with him from the other side of the Atlantic, singing comic songs in the evening for the amusement of his children, among which ditties was "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," in which Dickens, Thackeray, and Cruikshank were supposed to have had each a hand; besides the song of "Guy Fawkes." Dickens's love of the society of children is also pleasingly shown in the details of his share with his friend Clarkson Stanfield, the Royal Academician, in the construction of a toy theatre, and the production of an original spectacular piece.

"This, I remember, was a spectacle called the *Elephant of Siam*, and its production on a proper scale of splendour necessitated the designing and painting of several new scenes, which resulted in such a competition between my father and Stanfield that you would have thought their very existences depended on the mounting of this same elephant. And even after Stanfield had had enough of it, my father was still hard at work, and pegged away at the landscapes and architecture of Siam with an amount of energy which in any other man would have been extraordinary, but which I soon



JOHN DICKENS, FATHER OF THE NOVELIST
From an oil painting by John Jackson, R.A.



MRS. CHARLES DICKENS IN 1846
From a painting by D. MacIse, R.A.

learned to look upon as quite natural in him. This particular form of dramatic fever wore itself out after the piece was produced, I remember, and the theatre—much to my delight, for I had hitherto had but little to do with it—found its way to the nursery, where in process of time a too realistic performance of *The Miller and his Men*, comprising an injudicious expenditure of gunpowder and red-fire, brought about the catastrophe which finishes the career of most theatres, and very nearly set fire to the house as well. This extraordinary, eager, restless energy, which first showed itself to me in this small matter, was never absent from my father all through his life. Whatever he did he put his whole heart into, and did as well as ever he could. Whether it was for work or for play, he was always in earnest. Painting the scenes for a toy theatre, dancing Sir Roger de Coverley at a children's party, gravely learning the polka from his little daughters for a similar entertainment, walking, riding, picnicking, amateur acting, public reading, or the everyday hard work of his literary life—it was all one to him. Whatever lay nearest to his hand at the moment had to be done thoroughly.”—*Daily News*, May 15, 1895.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

In the published letters of Charles Dickens, which were edited jointly by Miss Mary Dickens and her aunt, there are many allusions to the former, and some of the most interesting were addressed to his daughter while he was away on his reading tours in the United Kingdom and America. It seems pretty clear from references in these letters that his dear “Mamie,” or “Mamey” (the orthography of Dickens's nicknames does not appear to have been fixed), was of a somewhat delicate constitution. In 1854 Dickens was greatly alarmed by a serious illness she had. Writing to Wilkie Collins he tells how she appeared at one time to be “sinking fast,” and how, no doctor being available, he had had to prescribe for her himself, and tend her in his “great lonely house full of children.” Next we hear of the young lady being taken ill at a Volunteers' ball, “distinguishing herself,” as Dickens says to an old French friend of his, “by fainting away in the most inaccessible place in the whole structure, and being brought out horizontally by a file of volunteers, like some slain daughter of Albion they were carrying out into the street to rouse the indignant valour of the populace.” Again, we hear shortly after this, that Mary is in raptures with the beauties of Dunkeld, but is not very well in health. The daughter was well enough, however, to preside over her father's household, and any difficult or delicate matters connected with it were invariably left to her judgment, in which Dickens had the fullest confidence. “My eldest daughter Mary,” he says, writing in 1858 [the year in which he separated from his wife], “keeps house with a state and gravity becoming that high position, wherein she is assisted by her sister Katie, who is, and has always been, like another sister.” In another letter, he remarks: “My eldest daughter is a capital housekeeper, heads the table gracefully, dele-

gates certain appropriate duties to her sister and her aunt, and they are all three devotedly attached." At this period Miss Dickens was rather pleasing and intelligent-looking than pretty. The father, however, thought that both his daughters were "very pretty," and he expresses surprise that the elder one has not yet (1860) started "any conveyance on the road to matrimony." Nine years later we find him speculating as to what he would do if he lost his trusty housekeeper. "I often think," he says, "that if Mary were to marry (which she won't) I should sell Gad's Hill and go genteelly vagabondising over the face of the earth." The event which Dickens thus half hoped for, half dreaded, never came about, and his elder daughter died unmarried [in July 1896].—*Daily News*, July 1896.

DEATH OF LITTLE DORA.

An interesting communication which comes to me ["A Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*, June 10, 1900], from an American source relates to the death of Dickens's third daughter, who was born in August 1850, and given the name of Dora Annie. Early in 1851 both Mrs. Dickens and the infant were stricken with illness. The child apparently recovered, but Mrs. Dickens was still unwell, and it was decided that she should go in March for a holiday at Great Malvern. She was accompanied by her sister, while Dickens remained in London with the children. On Monday, April 13, Dickens was making a speech at a dinner, and was told when he left the chair that his child had died in a moment. John Forster proceeded next morning to Malvern to fetch Mrs. Dickens home, and he took with him the following letter, along with a prayer:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

Tuesday morning, April 14, 1851.

"MY DEAREST KATE,—Now observe, you must read this letter very slowly and carefully. If you have hurried on thus far without quite understanding (apprehending some bad news) I rely on your turning back and reading again. Little Dora, without being in the least pain, is suddenly stricken ill. There is nothing in her appearance but perfect rest—you would suppose her quietly asleep—but I am sure she is very ill, and I cannot encourage myself with much hope of her recovery. I do not (and why should I say I do to you, my dear?)—I do not think her recovery at all likely. I do not like to leave home. I can do no good here, but I think it right to stay. You will not like to be away, I know, and I cannot reconcile it to myself to keep you away. Forster, with his usual affection for us, comes down to bring you this letter, and to bring you home, but I cannot close it without putting the strongest entreaty and injunction upon you to come with perfect composure—to remember what I have often told you, that we never can expect to be exempt, as to our many children, from the afflictions of other parents, and that if— if when you come I should even have to say to you, "Our little baby is dead," you are to do your duty to the rest, and to show

yourself worthy of the great trust you hold in them. If you will only read this steadily I have a perfect confidence in your doing what is right.—Ever affectionately,

(Signed) "CHARLES DICKENS."

AS GRANDFATHER.

Gad's Hill Place was frequently brightened by the presence of his eldest son's children, and writing to Miss Milner Gibson on December 22, 1866, the novelist said: "I can never imagine myself a grandfather of four. That objectionable relationship is never permitted to be mentioned in my presence. I make the mites suppose that my lawful name is 'Wenerables,' which they piously believe." And "Wenerables" they called him, much to the amusement of his guests.—*K 1*.

THE NUMBER OF HIS CHILDREN.

Dickens the father had eight children; "Boz" himself ten; while his father-in-law, George Hogarth, had fourteen. Add to these cousins, such as the Barrows; brothers-in-law, Austins and Burnetts; schoolfellows, like Mitton; comrades, companions, such as Kollo; and we have a formidable crowd encompassing the brilliant young author, with some, at least, burdening him. An amusing story has often been repeated of the redoubtable Forster's correcting his friend, who had spoken of his ten children. "Nine, my dear Dickens—you have only nine." "Ten; and I think I ought to know." "Pardon me, my dear Dickens, only nine." The confusion, I fancy, arose from the little girl Dora, who died when only a year old. It is hard to understand what Dickens intended in the selection of names for his male children: Walter Landor, Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Sydney Smith, Henry Fielding, Edward Bulwer Lytton. In the admirable article on Dickens by the late Leslie Stephen there is a strange mistake. Enumerating "Boz's" ten children, he altogether omits Charles the younger.—*F 2*.

A KEEPER OF CHRISTMAS.

That Dickens thoroughly appreciated not only the religious aspect of Christmastide, but also cordially approved of the social festivities which mark that joyous season, is evidenced in his own observance of them. No man entered more heartily into the spirit of fun and frolic which characterised what is now usually termed the "old-fashioned Christmas." "Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man-buffings, such theatre-goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before." Thus, in a sprightly note, he referred to the particular Yuletide which brought forth the *Carol*. "If you could have seen me," he wrote to a friend at this date, "at a children's party at Macready's the other night, going down a country dance with Mrs. M., you would have thought I was a country gentleman of independent property, residing on a tip-top

farm with the wind blowing straight in my face every day." The occasion was a birthday celebration of one of Macready's children, and, in a letter to the famous actor himself, he described how he and Forster amused the juvenile guests with wonderful conjuring tricks.—*K I.*

AS HOST.

In very many of my father's books there are frequent references to delicious meals, wonderful dinners, and more marvellous dishes, steaming bowls of punch, etc., which have led many to believe that he was a man very fond of the table. And yet I think no more abstemious man ever lived. In the "Gad's Hill" days, when the house was full of visitors, he had a peculiar notion of always having the menu for the day's dinner placed on the sideboard at luncheon-time. And then he would discuss every item in his fanciful humorous way with his guests, much to this effect: "Cock-a-leekie? Good, decidedly good. Fried soles with shrimp sauce? Good again. Croquettes of chicken? Weak, very weak; decided want of imagination here," and so on; and he would apparently be so taken up with the merits or demerits of a menu that one might imagine he lived for nothing but the coming dinner. He had a small but healthy appetite, but was remarkably abstemious both in eating and drinking. He was delightful as a host, caring individually for each guest, and bringing the special qualities of each into full notice and prominence, putting the very shyest at his or her ease, making the best of the most humdrum, and never thrusting himself forward. But when he was most delightful was alone with us at home and sitting over dessert, and when my sister was with us especially—I am talking now of our grown-up days—for she had great power in "drawing him out." At such times they would discuss mesmerism and other magnetic subjects. One illustration I remember his using was, that meeting someone in the busy London streets, he was on the point of turning back to accost the supposed friend, when, finding out his mistake in time, he walked on again until he actually met the real friend, whose shadow, as it were, but a moment ago had come across his path.—Miss Mamie Dickens, in *Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia).

A peculiarity of the household was the fact that, except at table, no servant was ever seen about. This was because the requirements of life were always ready to hand, especially in the bedrooms. Each of these rooms contained the most comfortable of beds, a sofa and easy-chair, cane-bottomed chairs,—in which Dickens had a great belief, always preferring to use one himself,—a large-sized writing-table, profusely supplied with envelopes of every conceivable size and description, and an almost daily change of new quill pens. There was a miniature library of books in each room, a comfortable fire in winter, with a shining copper kettle in each fireplace; and on the side-table, cups, saucers, tea-caddy, teapot, sugar, and milk, so that this refreshing beverage was always attainable, without even the trouble of asking for it.—*D.*



DICKENS IN 1841

From the drawing by Count D'Orsay

At Gad's Hill he (Dickens) lived in good style. Nevertheless, his tastes were simple. There was no pretension about him, not a suggestion of it. He was an infinitely witty talker, and full of anecdote concerning people he had met and places he had seen. At Gad's Hill there was no sitting by the men at table for a while after the ladies had left. A few minutes after the ladies had gone Dickens would be on his feet leading the way to the drawing-room. In his kind-heartedness he was very thoughtful of his guests, no matter who they might be.—Mr. Frederic Chapman, interviewed in the *Daily Chronicle*, June 25, 1892.

A DELIGHTFUL DINNER-PARTY.

I was at Gad's Hill for one or two Christmases—not on Christmas Day, but shortly after. I remember coming down with him in the train, with his son-in-law, the faithful henchman Dolby, and some others. We walked up from the station; there was a crisp layer of snow over the fair Kent country; the air was fresh; there was a grey half-tint over everything, and we could see the red light at Gad's Hill afar off, twinkling through the trees. The only incident of the walk that comes back upon me was that Dolby, who was of rather a brusque, rough nature, began to talk of someone having been "bashed" by someone else. "Boz" caught the then rather unusual word, and began to ask for a literal explanation. Anything of this sort interested him. His sister-in-law had walked down to meet us; and so had the dogs. That night there was to be a dinner-party, and various neighbours—some from a distance—were to come in the evening. There was that agreeable sense of something exciting, which is so pleasant for a guest in a country house. That night our host was to give us an experimental trial of one of his newest pieces from the readings, and he was anxious to try the effect upon a rural audience. I was looking from the window out on the wide, low-lying country, all white with the snow, and could see a carriage or two—a couple of black patches moving along the road—far off. I thought of the "moated grange" pictures. Here it was exactly: "Guests arriving for the Christmas party." They, in their turn, had their eyes on his cheerful red curtains, illuminated from within, and giving promise of the snug blazing fires, and logs, and maybe a comforting glass. One of these vehicles was the Vicar's, Mr. Hindle's. There was also the doctor, I think; then tenants of the nearest tall house, and so on. But the snow kept some away.

A delightful dinner-party it was. How many are gone now! I was beside the interesting daughter of the house—the attractive "Mamie," as she was called—who has herself written some most pleasing records of these joyous days. She had great personal attractions, and much of her father's observation, with a pleasant wit of her own and a certain piquancy of manner. I always admired her indomitable spirit and independence. After dinner we gathered in the cosy drawing-room, which our host had added to the old house. The retainers came in, and "Boz" took his stand



CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE, AND SISTER IN 1843

From the pencil drawing by D. Mactise, R.A.

at the desk, and began to read *The Boy at Mugby*, a keen and amusing bit of satire on the then system of railway refreshment and on the haughty damsels who presided and zealously served out stale sandwiches and scalding coffee. He presented sketches of their ways and doings in very amusing fashion. But, I remember, his friend Forster, who was never very favourable to the readings, did not quite approve of the topic. I fancy the subject was found too local and special for general interest—and "Boz" made very little use of it in his professional readings.

A gay and hilarious night followed. The desk and apparatus was cleared away, and there was proposed a series of amusing games. Not a round game, as at Dingley Dell, but a very remarkable exercise of the wits, which affected one very much as would the performance of a clever, perplexing conjuror. "Boz" himself was, of course, the central figure. He illuminated all with his quick, lightning flashes and perpetual buoyancy.—F 2.

A DAY AT GAD'S HILL.

Life at Gad's Hill for visitors, I speak from experience, was delightful. You breakfasted at nine, smoked your cigar, read the papers, and potted about the garden until luncheon at one. All the morning Dickens was at work, either in the study—a room on the right hand of the porch as you entered: a large room, entirely lined with books, and with a fine bay-window, in which the desk was placed¹—or in the Châlet, a Swiss house of four rooms, presented to him by Fechter, which took to pieces, and was erected in a shrubbery on the side of the road opposite to the house, where he had a fine view extending to the river. After luncheon (a substantial meal, though Dickens generally took little but bread and cheese and a glass of ale) the party would assemble in the hall, which was hung round with a capital set of Hogarth prints, and settle on their plans. Some walked, some drove, some potted; there was Rochester Cathedral to be visited, the ruins of the Castle to be explored, Cobham Park (keys for which had been granted by Lord Darnley) in all its sylvan beauty within easy distance. I, of course, elected to walk with Dickens; and off we set, with such of the other guests as chose to face the ordeal. They were not many, and they seldom came twice; for the distance traversed was seldom less than twelve miles, and the pace was good throughout.

Generally accompanied by his dogs, Dickens would go along at a swinging pace: sometimes over the marshes famous in *Great Expectations*; sometimes along a hilly, tramp-infested road to Gravesend, skirting Cobham Park, and past The Leather Bottle, whither Mr. Tupman retired; past Fort Pitt, near which Dr. Slammer proposed to take Mr. Winkle's life; down miry lanes and over vast stubble-fields, to outlying little churches, and frequently to

¹ Originally the "Bachelor Bedroom," and under that title most humorously described, with its various tenants, by Wilkie Collins in *Household Words*.

a quaint old almshouse standing, I cannot remember where, in a green courtyard, like an Oxford "quad." With small difficulty, if the subject were deftly introduced, he could be induced to talk about his books, to tell how and why certain ideas occurred to him, and how he got such and such a scene or character. Generally his excellent memory accurately retained his own phrases and actual words, so that he would at once correct a misquotation.—Y.

UNEXPECTED CALLERS.

Not many brighter summer days could have shone than the one on which I first saw Charles Dickens. At the point now crossed by the Finsbury Park railway bridge, stood a group of four or five gentlemen. One, hat off to get the breeze, and stamping his foot, was exercising his power as a *raconteur*. Another, noticeable for his bushy hair and white trousers, strapped over his boots, appeared consumedly tickled. His clear and ringing laugh reached us distinctly across the dusty roadway. As we [my father and I] walked on I learned that he was Charles Dickens, the elfin-like little man with the ashen locks, Douglas Jerrold. Dickens, whose peal of laughter was never to be forgotten, on that radiant day of sunshine grew a familiar figure! I saw him act, I heard him read, and he often passed me in the highways and byways of the metropolis. In the mid-sixties I not only again beheld him in the flesh, but conversed with him. It was at his beautiful home, Gad's Hill.

Extremely fond of rambling in the country to places associated with history and genius at the period mentioned, I persuaded a couple of acquaintances [one was William Jeffery Prowse, a brilliant contributor to the *Daily Telegraph*; and the other a young schoolmaster] to join me on a walking journey through Kent.

On the third day after leaving London we found ourselves at the Falstaff Inn, hard by Gad's Hill Place. One idea had constantly cropped up while we watched the fields and warm green hills reposing in the sunshine. Was there any possibility of seeing the novelist, taking off our hats, and pressing his hand? To the best of the host's belief Mr. Dickens was at home. We further learned he was everybody's favourite. We strolled again. A project seized us. A brief interval at the inn, and a note was written. The words were as follows: "Three admirers of the genius of Charles Dickens desire to pay their devout regards to him." Then followed our signatures.

"Is there any answer, sir?" inquired the servant, taking the note. "If you please." In two or three minutes the young woman reappeared and said, "Mr. Dickens will see you when he has finished writing a letter." Our impulse was to cheer, but feeling took no more demonstrative form than shaking each other's hands. Ah! it was something if only to look at the outside of Gad's Hill. It was from its quietude a fit home for the prose poet of huge, roaring London. The silence around was only broken by the chirping and whistling birds.



DICKENS IN 1842

From the pencil drawing by R. J. Lane



DICKENS IN 1844

From the miniature by Margaret Gillies

We heard a footfall behind the open hall door, and Charles Dickens lightly came down its four steps to the grass where we stood. He wore a grey tweed suit and round bowler hat, and gave us with open hand a greeting buoyant as his gait: "I am glad to see you; come to taste our Kentish air?" Soon, with a quite magical insight, he appeared to divine our pleasant freedom for a few days from London smoke and labour, and certainly appreciated the unaffected homage we modestly tendered. His keen, alert eyes shone with pleasure when one of the little party thanked him for an introduction to people who had become abiding personal friends, among whom were Betsey Trotwood, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Mr. Lorry, Kit Nubbles, Arthur Clennam, Wemmick, and Polly Toodle. Mention of *Our Mutual Friend*, just published in complete form, led to interesting conversation. It showed the novelist's extraordinary topographical knowledge of London, particularly the suburbs. "Boffin's Bower" gave the spur to the gossip.

"I have often wondered, and said if the opportunity ever came of a chat with Mr. Dickens I should like to know the exact whereabouts of the 'quiet, shady street near Pentonville,' in which Mr. Brownlow lived."

"Why?" quietly asked the novelist.

"Having been born in that parish," I said.

"Then you can tell me where the mulberry trees stand."

"Yes, at the corner of Penton Place, mentioned by Mr. Guppy as his address."

"True," was the answer; "might you remember the number?"

"No. 87."

"Excellent. Do you recollect any other places in Pentonville described by me?"

"Yes, the Crown Tavern on Pentonville Hill, where a young mechanic and two lasses sat in the garden, watched the omnibuses going to and fro, and afterwards went to the Eagle Saloon, in the City Road."

"Perfectly correct. Both places were near Mr. Brownlow's residence."

"I have frequently thought, sir, you have had special interest in north and north-western London."

"You think so?"

"In the five famous Christmas Books beginning with the *Carol* and ending with *The Haunted Man*, only one district is mentioned."

"Which is that?"

"Camden Town, where Bob Cratchit lodged."

"Where do you fix Boffin's Bower?"

"In Belleisle, off Maiden Lane, near King's Cross."

"Yes, it was there. But as a North Londoner, the 'wish is father to the thought,' every quarter of London has had notice in my writings, all parts have been described."

Here Jeff Prowse came to the rescue, and instanced what the novelist had done for Southwark, Camberwell, and other places in south London, and also in the central and western portions.

The charm of the interview was in the ease and friendliness with which Dickens received us and conversed. His cordiality and genial temper gave us what Emerson describes as the healthiest attitude of human nature—namely, “the nonchalance of boys.” He took us to the Chalet presented him by Fechter; and showed us the subway from the grounds, all the while chatting and laughing as if we were intimate friends rather than casual visitors. When hastening to depart, and fearing we had intruded, he gaily rejoined, “No! no, I have greatly enjoyed your call.” At the gate of his memorable home, he wished us severally such kind wishes that we could only bow, and felt unable to thank him.

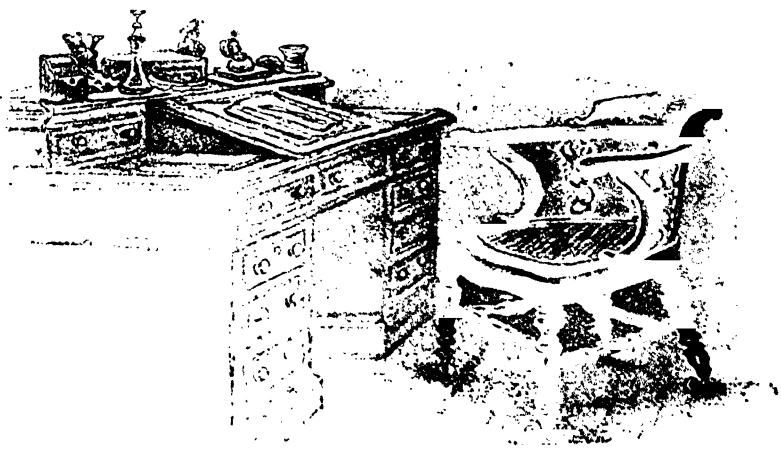
We strolled on, and rested in Cobham Woods. There never to us had been such a summer day. The sky seemed bluer, the grass greener, the sun brighter. Why? We had shaken hands and talked with Charles Dickens.—The late W. E. Church, in *Household Words*, March 26, 1904.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

I remember very well that at the very last Reading, on the 15th March 1870, I thought I had never heard him read the *Christmas Carol* and the Trial from *Pickwick* so well and with so little effort. My readers know how soon the end came. He was in town for our usual Thursday meeting on the business of *All the Year Round*, and, instead of returning to Gad's Hill on that day, had remained overnight, and was at work again in his room in Wellington Street on Friday, 3rd June. During the morning I had hardly seen him except to take his instructions about some work I had to do, and at about one o'clock—I had arranged to go into the country for the afternoon—I cleared up my table and prepared to leave. The door of communication between our rooms was open as usual, and, as I came toward him, I saw that he was writing very earnestly. After a moment I said, “If you don't want anything more, sir, I shall be off now,” but he continued his writing with the same intensity as before, and gave no sign of being aware of my presence. Again I spoke—louder, perhaps, this time—and he raised his head and looked at me long and fixedly. But I soon found that, although his eyes were bent upon me and he seemed to be looking at me earnestly, he did not see me, and that he was, in fact, unconscious for the moment of my very existence. He was in dreamland with *Edwin Drood*, and I left him for the last time.—Charles Dickens, the younger, in *North American Review*, June 1895.

During the whole of Wednesday, Mr. Dickens had manifested signs of illness, saying that he felt dull, and that the work on which he was engaged was burdensome to him. He came to the dinner-table at six o'clock, and his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, observed that his eyes were full of tears. She did not like to mention this to him, but watched him anxiously, until, alarmed by the expression on his face, she proposed sending for medical assistance. He said “No,” but said it with imperfect articulation. The next moment

he complained of toothache, put his hand to the side of his head, and desired that the window might be shut. It was shut immediately, and Miss Hogarth went to him, and took his arm, intending to lead him from the room. After one or two steps he suddenly fell heavily on his left side, and remained unconscious and speechless until his death, which came at ten minutes past six on Thursday, just twenty-four hours after the attack. As soon as he fell a telegram was dispatched to his old friend and constant medical attendant, Mr. F. Carr Beard, of Welbeck Street, who went to Gad's Hill immediately, but found the condition of his patient to be past hope. Mr. Steele, of Strood, was already in attendance; and Dr. Russell Reynolds went down on Thursday, Mr. Beard himself remaining until the last. The symptoms point conclusively to the giving way of a blood vessel in the brain, and to consequent large hæmorrhage, or, in other words, to what is called apoplexy.—*Times*, Saturday, June 11, 1870.



THE EMPTY CHAIR AT GAD'S HILL

After the picture by Luka Füdes, R.A

III

HIIS LITERARY LIFE

REPLYING to the toast of his health at a public dinner, given in his honour at Edinburgh on June 25, 1841, and presided over by the late Professor Wilson, Dickens said: "It is a difficult thing for a man to speak of himself or of his works. But perhaps on this occasion I may, without impropriety, venture to say a word or two on the spirit in which mine were conceived. I felt an earnest and humble desire, and shall do till I die, to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised; that it was worthy of living in for many reasons. I was anxious to find if I could, in evil things, that soul of goodness which the Creator has put in them. I was anxious to show that virtue may be found in the byways of the world, that it is not incompatible with poverty and even with rags, and to keep steadily through life the motto, expressed in the burning words of your Northern poet:

‘The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.’

"Not untried in the school of affliction, in the death of those we love, I thought what a good thing it would be if in my little work of pleasant amusement [*The Old Curiosity Shop*] I could substitute a garland of fresh flowers for the sculptured horrors which disgrace the tomb. If I have put into my book anything which can fill the young mind with better thoughts of death, or soften the grief of older hearts; if I have written one word which can afford pleasure or consolation to old or young in time of trial, I should consider it as something achieved—something which I should be glad to look back upon in later life. Therefore I kept to my purpose, notwithstanding that, towards the conclusion of the story, I daily received letters of remonstrance, especially from the ladies. God bless them for their tender mercies!"—S 1.

Dickens spoke to similar effect when addressing the "young men" of Boston, February 1, 1842. He said:

"I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed

philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the light. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches, as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claim some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and byways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless: 'These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves, they are moulded in the same form, and made of the same clay, and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better'—I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation."—S 1.

STRIKING PROOF OF HIS SUCCESS.

During the winter of 1869 he received a letter from a man informing him that he had begun life in the most humble way, and that he attributed his own great success in life entirely to the helpful encouragement and animating influence he had derived from the novelist's works. This unknown correspondent had just inherited a fortune from his recently deceased partner, and his first desire was to render the novelist some testimonial of gratitude and veneration; whereupon he sent for his benefactor's acceptance two silver table-ornaments of considerable value, bearing this inscription: "To Charles Dickens, from one who has been cheered and stimulated by his writings, and who held the author amongst his first remembrances when he became prosperous." One of these silver ornaments was supported by a trio of figures, representing three Seasons; in the original design there were, of course, four, but the donor, averse to associating the idea of Winter in any sense with Charles Dickens, caused the artist to alter the design and leave only the cheerful seasons. No event in the great writer's career was ever more gratifying and delightful to him.—F 1.

THE RAPIDITY OF HIS SUCCESS.

Mr. James Grant, editor of the *MonMay gazette*, in which some of Dickens's sketches first appeared, wrote some years after the novelist had become famous: "Only imagine Mr. Dickens offering to furnish me with a continuation, for any length of time I might have named, of his *Sketches by Boz* for eight guineas a sheet, whereas in little more than six months from that date he could—so great in the interval had his popularity become—have got a hundred guineas per sheet of sixteen pages from any of the leading periodicals of the day!"—K 1.

ASSOCIATIONS WITH BENTLEY.

Forster describes the contracts made between Mr. Bentley and Dickens as "a network of agreements" which had entangled the writer and crippled his best energies. If Dickens were "entangled in a network," so soon as he made complaint of his situation it was the publisher himself who came to "disentangle" him and actually set him free. There can be no doubt of this after the letter written to the *Times*, December 8, 1871, by his son, Mr. George Bentley.

From this it appeared that Dickens, who was introduced to the publisher in March 1836, by his father-in-law, Mr. George Hogarth, had agreed with Mr. Bentley, on 22nd August, that two novels should be written for the price of £500 each. At this time the success of *Pickwick* was assured, as some six numbers had appeared. On 4th November another agreement was signed by which Dickens was to become editor of a new magazine, *Bentley's Miscellany*, at a salary of £20 a month. At the close of the year the same firm published his operetta, *The Village Coquettes*. But in the March of the following year, by which time *Pickwick* was concluded, and when he was receiving for a single story £3000, he felt that a new one must be worth much more to him. There could be no question, however, that he was bound by his contract, which had seemed fair and advantageous to both the parties at the time it was made. No change could be made except through negotiation. He was even carrying out one portion of the bargain by issuing *Oliver Twist* in the magazine; the other story was to be *Barnaby Rudge*. Dickens now asked that he should receive £600 each for his two stories, and in September 1837, it was settled that he was to have £750 for each, or £1500 instead of the stipulated £1000. In February 1839, Dickens declined to continue editing the *Miscellany*, and after many *pourparlers* fresh arrangements were made as to the two stories, Bentley agreeing to give £4000 for the unwritten *Barnaby*, which was to be completed by the January of the following year. This was undeniably liberal and accommodating on the side of Mr. Bentley, considering that his contract had secured him the book originally for £500. Dickens, however, now seemed disinclined to go on with him on any terms, and the upshot was that the latter agreed to rescind *this* agreement also, and finally resigned all claim to the one story and its profits, as well as to *Oliver Twist*, for the sum of £2250. Considering that the author was to receive £3000 from his new publishers for six months' use of the new story, with a share of the profits, this seems accommodating enough. On the whole, it is evident that the publisher made heavy sacrifices to please the writer, and so far from "entangling" him, was accommodating enough to set him free, even at the expense of his own interests.—*F 3.*

ASSOCIATION WITH MACRONE.

The Letters to Mitton, which seem to have escaped Forster, throw an unexpected light on "Boz's" early profits from his



DICKENS IN HIS STUDY AT TAVISTOCK HOUSE, 1854

A portion of the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A

works. There was a novel which he had contracted to write for Macrone, *Barnaby Rudge*, or, as it was originally intended to be called, *Gabriel Varden, the Locksmith of London*. Macrone repeatedly advertised it as forthcoming, but it did not appear until four years later, when it was published by Chapman & Hall. The agreement on the part of Dickens to write *Gabriel Varden* is dated 8th May 1836, and the price stipulated was £200 for a first edition of not more than one thousand copies; the profits on extra copies, all expenses being first deducted, to be divided.—F 2.

METHODS OF WORK.

One who knew him well says :

"He did not work by fits and starts, but had regular hours for labour, commencing about ten and ending about two. It is an old saying, that easy writing is very difficult reading; Mr. Dickens's works, so easily read, were by no means easily written. He laboured at them prodigiously, both in their conception and execution. During the whole time that he had a book in hand, he was much more thoughtful and preoccupied than in his leisure moments."

Another friend has written :

"His hours and days were spent by rule. He rose at a certain time, he retired at another, and, though no precisian, it was not often that his arrangements varied. His hours for writing were between breakfast and luncheon, and when there was any work to be done, no temptation was sufficiently strong to cause it to be neglected. This order and regularity followed him through the day. His mind was essentially methodical, and in his long walks, in his recreations, in his labour, he was governed by rules laid down for himself—rules well studied beforehand, and rarely departed from."—H 4.

With the pains he took to perfect whatever proceeded from his own pen everyone who has read his life must be conversant; but this minute attention to even the smallest details had its drawbacks. When an inaccuracy, however slight, was brought home to him, it made him miserable. So conscious was I of this, that I never liked to tell him of a mistake in *Dombey and Son*, which has escaped the notice of "readers," professional and otherwise, in every edition. The Major and "Cleopatra" sit down to play piquet; but what they do play—for they "propose to" one another—is *écarté*.—P 4.

No writer set before himself more laboriously the task of giving the public the very best. A great artist, who once painted his portrait while he was in the act of writing one of the most popular of his stories, relates that he was astonished at the trouble Dickens seemed to take over his work, at the number of forms in which he would write down a thought before he hit out the one which seemed to his fastidious fancy the best, and at the comparative smallness of manuscript each day's sitting seemed to have produced. Those too, who have seen the original MSS of his works, many of which

he had bound and kept at his residence at Gad's Hill, describe them as full of interlineations and alterations.—H 4.

A writer in a weekly journal (*Weekly Dispatch*, June 18, 1870) says:

"I remember well one evening, spent with him by appointment, not wasted by intrusion, when I found him, according to his own phrase, picking up the threads of *Martin Chuzzlewit* from the printed sheets of the half-volume that lay before him. This accounts for the seeming incompleteness of some of his plots; in others, the design was too strong and sure to be influenced by any outer consideration. He was only confirmed and invigorated by the growing applause, and marched on, like a successful general, with each victory made easier by the preceding one. It seemed hardly to come within his nature to compose in solitary fashion, and wait the event of the whole work. No doubt, this resulted in part from his character as a journalist; and so did his utter disdain of the shams which it is the express province of journalism to detect and expose."—H 4.

He was extremely careful with his manuscript, altering this and interlineating that, that often it was almost undecipherable. He made exhaustive alterations on his proofs, too, and in fine, up to the very moment of the appearance of a book, interested himself in it. After getting hold of a central idea he revolved it in his mind until he had thought the matter thoroughly out. Then he made what I might call a programme of his story with the characters, drawing up each chapter in skeleton form. Upon this skeleton story he set to work, and gave it the literary sinew, blood, and life of, say, a *David Copperfield* or an *Oliver Twist*.—Frederic Chapman, interviewed in *Daily Chronicle*, June 25, 1892.

HIS ACCURACY.

In proof of Dickens's accuracy in all matters of detail, an eminent medical authority assures us that his description of hectic, given in *Oliver Twist*, has found its way into more than one standard English work, in both medicine and surgery (Miller's *Principles of Surgery*, second edition, p. 46; also Dr. Aitkin's *Practice of Medicine*, third edition, vol. i. p. 111); also into several American and French books of medicine. A high medical authority assures us, that in the author's description of the last illness of Mrs. Skewton (*Dombey and Son*), he actually anticipated the clinical researches of M. Dax, Broca, and Hughlings Jackson, on the connection of right hemiplegia with aphasia.—H 4.

Pickwick is quoted in a grave legal work, *Taylor on Evidence*, where Sam's examination is actually given in full.—Percy Fitzgerald, in *Among my Books*.

Readers of Dickens's letters cannot fail to have been struck by his habit of writing out the day and giving the date of the month in words.

HIS FAVOURITE INK.

The present habit among literary men—especially amongst those formerly connected with *Household Words*, and more recently with *All the Year Round*—of using *blue* in preference to black ink, arose with Mr. Dickens. "The Chief" disliked the necessity of blotting his MS. in the progress of composition, and on finding that a certain make of blue ink dried almost immediately it left the pen, he invariably used that kind ever after; and thus began the fashion for blue ink among London journalists.—H 4.

ABSORPTION IN HIS CHARACTERS.

Soon after his return [from his second course of readings in America] I joined my father as private secretary and sub-editor of *All the Year Round*, and almost my very first experience of work with him was connected with the new reading which he now had strongly in his mind—that of the Sikes and Nancy murder. We were alone together at Gad's Hill, I remember, and I was sitting, with doors and windows open, one bright, clear, still, warm autumn day, in the library, engaged upon a mass of papers, as to which I had to report to him later in the day. Where he was I did not know, but, supposing him to be in the Swiss chalet, over in the shrubbery, across the road, took advantage of having the place to myself, and went steadily on with my work. Presently I heard a noise as if a tremendous row were going on outside, and as if two people were engaged in a violent altercation or quarrel, which threatened serious results to somebody. Ours being a country constantly infested with tramps, I looked upon the disturbance at first as merely one of the usual domestic incidents of tramp life arising out of some nomadic gentleman beating his wife up our lane, as was quite the common custom, and gave it hardly a moment's attention. Presently the noise came again, and yet again, worse than before, until I thought it really necessary to ascertain what was going on. Stepping out of the door on to the lawn at the back, I soon discovered the cause of the disturbance. There, at the other end of the meadow, was my father, striding up and down, gesticulating wildly, and, in the character of Mr. Sikes, murdering Nancy, with every circumstance of the most aggravated brutality.—Charles Dickens, the younger, in the *North American Review*, June 1895.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

He was usually alone when at work, though there were, of course, some occasional exceptions, and I myself constituted such an exception. During our life at Tavistock House I had a long and serious illness, with an almost equally long convalescence. During the latter my father suggested that I should be carried every day into his study, to remain with him, and, although I was fearful of disturbing him, he assured me that he desired to have me with him. On one of these mornings I was lying on the sofa endeavouring to keep perfectly quiet, while my father wrote busily and rapidly at

his desk, when he suddenly jumped from his chair and rushed to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few minutes, and then went to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then turning towards, but evidently not seeing me, he began talking rapidly in a low voice. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon-time. It was a curious experience for me, and one of which I did not until later years fully appreciate the purport. Then I knew that with his natural intensity he had thrown himself completely into the character that he was creating, and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the personality of his pen. After a morning's close work he was sometimes quite preoccupied when he came in to luncheon. Often when we were only our home party at Gad's Hill, he would come in, take something to eat in a mechanical way, and return to his study to finish the work he had left, scarcely having spoken a word. Our talking at these times did not seem to disturb him, though any sudden sound, as the dropping of a spoon or the clinking of a glass, would send a spasm of pain across his face.—Dickens's daughter, interviewed, in *The Young Man*, December 1894.

GIFT FOR NOMENCLATURE.

It is well known that the quaint surnames of his characters, concerning which essays have been written, were the result of much painstaking. Dickens, with a genius which might have justified his trusting it implicitly and solely, placed his chief reliance on his own hard labour. It is said that when he saw a strange or odd name on a shop-board, or in walking through a village or country town, he entered it in his pocket-book, and added it to his reserve list. Then, runs the story, when he wanted a striking surname of a new character, he had but to take the first half of one real name, and to add it to the second half of another, to produce the exact effect upon the eye and ear of the reader he desired.—*Daily News*, June 11, 1870.

In his little book, *Dinners with Celebrities*, Mr. Howard Paul gives an account of the origin of Chadband. On one occasion Dickens and Mr. Paul walked from Stratford to Warwick, and, passing the sign of a draper with Chadband on it, Mr. Paul pointed to it and said, "I thought you invented that name." "No," was the reply of Dickens, "I took it from that very sign, and you are one of the few people who have noted the discovery. I saw it a year or more before I used it, popped it down in my notebook, and when I was thinking over a name for the character I was then engaged on, Chadband seemed to fit it; and it was a telling stroke, for people seem to remember both the character and the name." It would be interesting to know what was the fate of that signboard. It can hardly

be in existence, for *Bleak House* was published over forty years ago.—*Westminster Gazette*, February 8, 1896.

HIS "BARK" AND HIS "RITE."

Here is an extract from a letter of Charles Dickens, unearthed by the *Publishers' Circular* from its own columns forty years ago :

"That is a very horrible story you tell me of. I wish to God I could get at the parental heart of —, in which event I would so scarify it that he should writhe again. But if I were to put such a father as he into a book, all the fathers going (and especially the bad ones) would hold up their hands and protest against the monstrous caricature.

"I find that a great many people (particularly those who might have sat for the character) consider Mr. Pecksniff a grotesque impossibility ; and Mrs. Nickleby herself, sitting before me in a solid chair, once asked me whether I really believed there ever was such a woman.

"So —, reviewing his own case, could not believe in Jonas Chuzzlewit. 'I like *Oliver Twist*,' says —, 'for I am fond of children. But the book is unnatural ; for who would think of being cruel to poor little *Oliver Twist* ? ' Nevertheless, I will bear the dog in my mind, and if I can hit him between the eyes, so that he shall stagger more than you or I have done this Christmas, under the combined efforts of punch and turkey, I will."

Dickens's bark in these matters was, however, we suspect, a good deal worse than his bite.—*Westminster Gazette*, October 11, 1902.

PUZZLING THE QUIDNUNCES.

The number of *Bentley's Miscellany* for March 1837 contained the following verse on Dickens :

"Who the *dickens* 'Boz' can be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
Till time unveiled the mystery,
And 'Boz' appeared as *Dickens'* self."—*K 1*.

As, for the space of two years [1846], no serial story by "Boz" had been published, his numerous readers were puzzled to know the reason, and various conjectures were circulated. The public prints, too, commented on the situation, the *Sporting Magazine* indulging in the following amusing epigram :

"It's so long since Dickens has written a book,
That all the world's authors consider it rum of him ;
They hint that he's dead, with a wink and a look,
If he's not, what the dickens on earth has become of him ?"—*K 1*.

Dickens suspended for a short time the writing of *Pickwick* owing to the death of his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth. In consequence rumour sagely declared it to be impossible that a work "so varied,



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1856

From the picture by Ary Scheffer in the National Portrait Gallery

so extensive, and yet so true in its observations, could be the production of any single individual; that it was the joint production of an association, the different members of which transmitted their various ideas and observations; that one of their number, whose province it was to reduce them to a connected form, was, and had for many years been, a prisoner in the King's Bench"! It was likewise surmised that the author was a youth of eighteen who had been bred to the Bar, and whose health had so seriously suffered through his literary exertions that there was not the slightest chance of his ever publishing another number of *Pickwick*.—K 1.

"Boz" is the fictitious signature of a young man named Dickens, who was for some years engaged as a writer in one of the London newspapers, which he enlivened with his humorous and graphic sketches. We are not aware that he is a native of London, but he has at least, by his residence there, made himself minutely familiar with the peculiarities of the people, chiefly of the middle and lower ranks, which he has the knack of hitting off in a singularly droll and happy manner.—*Chambers's Journal*, April 29, 1837.

"BOZ" AND BLACKING.

The story of "Boz's" childhood is a highly dismal one; but the iron never seems to have regularly entered his little soul until he was set to handling blacking, or rather blacking-bottles. Years later, when he recalled it and wrote it down, he seemed to writhe in a sort of agony. He told his friend Forster that he never could lose the remembrance of those trials. "No. 30, Strand," was Warren's mystic figure, as "97" was Day & Martin's. Little "Boz" was not even engaged at the original great Warren's, but at a relation's of the same name, who was trying to secure some of the business. Warren and Day & Martin were rivals, but with the latter was the victory, for Warren is now extinct, in spite of all his ingenious arts, the keeping of a poet, etc. If Warren is glorified in *Pickwick*, Day & Martin are also mentioned. His blacking was used at what was in "Boz's" eyes the most important country house he knew—to wit, Dingley Dell, Mr. Wardle's seat in Kent. Like his own Mr. Dick he could not keep it out of his "memorial"—i.e. his tales. As he had well kept his own secret, I could fancy his smiling to himself as he thought he was mystifying his readers. We can imagine the bright youth saying to himself, as he wrote down the words in Furnival's Inn: "This will puzzle 'em a bit in fifty years or so—What can he mean by telling us these things about Warren and Day & Martin? But I know—its my own little joke—even my own people will never guess to what I am referring." There was something grim in this; but it is the only solution.

In *Pickwick* there are several odd allusions to blacking and the use of blacking. The entry of Sam on the scene is in an atmosphere of blacking. We learn all about cleaning boots at inns—they are ranged in rows, and under different categories. Sam worked with such goodwill, we are told, that "the polish would have struck

envy to the soul of the amiable Mr. Warren" (for they used Day & Martin at The White Hart). "Amiable" is an odd term to apply to a blacking maker; or is it "wrote sarcastic"? He probably refers to the amiable ways of the firm—the giving of verses and lyrics to entertain or induce customers. Nor did he content himself with this stroke; he classes them with a set of officials whom he detested and ridiculed—to wit, Beadles. No one, said old Weller, ever wrote poetry, "'cept a Beadle on Boxing Day, or Warren's blackin'." At Dingley Dell almost the first refreshment or solace offered to the Pickwickians after their walk was "a bottle of blacking and some half-dozen brushes." And Mr. Pickwick's boots were blacked till "his corns were red hot." Even when writing, so long after the event, in *Little Dorrit* he could not keep away from the topic. The young Barnacle—describing some one, says: "He was a partner in a house in some large way—spirits, or buttons, or wine, or"—here one would think what a vast field of manufactures or merchandise was open to him—but no, "or blacking," he suggests, of all unlikely things in the world. It is a sad, piteous, and most significant episode, which few but Dickens would have so heroically struggled out of.—*Daily News*, March 9, 1901.

It is a curious fact, and one to reflect on, that, knowing as the reading world does from Mr. Forster's book, how strongly and enduringly Dickens was affected by these sad times, we yet find him, in nearly all his books, from the very first to the last, continually recurring to the subject of the blacking business. Taking his works in their order of publication, I find he mentions, in his *Sketches by Boz*, the shabby-genteel man in the Seven Dials who wrote poems for Warren. It is mentioned twice in *Pickwick*, once in *Oliver Twist*, in *Nicholas Nickleby* seven times; it occurs in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, where Mr. Slum, the writer of poetical advertisements, is introduced. In *David Copperfield* it is veiled under the cover of the wine stories. In *Hard Times*, where Josiah Bounderby brags that the only pictures he possessed when a boy were the illustrated labels "of a man shaving himself in a boot on the blacking bottles." In *Little Dorrit*, in *Great Expectations*, in *Our Mutual Friend*, and in *Edwin Drood* are said to be found brief, but unmistakable allusions to this business.—L 1.

"BOZ" AND BOSWELL.

Dickens was a great admirer of the immortal *Life*, and thoroughly permeated with its spirit. It is not too fanciful to say that *Pickwick* is perhaps the only known book written on the same lines. Mr. Pickwick was as rudely despotic as Johnson. His friends were his "followers." Snodgrass kept a notebook in which he entered the conversation and stories. As Johnson had his faithful black servant, so Mr. Pickwick had his trusty Sam. Both leaders travelled about on coaches and stayed at inns. Mr. Pickwick went to Bath and drank the waters, as did Dr. Johnson. Johnson had his Mrs. Thrale, as Mr. Pickwick had his Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Pickwick

attended a review at Rochester, and so did Dr. Johnson. Winkle somewhat resembled Goldsmith in trying to do feats, etc., and always failing. Some of the passages in both books might be transposed and the change scarcely noticed. Witness this: "The Doctor appeared in pumps for a dance. 'You in silk stockings!' exclaimed a gentleman jocosely. 'And why not, why not, sir?' said my revered friend, turning warmly on him. 'Oh, of course, there is no reason why you should not wear them,' responded the gentleman. 'I imagine not, I imagine not, sir,' said the Doctor in a very peremptory tone. The gentleman had contemplated a laugh, but he found it was a serious matter; so he looked grave and said they were a pretty pattern. 'I hope they are,' said Dr. Johnson, fixing his eyes upon him. 'You see nothing extraordinary in the stockings, as stockings, I trust, sir.' 'Certainly not—oh, certainly not.' He walked away, and Dr. Johnson's countenance assumed its customary benign expression." This occurs, not in Boswell, but in *Pickwick*, with a slight change of names.

Sam's well-known story of the person who killed himself by eating three shillings' worth of crumpets—about three dozen—was taken from Boswell. In his book we are told of a gentleman who, having resolved to shoot himself, ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion. The story, however, is said by De Quincey to be given by Darwin, who relates it of a colonel who shot himself "on principle" and because "a muffinless world was no world for him." "Boz" well knew his Boswell.

In one passage "Boz" has attempted an imitation of the Johnsonian dialogue, which is really good:

"Johnson: Sir, if it be not irrational in a man to count his feathered bipeds before they are hatched, we will conjointly astonish them before next year. Boswell: Sir, I hardly understand you. Johnson: You never understand anything. Boswell (in a sprightly manner): Perhaps, sir, I am all the better for it. Johnson (savagely): I don't know but that you are. There is Lord Carlisle (smiling); he never understands anything, and yet the dog is well enough. Then, sir, there is Forster; he understands many things, and yet the fellow is fretful. Again, sir, there is Dickens, with a facile way with him like Davy, sir—like Davy—yet I am told that the man is lying at a hedge ale-house by the seashore in Kent, as long as they will trust him. Boswell: But there are no hedges by the sea in Kent, sir. Johnson: And why not, sir? Boswell (at a loss): I don't know, sir, unless—— Johnson (thundering): Let us have no unlessees, sir!"—*St. James's Gazette*, July 8, 1895.

BIBLICAL ALLUSIONS.

It should be said that Dickens was sometimes unfortunate in his Biblical allusions. Old Weller's jesting allusions to the "New Birth" gave umbrage to religious persons. Almost the last page he wrote contained something that brought him protest. A very awkward phrase in *Little Dorrit* fortunately escaped notice. He had

slipped into an allusion to "baptismal water on the brain," and forgot to remove it, which he felt was certain to be mischievously perverted and used against him. "I wrote it in the text," he said, "more as a joke, which Forster should see in the proof." Forster did see it, and hurriedly came to him in infinite alarm. "The moment I saw it I knew what it was, and had already taken it out in my mind." When the revise was before him, "he most carefully took it out," but in fact it somehow remained.—F 2.

ETON.

I had already several friends at Cookesley's, and I soon had several more, among whom I may count the Rev. Gifford Cookesley, my tutor, as one of the best, and so he remained long after we both of us, master and pupil, left Eton for good. One of my tutor's pupils was Charles Dickens, eldest son of the great novelist, and it has ever been to me a matter of curiosity to know why Dickens, who went out of his way to learn so much and to write so admirably about all sorts of schools, never interested himself in Eton, where his eldest son received his education. I do not remember any allusion, of any sort, to Eton in any of his works. If Disraeli, who had nothing whatever to do with the school, could so cleverly sketch Eton life in *Coningsby* as to make that novel one of the first recommended to an Etonian as absolutely correct in every detail, as far as it went, how much more popular and of how far greater value would have been an Eton boy, and Eton generally, as depicted by Charles Dickens, who could have learnt every little detail that he did not acquire by personal observation "on the spot" from his son, who was there for full four years! It is to me a problem. Young Charles was at a Dame's (Myddleton's, I think), and my tutor's pupil-room was where he and I used to meet, though otherwise I saw very little of him.—Sir Francis Burnand, B 3.

PLAGIARISM AND IMITATION.

So great was the popularity of Dickens's earlier productions that various unscrupulous publishers issued works bearing similar titles and having an attempted resemblance to the style of the famous novelist. Mr. Kitton devotes more than twenty pages of his valuable *Dickensiana* (K 4) to this subject, which is also dealt with in Mr. G. A. Sala's *Charles Dickens* (Routledge, 1870).

It is somewhat astonishing to find Edmund Yates, the most faithful of Dickens's henchmen and worshippers, so indiscreet as to write a comic parody of the master's style—and in his lifetime! "Boz" would, of course, have laughed at this; but he must have thought it scarcely respectful. The imitation appeared in a book called *Our Miscellany*, and the imitation was supposed to be by Charles Diggins. I was, however, more astonished lately to find that the genial and amiable Anthony Trollope had introduced a satirical portrait of "Boz" into his *Warden* under the title of "Mr. Popular Sentiment," which shows hostility. He particularly ridicules "Boz's" efforts to reform the Rochester charities.—F 2.

Thomas Hood, "writing to the *Athenæum* (June 1842) on "Copy-right and Copywrong," speaks of a conversation he had had with a bookseller on a spurious *Master Humphrey's Clock*. "Sir," said the bookseller, "if you had observed the name, it was 'Bos,' not 'Boz'—s, sir, not z; and, besides, it would have been no piracy, sir, even with the z, because *Master Humphrey's Clock*, you see, sir, was not published as by 'Boz,' but by Charles Dickens!" —H 4.

HIS CHARACTERS CLASSIFIED.

An ingenious gentleman has compiled the following census of Dickens's characters. The list seems somewhat arbitrary, and is misleading in several respects, but it is certainly of interest :—

Actors	17	Corporations (!)	8	Plasterer	1
Actresses	10	Cricketers	6	Policemen	12
Actuary	1	Cripples	6	Pony (!)	1
Adventurers	2	Dancing Masters	3	Pugilist	1
Aeronauts	2	Detectives	12	Raven (!)	1
Alderman	1	Editors	4	Reporter	1
Amanuensis	1	Emigrants	7	Resurrectionist	1
Americans	25	Fairies	2	Sextons	3
Apprentices	6	Farmers	4	Showmen	7
Architects	4	Footmen	6	Shrews	12
Authors	8	Fops	3	Spies	2
Babies	3	Frenchmen	23	Surgeons	7
Bachelors	10	Germans	5	Swindlers	14
Barbers	4	Governors	3	Thieves	12
Barmaids	2	Grocers	3	Toadies	10
Beadles	6	Invalids	7	Tobacconist	1
Blind persons	3	Jews	3	Tramps	2
Boarding-house keepers	3	Lawyers	35	Turnkeys	6
Boobies	2	M.P.s.	7	Undertakers	6
Boots	4	Misers	9	Vagabonds	8
Brokers	9	Murders	10	Vessels (!)	7
Circus people	7	Nurses	13	Vestrymen	6
Clergymen	13	Old maids	16	Waiters	13
Clerks	47	Pawnbrokers	3	Widowers	3
		Physicians	15	Widows	39

—*Westminster Gazette*, August 6, 1895.

It is computed that, in all, something like fifteen hundred characters people the works of the great novelist. In *Pickwick* alone it is estimated that there are three hundred and sixty characters.

"MAKING ALLOWANCES."

Nobody believes that the grotesque personages who figure in the pages of Dickens are anywhere to be found in real life. His plan was to seize upon some oddity of human nature, and invest his puppets with it so completely that they can never open their lips

without betraying it. Whoever met with such a compound of impudence and wit in a shoe-black, or a groom, as we find in the immortal Sam Weller? It may have been our lot to know "a great man struggling with the storms of fate," but where shall we look for a man who is jolly in proportion as he is unfortunate, like Mark Tapley? Who can believe in the actual existence of such persons as Miss Flite and Miss Mowcher and Toots? Gradgrind is so practical that he ceases to be human; Micawber is full of maudlin sentiment and emphatic nonsense; Mrs. Nickleby is always parenthetical and incoherent; Boythorn never opens his lips without being intensely and boisterously energetic; and Major Bagstock always describes himself as "tough old Joe"; "Joe is rough and tough, sir! blunt, sir, blunt is Joe." It would in the last degree be absurd for a future writer to take these characters as types of English society in the middle of the nineteenth century; and, to a certain extent, the same kind of allowance must be made for the characters in the novels of the last century. . . . I say that this allowance should be made only to "a certain extent," for I believe that the characters drawn by the old novelists are, with a few exceptions, intended to be less imaginary than the creations of fiction in our own day, and have a substratum of reality which is wanting in many of the amusing characters of Dickens.—*Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century*, by Wm. Forsyth.

ART OF CHARACTER-DRAWING.

I remember Mr. Dickens telling me that he was constantly receiving grotesque stories and suggestions of all kinds from strangers, which, as they thought, were "exactly suited to his gifted pen." Nearly all these were worthless, and not at all "suited to his gifted pen," because the reporters had not penetrated to the *essence* of the character, but had merely sent him what was on the surface. The original of our old friend, Mr. Micawber, was in the habit of using flourishings like those which are so exquisitely ludicrous in the novel; yet in the novel there is hardly a sentence or a phrase which was actually used. Still, we feel a certainty that every phrase, or something like it, *would* have been used by the original had he found himself in the situations described by the novelist. I have no doubt that Dickens heard some female use one of the grotesque forms of speech that has given immortality to Mrs. Gamp, but I am certain that that worthy original never used a single phrase that is set down in the novel. I can fancy his working in this way: A single sentence of the pattern of "A lady which her name is Harris" furnished the key to the whole. He had never heard the original talk of the Antwerp packet, but he felt by a sort of divination that she must have called it, "The Ankworks packidge." Then he would ask himself what would be the profession that would best exhibit and develop this lady's peculiarities, and he settled on that of a monthly nurse, which was likely enough not the original one.—*F 3*.

SAM WELLER'S "ORIGINALS."

I do not think that, when I was travelling all over the country giving Dickens Readings, and being hospitably entertained at all sorts of houses, and acquiring a remarkable experience of all sorts of hotels, I heard of more than fifty originals of Sam Weller—but I certainly heard of no fewer. . . . As for Mr. Weller, senior, I think I may safely say that I have never been in a town or village which was famous in the old coaching days without hearing of *him*. . . . Of course many points of many people have been reproduced in Charles Dickens's books, but there are few, very few, cases in which absolute portraits are to be found. Of these, the bullying police-magistrate in *Oliver Twist* is one, having been taken bodily from a Mr. Laing, of Hatton Garden Police Court notoriety. Lawrence Boythorn is Walter Savage Landor. The original of Miss Mowcher found the portrait so lifelike that she was moved to bitter remonstrance, with the result that the little chiropodist's share in the working out of the plot of *David Copperfield* was entirely reconsidered and altered. One Shaw, a Yorkshire schoolmaster, claimed to be the very Squeers himself, because all the neighbours said he was so like him. Leigh Hunt was grievously hurt by Harold Skimpole, and, I think, reasonably.—Charles Dickens the younger, in *Pall Mall Magazine*, July 1896.

PICKWICK AND DON QUIXOTE.

There is no doubt that Dickens, like other great authors, borrowed many ideas from previous writers, à propos of which Mr. Forster points out that Smollett gave the hint of Sam Weller's transference of himself to the prison in order to serve Mr. Pickwick; while it is equally plain (as Dr. Bayne has indicated) that the incarceration of Jingle was suggested by that of Jenkinson in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Lord Jeffrey saw a resemblance between Mr. Pickwick and Don Quixote; indeed, *Pickwick* has been alluded to as a free translation of the famous Spanish romance into the manners of modern England, Mr. Pickwick being the hero, and Sam his companion Sancho. Seymour's first idea of the founder of the Club represented him as a long thin man.—K 5.

ORIGINALS OF SOME DICKENS CHARACTERS.

The portrait of Micawber was based upon certain idiosyncrasies of Dickens's father, whose flourishes of speech he enjoyed, and whose financial troubles are shadowed forth in *David Copperfield*. The presentment of Mrs. Nickleby was partly drawn from the novelist's own mother, whose slight peculiarities are exaggerated in the story; à propos of which Charles Dickens the younger explained that it was only her somewhat involved and discursive style of narrative, and not the woman herself, that is reproduced. In Kate Nickleby we are justified in assuming a resemblance to his sister Fanny.



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1859
From the portrait by W. P. Frith, R.A.

Dickens's eldest sister, Fanny, married Henry Burnett, a professional vocalist, and their only child, Harry, was meditative and quaint in a remarkable degree, never tiring of reading the Bible and other good books. It was he, as the novelist confessed, who inspired the description of Paul Dombey; and it is fair to surmise that poor Tiny Tim was associated in Dickens's mind with the same original. Paul's stern guardian, Mrs. Pipchin, was drawn from a Mrs. Roylance, with whom he lodged for a time during his father's incarceration in a debtor's prison. The prototypes of the Garland family (in *The Old Curiosity Shop*) relate to the same period; he lived with them in Lant Street, Borough. Dickens obtained his impressions of the "Marchioness" from an orphan from Chatham workhouse, who was servant in the Dickens family in the days of his boyhood; the "orfling" from St. Luke's workhouse, who ministered in a similar capacity at the Micawbers', was delineated from the same original.

It is more than probable that the prototype of Miss La Creevy was an aunt of Dickens, Mrs. Janet Barrow, a painter of miniatures, who limned his portrait on ivory a few years before the story was penned. Both the name and the personality of Newman Noggs were suggested by one Newman Knott, an impoverished gentleman who called regularly for a weekly allowance (left by a friend) at the lawyers' office where Dickens acted as a clerk in 1827-28. In Mr. Fang (*Oliver Twist*) he admitted having metaphorically pilloried Mr. Laing, the presiding magistrate at the Hatton Garden Police Court, the result of the exposure being dismissal from office. In a more subtle manner he dealt with Sir Peter Laurie, Lord Mayor of London in 1832-33, who figured in *The Chimes* as Alderman Cute, the justice who declared his intention of "putting down everything."

Sairey Gamp was actually portrayed from the life, her prototype being a nurse hired by a friend of Dickens, to take charge of an invalid. Wackford Squeers (as Dickens is careful to say) was intended as a type of Yorkshire schoolmasters—proprietors of those cheap boarding-schools then flourishing in Northern England. There is evidence, however, that he had a particular pedagogue in his mind—one William Shaw—who was by no means the worst of his tribe, and who, through Dickens's vehement castigation in *Nickleby*, became the scapegoat for the rest.

In *Bleak House* two of the leading characters are modelled from actual personages, namely, Boythorn and Skimpole, the former being the fictional presentment (and a by no means unpleasant one) of Walter Savage Landor, while the source of the portrait of the simple-minded, irresponsible Skimpole was discernible in peculiar traits of Leigh Hunt, who might not have discovered the resemblance had not kind friends called his attention to it, thereby inducing strained relations between him and Dickens—happily removed by the novelist's explanation and frank avowal of regret.

Probably no characters in fiction create a more agreeable impression than the brothers Cheeryble, confessedly drawn from the brothers Daniel and William Grant, self-made men, whom Dickens

met at Stocks House, Manchester, in 1839, and whose generosity and benevolence he had good reason to admire. Vincent Crummles, the chief figure in the theatrical portions of *Nickleby*, was portrayed (with a touch, probably, of caricature) from a shrewd old actor named Davenport, with whom Dickens had some acquaintance.

Betsey Trotwood was a certain Miss Strong in real life, who lived at Broadstairs. Ham Peggotty, the chief figure in the storm scene in *David Copperfield*, had a living prototype. Such an act of heroism as that ascribed to him was performed in 1829 by James Sharman, the keeper of the Nelson Monument at Great Yarmouth, who happily succeeded in his brave efforts and survived the ordeal. Sharman's father was a member of the crew of the *Victory*, and assisted in carrying the dying Nelson to the cockpit.—Condensed from an article by the late F. G. Kitton, in *T.P.'s Weekly*, October 21, 1904. See also *The Novels of Charles Dickens: a Bibliography and Sketch*. By Frederic G. Kitton. London: Elliot Stock, 1897.

OTHER IDENTIFICATIONS.

In the following further list of identifications the prototypes in square brackets, as distinct from those in parentheses, are somewhat conjectural.

Sketches by Boz.—Mr. Percy Noakes, "The Steam Excursion" (Mr. Peter Hardy, a London actuary); Jones, "Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce" [Potter, a lawyer's clerk].

Pickwick.—Doctor Slammer (Doctor Lamert, a regimental surgeon at Chatham); Mr. Wardle (Mr. William Spong, of Cob Tree, near Maidstone); Sam Weller (Simon Spatterdash, a character in a play called *The Boarding House*, impersonated by Samuel Vale); Tony Weller ("Old Chumley," driver of a London to Rochester coach); Mr. Perker (Mr. Ellis, of Ellis & Blackmore, solicitors, Gray's Inn); Mrs. Bardell [Mrs. Ann Ellis, proprietor of an eating-house near Doctors' Commons]; Count Smorltork (Prince Puckler-Muskau); Mrs. Leo Hunter [Mrs. Somerville Wood, fond of receiving celebrities at her drawing-room gatherings]; Serjeant Buzfuz (Serjeant Bompas); Serjeant Snubbin [Serjeant Arabin]; Mr. Justice Starcleigh (Sir Stephen Caselee, Justice of the Common Pleas); Mr. Skimpin [Mr. (afterwards Serjeant) Wilkin].

Nicholas Nickleby.—John Browdie (John F—, a farmer of Broadiswood).

The Old Curiosity Shop.—Mr. Slum (a poet employed at Warren's blacking factory).

Barnaby Rudge.—Barnaby Rudge [Walter de Brisac, of Chatham]; Sir John Chester (Lord Chesterfield); Ned Dennis (John Dennis, the hangman); Mr. Gashford (Dr. Robert Watson, the biographer of Lord George Gordon).

Martin Chuzzlewit.—Mr. Pecksniff [Samuel Carter Hall].

Domby and Son.—Perch (Stephen Hale, a City messenger); Doctor Blimber (Doctor Everard, proprietor of a boarding-school for young gentlemen at Brighton).

David Copperfield.—Barkis (Blake, a Blunderston carrier); Mr.

Mell (Mr. Taylor, the English master at Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road); Mr. Creakle (Mr. Jones, the principal of Wellington House Academy); James Steerforth (partly drawn from George Stroughill, of Chatham); Doctor Strong [Doctor John Birt, a former headmaster of King's School, Canterbury]; Mr. Chillip (drawn from a doctor in attendance upon the Dickens family); Mr. Thomas Traddles (partly from Serjeant Talfourd); Captain Hopkins (Captain Porter, a prisoner at the Marshalsea); Gregory, Tipp, Mealy Potatoes, Mick Walker (employés at Warren's blacking factory), namely, Thomas (the foreman), Harry (the carman), Paul Green, and Bob Fagin.

Bleak House.—Esther Summerson [Miss Sophia Iselin, the poetess]; Mrs. Jellyby [partly from Harriet Martineau]; Phil Squod (Phil, a serving-man at Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road); Mdle. Hortense (Mrs. Manning, the murderess); Inspector Bucket (Inspector Field, a former chief of Detective Police at Scotland Yard).

Little Dorrit.—Mr. Merdle (Mr. John Sadleir, M.P., an Irish banker).

A Tale of Two Cities.—Mr. Stryver (Mr. Edwin James, a lawyer).

Our Mutual Friend.—Mr. Venus (Mr. J. Willis, of St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials); Mr. Boffin (Mr. Henry Dodd, a London dust contractor).

Edwin Drood.—Mr. Thomas Sapsea [Mr. John Thomas, an auctioneer, of Rochester]; Mr. Tope (Mr. Miles, a verger at Rochester Cathedral).

Hunted Down.—Mr. Julius Slinkton (Mr. Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the poisoner).

Christmas Stories in *All the Year Round*.—Mr. Undery, "The Haunted House" (Mr. Frederick Ouvry, a solicitor); Captain Jorgan, "A Message from the Sea" (Captain Morgan); Mr. Mopes, "Tom Tiddler's Ground" (James Lucas, the Hertfordshire Hermit); Lamps, "Mugby Junction" (Chipperfield, a lamp foreman at Tilbury railway terminus).—*T.P.'s Weekly*, October 21, 1904.

Boythorn was affirmed to be the energetic Mr. Walter Savage Landor. Miss Martineau came forward in her own person to take the cap of Mrs. Jellyby, and to scold Mr. Dickens for his allusions to "blue-stockings" and "Borioboola Gha." Whether there was any foundation for these parallels betwixt living individuals and the characters in *Bleak House*, it is not now likely the world will ever know, but there can be no doubt about one of the characters in that book—the French lady's-maid. Mr. Dickens made no secret about her representing Mrs. Manning, the murderess. Indeed he attended at her examination at the Police Court, and was present both at her trial and her execution. The character of Turveydrop was always believed to portray "the first gentleman in Europe," His Sacred Majesty King George the Fourth.—*H 4*.

In *The Lives of the Sheridans*, by Percy FitzGerald, the Bardell and Pickwick case is supposed to have taken some of its colouring from the trial of Mrs. Norton in the Melbourne affair. Mr. Fitz-

Gerald adds that Wardle, Tupman, Snodgrass, and other names are found in the Duke of York's trial; while Dodson & Fogg is the name of the firm of solicitors, slightly altered, in one of the trials connected with "Orator" Hunt.

Serjeant Buzfuz was an entity and had his prototype in fact, though of course very grossly—even savagely—caricatured, as I who was acquainted with it can testify.—*Bench and Bar*, by Mr. Serjeant Robinson.

Marcus Stone was a name often heard at Gad's Hill, where his good spirits and lively talk were ever welcome. He once told me that on a walk with Dickens to Rochester they encountered a tradesman's cart on which was the name "Weller." He pointed this out as an odd coincidence. "Nay," said the novelist, with his jocund laugh, "there he is! That is the original!" Which will be of interest to true Pickwickians.—*F* 3.

The mother of Alice Meynell was Miss Weller, one of the early "flames" of Dickens. *Pickwick* had appeared some time before they had met.—*F* 3.

It came to light in September 1909 that the grandson of the Weller whom Dickens knew was living and conducting, in Queen Street, Ramsgate, the business which his grandfather founded in 1823. In a double-fronted shop there a representative of the *Daily Chronicle* found "Sam" Weller of the third generation. Mr. Weller at once frankly admitted that, although his surname was indubitably Weller, his Christian name was George. Mr. Weller's business was that of a hatter and hosier, and over his door was the inscription—

SAM WELLER;

Established 1823.

"It is quite true," said Mr. Weller, "that Dickens took the name of his famous character from my grandfather. I cannot say, and I do not believe, that he got any of Sam Weller's characteristics from my grandfather. They knew each other, and were on friendly terms during the time Dickens lived at Broadstairs."—*Daily Chronicle*, September 30, 1909.

PORTRAITS IN NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

The ingenious volume which the Rev. Hume Elliot has put forth, *The Story of the Cheeryble Grants*, is yet another evidence of the extraordinary vogue of the immortal "Boz." Readers who turn to the *Life of Charles Dickens* by John Forster, will find in the first volume of the Gad's Hill Edition, and on page 119, this testimony: "We visited during two of those years friends of art and letters in his [*i.e.*, Ainsworth's] native Manchester, from among whom Dickens brought away his Brothers Cheeryble." That is Forster's only allusion to the originals of Tim Linkinwater's genial employers. Mr. Kitton traced the brothers to their prototypes, Daniel and William Grant, and gave a few details of their lives and fortunes. It is doubtful whether Dickens ever met the Grants; certainly he

never knew them well. But their characters were well known in Manchester, and he might easily have heard enough in their praise to afford him material for his broad and kindly portraiture.—“A. W.,” in the *Daily Chronicle*, March 3, 1907.

I have always heard that much of the discipline described in Dotheboys Hall was founded on my father's description of his experiences. Charles Dickens and my father were fast friends, and in *Nicholas Nickleby* I can trace more than one family likeness. Nicholas himself was my father in his youth, and there is in Ralph Nickleby a suggestion of the stern old man in Golden Square.—A. [“The stern old man in Golden Square” was William à Beckett, father of G. A. à Beckett, and grandfather of the author of the book.]

A CURIOUS ERROR.

In view of the endless discussions on Dickens which are always cropping up in the papers, it is amusing that it has been reserved for an American to point out an anachronism, glaringly obvious, in the eighth chapter of *Nicholas Nickleby*:—

“Here's a pretty go!” said that gentleman [Squeers], “the pump's froze!”

“Indeed!” said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

“Yes,” replied Squeers. “You can't wash yourself this morning.”

“Not wash myself?” exclaimed Nicholas.

“Not a bit of it,” rejoined Squeers, tartly. “So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys.”

After breakfast:

“Where's the second boy?”

“Please, sir, he's weeding the garden,” replied a small voice.

“To be sure,” said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. “So he is. B—O—T, bot; T—I—N, tin; N—E—Y, ney, bottiney. Noun, substantive, a knowledge of plants; he goes and knows 'em.”

The *Philadelphia Record*, in printing the above from one of its contributors, adds: “Sudden changes in the weather are by no means uncommon here, but we don't break ice in wells and weed gardens on the same morning.”—*Westminster Gazette*, May 14, 1895.

BLANK VERSE FOR PROSE.

Mr. R. H. Horne, in his *New Spirit of the Age*, says that the description of Little Nell's death, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, if divided into lines, will form that species of gracefully irregular blank verse which Shelley and Southey often used. Here is a specimen:

“When Death strikes down the innocent and young
For every fragile form, from which he lets
The panting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shape of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it.
Of every tear
That sorrowing nature sheds on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.”—H 4.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

January 21, 1841.—Called on Dickens and gave him Douley's first copy of *Ethelstan*. We walked out, called on Rogers. Asked Dickens to spare the life of Nell in his story (*Master Humphrey's Clock*), and observed that he was cruel. He blushed, and men who blush are said to be either proud or cruel; he is not proud, and therefore—or, as Dickens added—the axiom is false.—Macready's *Reminiscences*.

IN QUEST OF "COPY."

Driving one day near Hook, on the Brighton Road, some four or five miles from Esher, we met Charles Dickens, who had, in 1836, become a favourite with the public through his *Sketches by Boz*. He was walking with Harrison Ainsworth. I have no doubt they were both on the look out for facts, images, or characters to weave into their constantly appearing fictions; and in Dickens's next production, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, I was amused to see that our stout and wilful pony, Peg, had not escaped his observation, but had been set to do service in Mr. Garland's chaise.—Quoted from William Howitt's Memoranda (1837) in *Mary Howitt: An Autobiography*.

DOMBEY AND SON.

At Broadstairs in 1847 *Dombey* was being written, and also *The Haunted Man*, but these two contending interests distracted him. "I'm blowed if I know what to do!"—F 2.

In *Notes and Queries* for 28th August 1858 (this periodical takes its motto from one of Mr. Dickens's characters), it was suggested that the name of "Carker" was framed from the Greek, as so much is said of Mr. Carker's teeth. Mr. Dickens, however, replied to this, that the coincidence was undesigned. It has been further suggested that the name was made up from "canker" and "carking" (as in "carking care"), which are very expressive of the blighting influence possessed by Carker.—H 4.

BLEAK HOUSE.

The writer of the article upon Landor in the *Dictionary of National Biography* remarks that "Dickens drew a portrait of some at least of Landor's external peculiarities in his Boythorn in *Bleak House*." This is a very inadequate statement. Of course Lawrence Boythorn was not a photographic likeness of Walter Savage Landor. But the "external peculiarities," however easily recognisable and easily delineated, were a very small and, artistically speaking, unimportant part of the portrait. There are many passages in the private letters of Mr. Landor now in my possession which might be interpolated into the conversation of Lawrence Boythorn without fear of any incongruity being detected. Although I have little doubt that these passages would be selected by critically disposed persons, as showing the author's habitual exaggeration and disregard of probability.—*Frances Trollope*, by Frances Eleanor Trollope.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Concerning his preparation for this historical novel, a somewhat amusing incident is recorded. Anxious to be accurate regarding facts and dates, he begged Carlyle to lend him some of the authorities quoted in his own history—whereupon “the Sage,” grimly enjoying the jest, despatched to Gad’s Hill *all* his reference volumes, comprising about two cartloads of books! We are assured, too, that Dickens read them faithfully, thus testifying to the earnestness with which he regarded his task, and indicating that thoughtful deliberation of which Forster gives many instances.—K J.

The solicitors who advised me [Edmund Yates] in the matter [*i.e.*, the quarrel between Yates and Thackeray] were Messrs. Farrar and Ouvry of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and the counsel retained to conduct my case was Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., who at that time stood high in popular favour. A fat florid man, with a large hard face, was Edwin James, with chambers in the Temple and rooms in Pall Mall: his practice was extensive, his fees enormous. I had many consultations with him, but found it difficult to keep him to the subject of my case: he liked talking, but always diverted the conversation into other channels. One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these consultations. James laid himself out to be specially agreeable; Dickens was quietly observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of *A Tale of Two Cities*, in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, “Stryver is a good likeness.” He smiled. “Not bad, I think,” he said, “especially after only one sitting.”—Y.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

One of our representatives in South Wales seems to have tumbled across the original from which Dickens drew his portrait of Joe Gargery, the genial blacksmith in *Great Expectations*. At Neath there lives an old man named John Cayford, to whom our representative was introduced by Mrs. Taverner, of Brunswick Square. Cayford is an old man of eighty-one, and is now in very weak health. Dickens seems to have hit off Cayford’s personal characteristics exactly. He has suffered the vicissitudes of fortune which almost invariably fall to the lot of those who are “mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish.” For twelve years he worked with credit to himself with Mr. Prior, formerly a locksmith and blacksmith in Marchmont Street. He afterwards ventured upon business on his own account, with, however, only gleams of prosperity. In course of time the gleams grew less frequent, and ultimately they ceased altogether. For years past John Cayford and his wife (eighty-five years of age) would have suffered the agonies of extreme destitution had it not been for the unceasing kindness of Mrs. Taverner. Cayford was in the employ of Mr. Prior during the whole period that Charles Dickens lived at Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, and it was whilst working for Mr. Prior

that he came into contact with the great novelist. There were many jobs at Tavistock House to place with a tradesman of Mr. Prior's calling, and whenever a blacksmith or locksmith was required Cayford was sent, and as he did his work Dickens would often stand by and watch him, and talk with him.

"They tell me," said Cayford to our representative, "that there is in one of his books a blacksmith, and that possibly that blacksmith is me.

"He had at Tavistock House a man who used to write to his dictation," continued Cayford. "His name was Meadows. Meadows told me that he had done the writing of the whole of one of Dickens's books. Meadows said that he sat behind his master, who talked over his left shoulder to him. Meadows left Dickens, and in time got very low down the scale. Then his wife died, and in a fit of despair he took his own life. I was sent for to come and see him dead."

"Can you recall any very striking incidents in the course of your visits to Tavistock House?" asked our representative.

"Yes, I can," was the prompt reply. "I remember having to go there as late as nine o'clock one night, and in a dark recess I was set to work upon a cupboard. The cupboard was locked and the key was lost. I could see that Mr. Dickens was more than usually interested in what I was doing. It was a tall cupboard, with a kind of double door. As I have said, Mr. Dickens stood by, and he was as jocular as ever, and never gave me any hint as to what was in the cupboard. I had picked many locks at Tavistock House before, but this job was a tougher one than I had ever had there.

"Mr. Dickens saw, I suppose, that there was some difficulty, for he began to joke with me. I can recall his amused look. I set to work again, and, shortly after, the bolt of the lock shot back and the cupboard door flew open. In the cupboard were a lot of what seemed to be toys, but the principal contents were two skeletons—one of them that of an adult.

"Mr. Dickens laughed, for, when the skeleton was moved, the bones rattled. 'Do you mean to say that you are frightened,' Cayford?" he said.

"I replied, 'No, sir. I am not likely to be frightened by this. I have seen too much in the vaults of St. Pancras Church to be frightened by this.'"

This job, which has left so clear an impression on the memory of John Cayford, was probably done in connection with the preliminary work of the removal of the novelist's effects from Tavistock House to Gad's Hill. Dickens, in a letter dated 4th September, 1860, wrote: "Tavistock House is cleared to-day, and possession given up." On 4th October of the same year he wrote: "I have decided to begin a story. The name is *Great Expectations*—I think a good name." And, adds our correspondent, it is throughout this book, *Great Expectations*, that what is now poor, old, broken-down John Cayford appears in the character of Joe Gargery.—*Daily Chronicle*, June 10, 1904.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

The Christmas number for 1861, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, excited considerable curiosity, and one of the stories became a subject of general discussion—that of “Mr. Mopes,” the hermit. The “hermit” was a living reality—a person of property and education, who, to mortify his friends, we believe, withdrew from the world, and lived in rags and filth. Soon after a letter, signed “A County Down Lady,” was inserted in the *Downpatrick Recorder*, in which the writer related the particulars of a visit she had paid to “Mr. Mopes,” the hermit, and concluded by saying: “Charles Dickens offended him terribly. He pretended he was a Highlander, and Mr. Lucas at once began to question him about the country, and then spoke to him in Gaelic, which he couldn't reply to. Mr. Lucas said to him, ‘Sir, you are an impostor; you are no gentleman.’”

A copy of the newspaper was at once forwarded to Mr. Dickens by a friend, who asked if there was any truth in the statement. The reply was: “As you sent me the paper with the cool account of myself in it, perhaps you want to know whether or not it is true. I have never seen the person in question but once in my life, and then I was accompanied by Lord Orford, Mr. Arthur Helps, the clerk of the Privy Council, my eldest daughter, and my sister-in-law, all of whom know perfectly well that nothing of the sort passed. It is a sheer invention of the wildest kind.” (London, March 27, 1862).—H 4.

EDWIN DROOD.

On 22nd December [1869] he found himself in a dilemma which recalled an earlier experience of a like character, and in this instance was doubtless the result of excessive alteration and interlineation. “When I had written, and, as I thought, disposed of the first two numbers of my story, Clowes informed me to my horror that they were, together, *twelve printed pages too short*!!! Consequently I had to transpose a chapter from No. 2 to No. 1, and remodel No. 2 altogether.” He confided to Mr. Dolby that the price agreed to be paid to him was the largest sum given for any work from his or any other hands, namely, £7500 for the copyright, author and publishers to share equally in the profit of all sales beyond 25,000 copies; in addition to this the author was to receive £1000 for the advanced sheets sent to America. Dickens specially stipulated by deed that the publishers (Chapman & Hall) should be reimbursed for any possible loss that might accrue to them in the event of his being prevented, either by sickness or death, from completing the work—the first time, curiously enough, such a clause had been inserted in one of his agreements, and sadly pertinent in this case, the suggestion probably originating in his nervous fear that a return of his Chester illness (partial paralysis) might permanently incapacitate him.—K 1.

ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

Many pens have been busy in the attempt to trace out the probable course of Dickens's unfinished novel. One of the most notable efforts is that of Mr. J. Cuming Waters, *Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood"* (1905). Towards the close of 1907 the circulation of the book had a decided fillip given to it by (1) an attempt to show that Dickens based the story largely on his personal knowledge of the owner of the Baker Street bazaar—T. C. Druce, the alleged fifth Duke of Portland; and (2) on the dramatisation of the story by Mr. Comyns Carr. Put briefly, Mr. Carr's solution is as follows: Edwin Drood was not murdered; he lived. Jasper was not his murderer. But Jasper, in an opium-inspired dream, passes through all the sensations of murdering Drood, and, awaking, is convinced he is Drood's slayer; and till, in his dying moments, he once more sees Drood in the flesh, he retains a belief in his own guilt.

MR. FILDES AND THE SECRET OF EDWIN DROOD.

Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., wrote an interesting letter to the Literary Supplement of the *Times* [November 1905], in reply to an article in that journal on "The Mysteries of Edwin Drood." The letter was provoked by the following passage in the article:

"Nor do we attach much importance to any of the hints Dickens dropped whether to John Forster, to any member of his family, or to either of his illustrators. He was very anxious that his secret should not be guessed, and the hints which he dropped may very well have been intentionally misleading."

"I know" (writes Mr Fildes) "Charles Dickens was very anxious that his secret should not be guessed, but it surprises me to read that he could be thought capable of the deceit so lightly attributed to him. The 'hints he dropped' to me, his sole illustrator—for Charles Collins, his son-in-law, only designed the green cover for the monthly parts, and Collins told me he did not in the least know the significance of the various groups in the design; that they were drawn from instructions personally given by Charles Dickens and not from any text—these 'hints' to me were the outcome of a request of mine that he would explain some matters, the meaning of which I could not comprehend and which were for me, his illustrator, embarrassingly hidden. I instanced in the printers' rough proof of the monthly part sent to me to illustrate where he particularly described John Jasper as wearing a neckerchief of such dimensions as to go twice around his neck: I called his attention to the circumstance that I had previously dressed Jasper as wearing a little black tie once round the neck, and I asked him if he had any special reasons for the alteration of Jasper's attire, and, if so, I submitted I ought to know. He, Dickens, appeared for a moment to be disconcerted by my remark, and said something meaning he was afraid he was 'getting on too fast' and revealing more than he meant at that early stage, and after a short silence, cogitating, he suddenly said, 'Can you keep a secret?' I assured him he could rely on me. He

then said, 'I must have the double necktie! It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it.' I was impressed by his earnestness, as, indeed, I was at all my interviews with him—also by the confidence which he said he reposed in me, trusting that I would not in any way refer to it, as he feared even a chance remark might find its way into the 'papers' and thus anticipate his 'mystery'; and it is a little startling, after more than thirty-five years of profound belief in the nobility of character and sincerity of Charles Dickens, to be told now that he probably was more or less of a humbug on such occasions."

THE FATAL WATCH.

In his last and fatally interrupted story it will be remembered how, after the murder of Edwin Drood, a watch and pin were recovered from the weir. This watch was much insisted upon, with the date of its last winding, etc., no doubt with a view to the chain of incidents that were to be linked together later. Dickens deals with the incident in quite legal style, and it is evident that much was to turn on it. All this had a rather familiar air to me, and there came back to my memory a case of murder in which I had been concerned professionally some three or four years before. It had been first tried without issue; on the second trial the man was convicted and hanged. The chief evidence was the silent one of a watch found in the river Laggan, near Belfast, and which was an inducement to the crime. This dramatic case made a deep impression on me, and I wrote a highly coloured account for Dickens's journal, where it appeared under the title of "The Fatal Watch." Dickens was much struck with it. When he came to deal with the murder in his story, this element of the watch may have suggested itself as a new and telling incident.—*F* 2.

ORIGINAL OF "MR. TOPE."

Mr. William Miles, the venerable ex-verger of Rochester Cathedral, who died at Rochester on 23rd March 1908, at the age of 91, was a friend of Charles Dickens, and was immortalised by the great novelist as "Mr. Tope," in *Edwin Drood*. Dickens was brought into close acquaintance with Mr. Miles, who was associated with Rochester Cathedral for the long period of seventy-five years, first as a boy chorister at the age of nine, and subsequently as a lay clerk, under verger, and dean's verger.—*Daily Chronicle*, March 24, 1908.

RECOVERED WRITINGS.

The National Edition of the works of Charles Dickens is magnificently closed in two volumes containing miscellaneous papers, and also plays and poems. The miscellaneous papers have been recovered from the *Examiner*, *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*. They are introduced very ably by Mr. B. W. Matz in a preface of high literary interest. Dickens was a frequent contributor to the *Examiner* during the editorship of his friend, John

Forster, and as far as possible his articles have been found and reprinted. Also from the contributor's book of *Household Words*, now in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, several new articles have been discovered. There are also contributions to *All the Year Round*, identified by F. G. Kitton, by means of the office set of that periodical. I do not say that there is anything of startling interest in these articles, but those who care for Dickens will be very glad to have them. Among the most interesting are two on Scott and his publishers, written in 1839. Dickens takes the side of Scott with passion, and denounces James Ballantyne very vehemently. It might have been mentioned by the editor that George Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law, was privy to all the transactions between Scott and James Ballantyne. No doubt Dickens heard much from Hogarth about the business. That Hogarth was once at least on friendly terms with James Ballantyne is shown by the fact that he gave Ballantyne's name to one of his sons. Those who have studied the very complicated controversy about the relation of Scott and Ballantyne, will certainly say that Dickens goes too far, and that the blame must be divided. A very interesting paper is the spirited reply by Dickens to the criticism of the *Edinburgh Review* on *Little Dorrit*. The *Edinburgh Review* defended the "Circumlocution Office" by saying that the career of Mr. Rowland Hill did it credit. Dickens replied justly enough: "If the *Edinburgh Review* could seriously want to know 'how Mr. Dickens accounts for the career of Mr. Rowland Hill,' Mr. Dickens would account for it by his being a Birmingham man of such imperturbable steadiness and strength of purpose that the Circumlocution Office by its utmost endeavours very freely tried could not weaken his determination, sharpen his razor, or break his heart." There is also a highly curious article on Forster's *Life of Landor*, in which Dickens frankly admits that Landor is Mr. Boythorn, and vindicates his portrait. I take two significant extracts: "It is essentially a sad book, and herein lies proof of its true worth. The life of almost any man possessing great gifts would be a sad book to himself; and this book enables us not only to see his subject but to be its subject if you will." "In a military burial-ground in India, the name of Walter Landor is associated with the present writer's over the grave of a young officer. No name could stand there more inseparably associated in the writer's mind with the dignity of generosity; with a noble scorn of all littleness, all cruelty, oppression, fraud, and false pretence."—"A Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*, February 27, 1908.

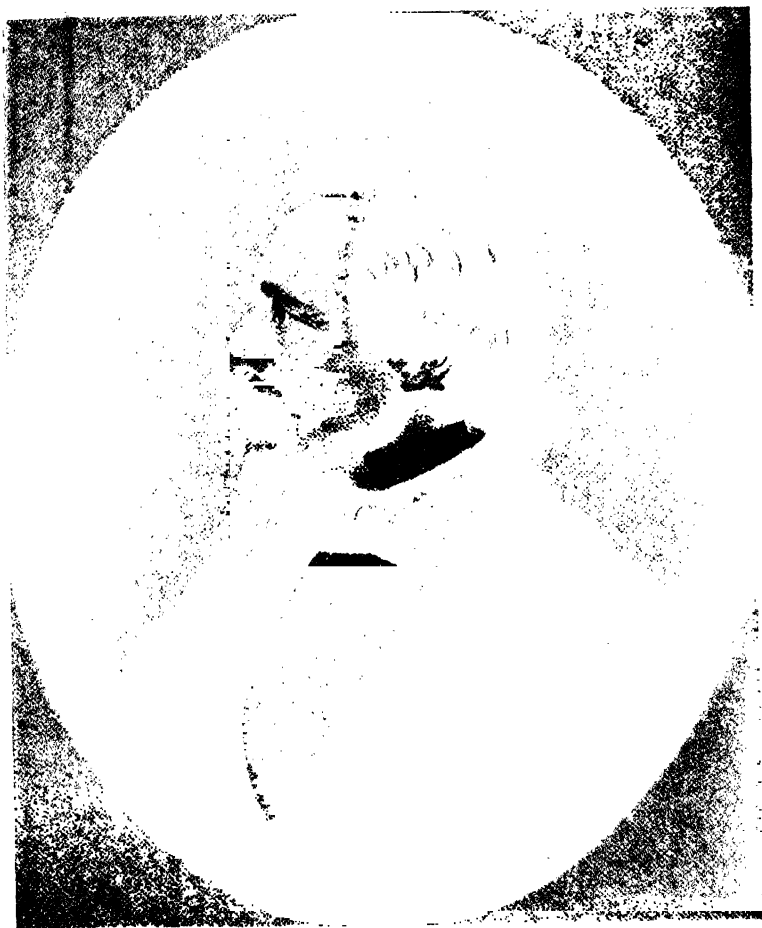
DICKENS AND THE "DAILY NEWS."

November 4, 1845.—The latest news is that the "crew" are about to start a daily Radical paper; Dickens editor, Bradbury & Evans proprietors. There is plenty of money, as I am informed. This is no mere report. I was applied to a few days back to become a contributor, and terms were stated to be no object. I respectfully declined. The application to me was not direct but through a third party. The "crew" believe that they can carry the world

with them, and have hopes, modest men ! of crushing the *Times*. Dickens is about to publish a new Christmas book. Pray let me have the reviewing of it in the Magazine. [Extract of a letter from Samuel Phillips to John Blackwood.]—O.

The *Daily News* was established in 1846, chiefly by the influence and exertions of Charles Dickens, its first editor, then in his thirty-fourth year. He was largely supported by many rich capitalists, who had great admiration for his genius, and great faith in the power and prestige of his name. I was personally acquainted with but one of the non-literary founders of the new journal—the late Sir William Jackson, who had made a considerable fortune as a railway contractor. That gentleman, many years after Mr. Dickens had ceased his brief connection with the paper, informed me, with a rueful countenance and a groan, that he had thrown away seven thousand pounds on the speculation. “Yes,” he said, “seven thousand pounds in real *golden* sovereigns !” a way of putting it that might have led me to suppose, by the very strong emphasis he placed on *golden*, and by his melancholy iteration of the word, that he had actually counted out the money sovereign by sovereign, and not by cheques on his bankers. It was said at the time that the capital invested or ready to be invested in the concern was £100,000 ; but probably nobody knew the truth of the matter except the investors and Mr. Dickens himself. Sir John Easthope, the chief proprietor of the *Chronicle*, affected not to fear the opposition, declaring that Mr. Dickens, anxious above all things to write political leaders for the *Chronicle*, had been so woefully wanting in political knowledge and tact, as to have rendered it necessary to decline his further services in that capacity. Sir John affirmed to the end of his life that the brilliant author was so greatly offended with the *Morning Chronicle* for its want of judgment, that he set up the *Daily News* as a rival, and that if the conductors of the old journal had had a greater appreciation of the genius of the rising novelist the new journal would never have come into existence. Sir John, however, stood alone in his opinion.—M 4.

The intention was to found a Liberal organ in sympathy with free trade and its leaders, Cobden and Bright, opposed to the conservatism of Sir Robert Peel, and independent of Lord Aberdeen in foreign politics. The number of men engaged in various departments was large. John Forster and my father [Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, third editor of the *Daily News*] were asked to write leaders, the first on home, the second on foreign affairs. The editorial department was to be in the hands of Mr. Powell, under whom Henry Wills and Frederick Hunt were to serve ; Dudley Costello was to be foreign sub-editor, Scott Russell railway sub-editor, with William Weir as an assistant. A large staff of reporters was engaged, under the supervision of Charles Dickens's father. Blanchard Jerrold and Laman Blanchard, young fellows of my age, were to report and write theatrical criticisms. Music was to be dealt with by Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law. My father broke off his



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1861
From an engraving by R. B. Parkes

connection with the *Morning Chronicle*, where my stay as a reporter became untenable. On the 1st of January, 1846, the first number of the *Daily News* appeared. I [Sir Joseph Crowe] was transferred to the staff of the new journal and sent as an assistant to the Paris correspondent—a Frenchman, whose name now escapes me. Nothing, unfortunately, could reconcile me to this change. I had not been three months away when I felt that the situation was too irksome to be borne. I asked my father to order my recall, and in spring (1846) I found myself in London again, engaged on the *Daily News* as a reporter for all work at three guineas a week. The *Daily News*, in the meanwhile, had settled down into a new condition. Charles Dickens had not been more than a month at the head of the newspaper when he discovered that his genius did not fit him for the performance of the duty of editor of a great political journal. After his resignation the editorial staff came into the hands of John Forster.

The office of the *Daily News* was in a block of buildings of which the principal part belonged to Bradbury & Evans, the well-known printers of Whitefriars. The approaches to these buildings were from Fleet Street, through an archway which led into a back lane parallel to Bouverie Street. In the lane was a publishing office, through which there was access to a staircase leading up to two storeys of rooms. On the first floor the editor's sanctum, and a smaller place for a leader-writer, where my father dwelt. On the second floor, the sub-editors' room and a spare room; next door, the printing-house, with the engines and presses in the basement; above these the reporters' room, where old Mr. John Dickens presided, and the gallery men and parliamentary shorthand writers went in and out and copied their reports. Higher up, a flight of wooden stairs leading to the compositors' quarters. The buildings were of all ages, some of them of very tumble-down aspect. They remind me even now of those which Charles Dickens loved to describe when he wrote of the fog pervading the lanes, penetrating the doorways, creeping up the staircases, and lodging in the pipes of the inmates. Add to this the worn steps, the soiled cocoa-nut matting, the walls that seemed ever to require painting and polishing, the windows grimed with smoke, the gas, the glare, and the smell of oil and paper. The ceaseless noise of presses, moved by hand or by steam, produced a busy hum, whilst in the foggy atmosphere one could see flitting, like ghosts, the forms of men in paper caps and dirty shirt-sleeves, wetting paper, padding frames, presiding at the delivery or withdrawal of sheets that slid in and out of monstrous machines in all kinds of movement, back and forward—sliding, revolving, and jumping.—C 6.

JOHN DICKENS AS CHIEF REPORTER.

John Dickens was quite a feature in this pandemonium [the *Daily News* Office]. He was short, portly, obese, fond of a glass of grog, full of fun, never given to much locomotion, but sitting as

chairman, and looking carefully to the regular marking and orderly dispatch to the printers of the numerous manuscripts thrown off at lightning speed by the men from the gallery. It was his habit to come down to the office about eight at night, and he invariably in all weathers walked down Fleet Street and turned into the passage leading into Whitefriars. Every night as regularly as clockwork he was relieved of his silk pocket-handkerchief by the thieves of the great neighbouring thoroughfare, and he would deplore the loss in feeling terms when he tried to wipe the perspiration from his brow; for it was a peculiarity of his nature that he was always hot, whatever the weather might be.—C 6.

“DAILY NEWS” JUBILEE RECOLLECTIONS.

In its issue for 21st January 1896, the story of the *Daily News* was told at great length by Mr. Justin McCarthy and Sir John R. Robinson. There were special articles by Mr. John Britton, the publisher, and other writers, and a facsimile of the first number was included in this special issue. The appended extracts are taken from the main story as told by Mr. McCarthy and Sir John Robinson :

The coming of the new journal was announced in the following advertisement which appeared in *Punch* on the 27th of December, 1845—

“NEW MORNING PAPER.

To commence at the Opening of Parliament, Price Five pence,

THE DAILY NEWS.

A Morning Newspaper of Liberal Politics and thorough Independence.

The leading features of the paper may be briefly stated under the following heads :

Its City News and Commercial Intelligence, collected from the highest sources, will be scrupulously impartial and always early ;

Its Scientific and Business Information on every topic connected with Railways, whether in actual operation, in progress, or projected, will be found to be complete ;

An extensive system of Foreign Correspondence in all parts of the world has been for some time and is now in course of organisation ;

Its Parliamentary Reports, its Law Reports, and every other item of such matter, will be furnished by gentlemen of the highest qualification ;

Among the writers of its Leading Articles, its Criticisms on Books, the Drama, Music, and the Fine Arts, are some of the most distinguished names of this time ;

The Literary Department of the *Daily News* will be under the direction of Mr. Charles Dickens.

The counting-house and office for advertisements intended for insertion in the *Daily News* will be at No. 90 Fleet Street, London,

to which place communications for the Editor should be addressed until the publishing offices in Whitefriars shall be completed."

No part of the advertisement, except perhaps the announcement of the coming of a Liberal daily newspaper in London, excited so much public interest as the statement that the literary department of the new journal was to be under the direction of Mr. Charles Dickens. The literary department was, of course, understood to mean all that comes within the province of an editor, as distinct from the commercial department and the work of the compositor. Dickens was then by far the most popular author in this country. Thackeray had not yet published his *Vanity Fair*. Carlyle had not yet begun to be broadly known. The novels of Dickens were in every home throughout the country where any reading went on at all. Whether the idea was his own to begin with, it is not easy to find out; but the probability would seem to be that the project came up in his mind, and that he then took other men into his confidence.

Mr. Forster was strongly opposed to Dickens's proposal to undertake the work—partly or chiefly because he feared that the strain would be too great for Dickens's health. Nevertheless, as soon as it was settled that Dickens was to undertake the conduct of the paper, Mr. Forster, out of pure loyalty to his friend, consented to hold a place on the staff of the journal. Dickens, indeed, brought a very powerful staff along with him. From memoranda of agreements made when the paper was on the eve of being started, we learn that W. J. Fox, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, and Mark Lemon were among the first who agreed to serve under him. Among the original proprietors of the paper were Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, and Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Paxton. Mr. Scott Russell, whose name has since been known in many a great enterprise, was made "railway editor," and Dickens allowed him a very free hand in the conduct of his department. The first leading article was written by Mr. William Johnson Fox, distinguished before and since as preacher, platform orator, member of the House of Commons, and political writer. Douglas Jerrold and Albany Fonblanque wrote leaders, and Charles Mackay contributed poems.

Dickens flung himself into the work with a thoroughly characteristic energy. For months and months he never spared himself. That was his nature—that was his way—he could not help it. For months and months he was to be found morning, noon, and night at the offices which had been engaged for the production of the *Daily News*. He went into every detail of arrangement. He got around him a capable and brilliant staff. Journalism was not then paid nearly so well in London as it is in our time; but nevertheless Mr. Dickens appears to have made the most liberal arrangements for the compensation of all those who worked with him and under him. His one idea was to make the *Daily News* the first really Liberal daily paper of England, as complete and well appointed in every qualification of English journalism as the very best of those which were got up for the use of the classes rather than of the masses. No

inferior article was to be offered to the English public. Men were not to be invited to take the paper simply because it advocated their own political opinions. They were invited to take it because, while it did advocate their own political opinions, it was also to be the best newspaper, simply regarded as a newspaper, that they could get anywhere. This was Mr. Dickens's idea, and that idea he enforced in action.

Dickens was marvellously fortunate in the choice of some of his Correspondents. The first Correspondent at Rome, engaged by Dickens himself, was the celebrated Father Prout (Frank Mahony), a Catholic clergyman from the city of Cork, who, finding after awhile but little vocation for the duties of the priesthood, set out for London to make a way into literature—which, indeed, he very quickly did. He was then little over forty-one years old. But it was his intention to republish his first series of *Daily News* letters under the title of *Facts and Figures from Italy*, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, addressed during the last two winters to Charles Dickens, Esq., being an appendix to his Pictures; meaning, of course, the *Pictures from Italy*. The letters were actually republished under this title by Richard Bentley, in 1847.

In little more than four months from the day the paper started the whole of Dickens's connection with the *Daily News*, even that of contributing letters with his signature, ceased.—*Daily News*, January 21, 1896.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Mr. W. Moy Thomas writes: No. 1 of the *Daily News*. It is a somewhat faded and tattered copy that lies before me, bearing date "Wednesday, January 21, 1846," but in the right upper corner of the front page is a memorandum in a lady's hand which invests it at once with a special interest—qualifies it, indeed, for admission into an exhibition of literary and journalistic curiosities. It is in the words: "Brought home by Charles at two o'clock in the morning, January 21st," and is signed "Catherine Dickens." "Charles" was, of course, the illustrious author of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, and *The Christmas Carol*, and "Catherine Dickens" was the young wife of the first editor of this journal, who had thus recorded the history of this visible symbol of the successful launching of the new Liberal organ.¹ Other tokens of Charles Dickens meet the eye as I turn over the pages. The hand of the author of the *American Notes* is distinctly traceable in a passage in the opening address, wherein reference is made to a disposition on the part of the Press, "which only prevails in England and America," to "sordid attacks upon itself," and a promise is given to conduct all journalistic disputes with courtesy and moderation. No one who is aware of the style of controversy which was deemed permissible, even in journals

¹ The lady must have been mistaken in the hour; but this need not shake faith in the genuineness of the autograph memorandum, which has been confirmed by Miss Georgina Hogarth, the surviving sister of Mrs. Dickens, as well as by Mrs. Perugini, the novelist's eldest daughter.

of high standing and repute, in the first half of the present century, will say that this promise was superfluous. "The stamp on newspapers," he continues, "is not like the stamp on Universal medicine bottles, which licenses anything, however false and monstrous." Graver matters, however, are set forth in this business-like document. "The principles advocated by the *Daily News*," says the address, "will be principles of progress and improvement, of education, civil and religious liberty, and equal legislation—principles such as its conductors believe the advancing spirit of the time requires, the condition of the country demands, and justice, reason, and experience legitimately sanction."

A more direct indication of the association of Dickens with the new paper is found on the sixth page, where there appears the first instalment—occupying just two columns—of "Travelling Letters Written on the Road, by Charles Dickens," describing in his picturesque and exhilarating style the incidents of the first day's journey of the writer and his family on the way from Paris to Châlons, in a postchaise and four, with jack-booted postilion, in a fashion which was then on the very brink of vanishing for evermore. Those were times when railway enterprise, which furnished much employment to the labouring classes, was at its very height. The "Railway News" in this number occupies five columns. There were, of course, no telegraphic messages. Journalism was still limited to the feeble resources of the coach and the steamboat—save in so far as the rapidly extending but still very far from complete network of our railway system offered a speedier mode of conveyance. "At the hour of going to press," says a notice to the reader, "our express from Paris had not arrived. The delay has, in all possibility, arisen from the stormy weather in the Channel, or, from the accident that occurred on Monday night on the South-Eastern Railway." Under these circumstances, the editor regarded no doubt with just pride the fact that a full report appeared on the second page of the vast gathering—numbering five thousand persons—on the previous evening in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, to hear the controversy between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Wodehouse on the great question of the day. It is dated "Norwich, Tuesday, 10 p.m.," is stated to be "from our own reporters, by special express," and gives in full the speeches of the disputants and others, extending altogether to four and a half close columns of type. Side by side with this, in token of the absorbing interest in the struggle, will be found in the facsimile a report of meetings of Westminster and Marylebone electors to petition for the total repeal of the Corn Laws, held on the day before. Not in prose only did the *Daily News* sustain the cause: for here also will be found the first of the series of "Voices of the Crowd," written for this paper by Dr. Charles Mackay. It is entitled "The Wants of the People," and begins:

"What do we want? Our daily bread,
 Leave to earn it by our skill;
 Leave to labour freely for it,
 Leave to buy it where we will."

Dear Mr. Trenchard

Second January 1844

My dear Sir

That is a very humble case
you tell me of. Indeed I look I
could get at the parent heart of
—— ———, in which case I would so
scrupulously it that he should write
again. But if I were to put such
a father as he into a book, altho
the father's song (and especially the
bad ones) would hold up their
hands and protest against the unnat-
ural caricature. I find that a
great many people (particularly those
who might have sat for the character)
consider even Mr Pickwick, a grotesque

FACSIMILE OF DICKENS'S HANDWRITING

Articles of more general interest are represented almost exclusively by the "Travelling Letters" of Dickens. There is, it is true, a long article on music, but it has no direct relation to anything then going on in the musical world at home; though the renowned M. Jullien was then capering and flourishing his ivory baton in the orchestra at his Promenade Concerts in Covent Garden Theatre. For tokens of the condition of the drama in 1846 we have to go to the public announcements, which—since advertisements are never lacking to the first number of a new paper—are probably exhaustive. Dickens must have regarded with mixed feelings the fact that out of the six theatres here represented, no fewer than four were playing versions of his latest Christmas story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, for in those days the unauthorised adapter flourished unchecked. The houses referred to were the Haymarket, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, and the Princess's.

Still rarer than an original copy of No. 1 of the *Daily News* is a copy of the fictitious or "dummy" number, which, in accordance with the customary practice, was prepared a day or two earlier, with the object of testing by a sort of private rehearsal the completeness of the arrangements of the printing office. It is dated Monday, 19th January 1846, and is mainly composed of debates, news, and messages, apparently made up, for the most part, from other papers. It has, however, a somewhat incoherent description of the execution of the murderer Tapping at Newgate, evidently from the pen of Charles Dickens—for it foreshadows his eloquent three letters on Capital Punishment which appeared a few weeks later, as well as his letters on the hanging of the Mannings, husband and wife—together with a humorous leading article, in which his hand is no less manifestly traceable. The latter takes the form of an indignant protest against the supposed conduct of a jury at the Old Bailey in acquitting, by a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide," "a person named Jones, said to be prepossessing and modest exterior," on an indictment for "wilfully and maliciously occasioning the death of five bricklayers, seven carpenters, two furniture-warehouse porters, three painters, and a plasterer." The person named Jones is stated to have lured the unfortunate men to the performance in certain premises in Whitefriars of various feats of bodily strength and supernatural muscular exertion, to which they fell an untimely sacrifice. The trial, I need hardly say, was purely imaginary, the burlesque comment being written for the amusement of the author's colleagues and coadjutors, who were aware of the haste and pressure under which Mr. Jones, who was the master printer, had been induced at short notice to undertake the work of preparing the rooms and offices in Bouverie Street for the reception of the editor and his staff. An interest now lies in the fact of its being an unknown skit by Dickens, albeit its humour and significance have in great degree evaporated.—*Daily News*, January 21, 1896.

Among the stories of the projection and establishment of London papers, that of the *Daily News* has never been completely told. The first number is dated 21st January 1846. It is curious to see

a daily paper without any telegrams. It was thought a great thing to have received from Paris on the 21st of January advices as late as the 19th. A day or two previous to the issue of the first *Daily News* a specimen number was written, printed, and published in due form to test the efficiency of the organisation and machinery. Notwithstanding this, it appears from the good-humoured protest of "A Subscriber," in the second number, that the arrangements were by no means perfect. The letter is interesting, since it is known that Mr. Charles Dickens wrote it, as well as the editorial rejoinder by which it was accentuated:

"To the Editor of the *Daily News* :

"SIR,—Will you excuse my calling your attention to a variety of typographical errors in your first number? Several letters are standing on their heads, and several others seem to have gone out of town; while others, like people who are drawn from the militia, appear by deputy, and are sometimes very oddly represented. I have an interest in the subject, as I intend to be, if you will allow me,

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

"January 21, 1846."

"We can assure our good-humoured correspondent that we are quite conscious of the errors he does us the favour to point out so leniently. The very many inaccuracies and omissions in our first impression are attributable to the disadvantageous circumstances attending the production of a first number. They will not occur, we trust, in any other.—Ed. *Daily News*."

Dickens, during the six months [this would include the preliminary arrangements] of his editorship, was active in engaging contributors right and left. Money flowed from the proprietary coffers "like water." A railway editor was engaged at two thousand pounds a year. There were foreign, colonial, and heaven knows what editors besides. Bradbury & Evans supplied the capital. Ultimately Mr. C. W. Dilke, . . . on becoming manager, reduced things to order, though if it was upon his recommendation that the price of the paper was lowered to 2½d., his wits must have been asleep for once. In those days the heavy paper and advertisement duties made it impossible for a journal to be sold profitably under 5d. per copy. The object of the *Daily News* for some time seemed to be to constitute itself a popular *Times*. The leading journal was not then the champion of freedom it is now.—H 2.

DICKENS AND "PUNCH."

It is erroneously supposed that the late Charles Dickens wrote regularly for *Punch*. There is among Mark Lemon's papers an article signed Charles Dickens, on the outside of which is written, "My sole contribution to *Punch*." The idea that Dickens was on the staff of *Punch* originated, no doubt, through the intimacy which so long existed between the two men. Scarcely a day passed at one period of their lives without they met each other at their

own houses. They frequently spent evenings at home together, or at some place of public amusement. They generally devoted one or two evenings in the week to what Mark called a London ramble, which was frequently an excursion to the East End, "picking up characters" at minor theatres, circuses, and other places of resort in the wildest districts of the wildest parts of the metropolis. Charles Dickens, Clarkson Stanfield the painter, and Mark Lemon often made excursions of this kind in company, conversing with any persons whom they might care to know, and thus gaining a fund of information which was afterwards profitably employed. Many passages in Dickens's works, considered far-fetched and overdrawn, may be traced to scenes in real life witnessed during these London rambles. It was Lemon who planned the excursions, as is shown by Dickens's letters. When Dickens lived at Tavistock House, Lemon lived close by in Gordon Square; and notes, letters, and reminders of appointments were continually passing from one house to the other. In later days, owing to Dickens's business severance from Bradbury & Evans, and certain family troubles, a coolness rose between Lemon and his illustrious neighbour; but there was a revival of something like the old friendship a year or two prior to Dickens's death.—H 2.

Charles Dickens is supposed to have contributed to *Punch* in the year 1849 an article entitled "Dreadful Hardships Endured by the Shipwrecked Crew of the *London*, Chiefly for Want of Water"—a criticism on the scandalous condition of the suburban water-supply. Mr. F. G. Kitton has examined the original manuscript preserved by Mrs. Mark Lemon in her autograph album. Mr. Hatton found it among Lemon's papers, bearing on the outside, in the Editor's handwriting, the inscription, "Dickens' only contribution to *Punch*." But the alleged contribution is absolutely undiscoverable in the pages of the paper. The explanation is, in Mr. Kitton's words, that "about the time the manuscript was written, several pictorial allusions to foul water in suburban London appeared in *Punch*, which bear directly upon the subject of Dickens's protest, and it is surmised that the Editor, on the receipt of Dickens's contribution, considered that greater prominence would be given to the matter to which they referred by means of a cartoon than by a few lines of text. Hence we find the rebuke enforced by the pencil of the artist, instead of the mere literary lashing which Dickens intended to inflict upon that particular public grievance. It may safely be suggested that this was the only occasion on which, after his reputation was made, Dickens was ever "declined with thanks." This MS., it may be added, was sold at Sotheby's on 9th July 1889, and was knocked down for £16.—S 3.

Once, by the hand of Leech, Dickens made an appearance in *Punch*, and, curiously enough, only once. This was in the drawing of the awful appearance of a "wopps" at a picnic (p. 76, vol. xvii.), where the novelist appears as the handsome, but not very

striking, youth attendant on the young lady who is overcome at the distressing situation. It must be admitted that the portrait is hardly recognisable.—S 3.

AS MAGAZINE EDITOR.

As an editor Dickens was most painstaking and conscientious: outside contributors, whose articles had passed the first critical ordeal of Mr. Wills's judgment, and had been referred to "the Chief," received thoroughly impartial attention from him, while for his friends he could not take too much trouble or show too much interest.—Y.

Just about then [1851-3], appeared the first numbers of *Household Words*, which I devoured with extreme eagerness, and the early volumes of which still appear to me, after a tolerably wide experience of such matters, to be perfect models of what a magazine intended for general reading should be. In them, besides the admirable work done by Dickens himself—and he never was better than in his concentrated essays—there were the dawning genius of Sala, which had for me a peculiar fascination; the novels of Mrs. Gaskell; the antiquarian lore of Peter Cunningham and Charles Knight; the trenchant criticism of Forster; the first-fruits of Wilkie Collins's unrivalled plot-weaving; the descriptive powers of R. H. Horne, who as a prose-writer was terse and practical; the poetic pathos of Adelaide Procter; the Parisian sketches of Blanchard Jerrold; the singularly original "Roving Englishman" series of Grenville Murray; the odd humour of Henry Spicer.—Y.

Dickens always considered the regular contributors to *Household Words* and to *All the Year Round* as connected with him in a manner much more closely than as ordinary professional or purely business connections. "My brothers" was his favourite phrase; and when Miss Adelaide Anne Procter died he wrote for the beautiful *Legends and Lyrics*, which her family published as an anniversary volume, a most touching preface. This passage explains how he came to know the daughter of "Barry Cornwall":

"In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as Conductor of the weekly journal *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually passing through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor.* Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never

discovered. But we settled, somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable: so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick the governess became. This went on until December 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled *The Seven Poor Travellers*, was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of the number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter."—H 4.

Among the "might have beens" of these early years must be mentioned a poetic career. From my earliest years I had been an indefatigable rhymester, and an exhilarating accident well-nigh turned the scale, poetry instead of romance kicking the beam. An incident that came under my notice suggested the poem entitled "The Golden Bee." With the audacity of youth I dispatched it to the great Dickens, then editing his *Household Words*. After some time came a cheque for £5 and a number of the magazine containing my contribution. Five pounds for the artless rhymes of a little country girl—was not this half the price of *Paradise Lost*? But overwhelming as seemed the payment, the approbation of Charles Dickens was guerdon far more prized. And "The Golden Bee" has not falsified the master's judgment. It is now a stock piece at Penny Readings, and, like "The White House by the Sea," has long survived a generation!—*Reminiscences*, by M. Betham-Edwards.

By the year 1862 she (Mrs. Linton) had lost touch with all the editors for whom she had been regularly working, with the sole exception of Charles Dickens. Indeed, had it not been for *All the Year Round*, her literary output for this year would have been just one article in *Temple Bar*.

All the Year Round, it will be remembered by those familiar with the life of Dickens, was the magazine which had been started by him in 1859 after the dispute with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, which had resulted in the discontinuance of *Household Words*. Mrs. Linton, who had been a regular contributor to the latter, was, immediately on its abandonment, approached by the editor of *Once a Week*, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans's new illustrated venture. Here she found herself on the horns of a dilemma. Either she must

refuse what was a valuable offer, or run the risk of appearing disloyal to Dickens, to whom she had much reason to be grateful. She thereupon wrote to him explaining the situation, and asking whether he saw any objection to her writing for the opposition periodical. Dickens, who undoubtedly felt very bitter on the subject of the rival publication, replied that she could not write too much for *All the Year Round*; that whatever she wrote for him would as a matter of course be warmly welcomed; and that her contributions should always have precedence in his magazine. Forthwith she became his faithful lieutenant, and refused all the tempting offers of his rivals. Notwithstanding their long literary connection, Mrs. Linton saw but little of her great contemporary.—*L* 3.

On Saturday, 30th March 1850, was issued the first number of *Household Words*, price 2d., conducted by Charles Dickens. No article had the name of the author appended, and when the "Conductor" proposed to Jerrold that he should contribute to its pages, but added that his name could not appear, as the journal was anonymous, the wit replied, "Ay, I see it is, for there's the name of Charles Dickens on every page."—*H* 4.

DICKENS'S "YOUNG MAN."

Mr. John Hollingshead was known to everybody at *Household Words* office in the old time at Wellington Street, in the Strand, as Dickens's "Young Man." Mr. Hollingshead, who was a city clerk, forwarded, in the mid-fifties, through Moy Thomas, an article on "Life at a City Eating-House." Dickens was highly pleased with the subject and the way it was treated, and told Thomas, his friend, to send in more. Hollingshead's articles quite delighted the editor with their graphic description and clear incisive style. The articles on "Underground London" and "Odd Journeys" (such were their titles when reprinted in book form) underwent the editorial scrutiny, and won great approval from it. Hollingshead, from his practical training in commercial life, shrewd sense, and ready wit, became a favourite with the editor. Anything requiring promptitude and enterprise found Hollingshead told off for the event, and he always well acquitted himself. Indeed, so well, that Dickens used to speak of him as "My Young Man."—*Household Words*, March 26, 1904.

OFFICE RELICS.

The Dickens relics from the novelist's private office at 26 Wellington Street, Strand, where he edited *All the Year Round*, were included in a sale at Sotheby's in 1902. There were the office table and chair, the looking-glass, and the high-backed cane chair, which were in daily use by Dickens for many years. They were given by the novelist's son to the housekeeper, Mrs. Hedderly, from whom they were bought by the late Henry Walker. They were afterwards in the custody of Mr. Walker's son-in-law, at Bromley, Kent.

AS A POET.

To most of us the poetry of Dickens means that poem in the sixth chapter of *Pickwick*, the last stanza of which runs :

“ Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
 And nations have scattered been ;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
 Shall fatten upon the past :
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping on, where time has been,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.”

The two recently added volumes, however, in the Gad's Hill Edition, entitled *Miscellaneous Papers* (Chapman & Hall), include several other poems by the great novelist, besides the more famous “ Ivy Green.”

Of these, two were recently discovered through the medium of the Contributors' Book to *Household Words*. The first was “ Hiram Power's Greek Slave ”; the second, entitled “ Aspire ! ” I quote in full :

“ Aspire ! whatever fate befall,
 Be it praise or blame---
 Aspire ! even when deprived of all
 It is thy nature's aim.
 The seed beneath the frozen earth,
 When winter checks the fresh green birth,
 Still yearningly aspires,
 With ripening desires.
 And, in its season, it will shoot
 Up into the perfect fruit ;
 But had it not lain low,
 It ne'er had learn'd to grow.

Aspire ! for in thyself alone
 That power belongs of right ;
 Within thyself that seed is sown,
 Which strives to reach the light ;
 All pride of rank, all pomp of place,
 All pinnacles that point in space,
 But show thee, to the spheres,
 No greater than thy peers ;
 But if thy spirit doth aspire,
 Thou risest ever higher—higher—
 Towards that consummate end,
 When Heavenward we tend.”

Dickens wrote the prologues for two plays by Wilkie Collins—*The Lighthouse* and *The Frozen Deep*. To Wilkie Collins's *The Lighthouse* Dickens also contributed “ The Song of the Wreck,” which was sung by Mary, his eldest daughter, who took the part of



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1862
Engraved from the photo by Claudet

Phæbe in the play. The poems, "A Child's Hymn," from the *Wreck of the Golden Mary*, and "The Blacksmith," are also included in the Gad's Hill Edition.—"T. P.," in *T.P.'s Weekly*, June 5, 1908.

To the foregoing may be added Dickens's "Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers," which appeared originally in the *Daily News* on 14th February 1846. It was suggested by some words of Lucy Simpkins, a poor Wiltshire labouring woman, who often spoke at open-air meetings of the distressed agricultural labourers, and whose rude, unlettered eloquence had attracted much attention. It was Lucy Simpkins whose exclamation, "They do say we be purtected. If we be purtected we be starved," was taken up and repeated in the papers and at meetings throughout the kingdom.—ED.

HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABOURERS.

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God to put it in the hearts of our greassous Queen and her Members of Parliament to grant us free bread?"—LUCY SIMPKINS, at Bremhill.

"O God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came, at Thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike, now, upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high;
And let some drops of pity fall
For us, who starve and die.

O God, who took a little child,
And set him in the midst,
And promised him Thy mercy mild,
As by Thy Son Thou didst;
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where Lords and Gentry are!

O God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop;
For in Thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep,
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine Angels weep!

O God, who with Thy finger drew,
The judgment coming on,
Write, for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
O God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them brave not and dare
Until they look (too late) on high,
And see An Arrow there!

*

O God, remind them ! In the bread
 They break upon the knee,
 These sacred words may yet be read,
 'In memory of Me.'
 O God, remind them ! of His sweet
 Compassion for the poor,
 And how He gave them Bread to eat,
 And went from door to door !"

AS A LITERARY CRITIC.

Dickens was, it should be said, not only George Eliot's literary admirer, but the first discoverer of her sex and actual identity. The former revealed itself to him in the description of Hetty Sorrel at her looking-glass. The latter was thus humorously intimated in a letter which I have seen from his daughter to Edmund Yates : " Papa declares *Adam Bede's* writer to be either Bradbury or Evans, and he doesn't think it's Bradbury."—*Platform, Press, Politics, and Play*, by T. H. S. Escott.

In his chapter on the painting of Dickens's portrait, in *My Autobiography*, the late W. P. Frith, R.A., describes very pleasantly his experiences with Dickens as a sitter, and gives the following interesting anecdote of another great contemporary of the novelist : " On one of the few occasions on which I got to work before him, I saw upon the table a paper parcel with a letter on the top of it. From the shape I guessed that it contained books, as the event proved. Presently Dickens came in, read the letter, and handed it to me, saying : ' Here you are again ! This is the kind of thing I am subject to : people send me their books, and what is more, they require me to read them ; and what is almost as bad, demand my opinion of them. Read that.' I obeyed, and read what appeared to me a very well-written appeal to the great master in the art, of which the writer was a very humble disciple, etc., begging for his perusal of the accompanying work, and his judgment upon it, and so on. The work was *Adam Bede*, and the writer's name was George Eliot. Dickens took up one of the volumes, looked into it, and said : ' Seems clever—a good style ; suppose I must read it.' And read it he did that very day, for the next morning he said : ' That's a very good book, indeed, by George Eliot. But, unless I am mistaken, G. Eliot is a woman.' "—*F* 6.

Four letters written by Charles Dickens in 1864, on the question of a national monument to Shakespeare, brought £15 at Sotheby's on 13th July 1909. Dickens wrote very strongly. " I dread the notion of a statue ; moreover, I shiver and tremble at the thought of another graven image in some public place. Lastly, I believe that Shakespeare has left his monument in his works, and is best left without any other." He goes on to suggest that, if anything were done, let the Government " found scholarships in his name in all the arts."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 14, 1909.

DICKENS AND THE WRITING OF BIOGRAPHY.

A wholesome and authentic picture of theatrical life, and of the clown's life in particular, is to be found in the delightful pages of *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, edited by "Boz." Dickens is said to have held this work in very light estimation, and to have spoken of the material which in general composed it as "twaddle," but the warmth with which he resented an objection to his handling the subject, on the ground that he could never have seen Grimaldi, shows that it must have had a place in his affections. "I understand," he wrote, "that a gentleman unknown is going about this town, privately informing all ladies and gentlemen of discontented natures, that, on a comparison of dates and putting together of many little circumstances which occur to his great sagacity, he has made the profound discovery that I can never have seen Grimaldi, whose life I have edited, and that the book must therefore of necessity be bad. Now, although I was brought up from remote country parts in the dark ages of 1819 and 1820 to behold the splendour of Christmas pantomimes and the humour of Joe, in whose honour, I am informed, I clapped my hands with great precocity, and although I even saw him act in the remote times of 1823: yet as I had not then aspired to the dignity of a tail coat, though forced by a relentless parent into my first pair of boots, I am willing, with the view of saving this honest gentleman further time and trouble, to concede that I had not arrived at man's estate when Grimaldi left the stage, and that my recollections of his acting are, to my loss, but shadowy and imperfect. Which confession I now make publicly, and without mental qualification or reserve, to all whom it may concern. But the deduction of this pleasant gentleman, that therefore the Grimaldi book must be bad, I must take leave to doubt. I don't think that to edit a man's biography, from his own notes, it is essential you should have known him, and I don't believe that Lord Braybrooke had more than the very slightest acquaintance with Mr. Pepys, whose memoirs he edited two centuries after he died."—P 2.

IV

ON THE PLATFORM

It appears to have been the success of the readings given by him in aid of the Douglas Jerrold Fund in the summer of 1857 that first suggested to Dickens the possibility of giving public readings for his own benefit. There were, in all, four series of public readings : (1) In 1858-9, under the management of Mr. Arthur Smith ; (2) in 1861-3, under Mr. Headland's management ; (3) in 1866-7, and (4) in 1868-70, the third and fourth being managed by Mr. George Dolby on behalf of Messrs. Chappell. The tour in America began at Boston in November 1867, and ended at New York in the following April. The first reading in London was at St. Martin's Hall.

Dickens, it should be noted, edited the stories and portions of stories which he read in public. A reprint of the text used by him at his readings in England and the United States was published by Chapman & Hall in 1907 with an introduction by Mr. John Hollingshead.

"TOOK THE COUNTRY BY STORM."

The first series of readings absolutely took the country by storm, Dickens meeting with the greatest personal affection and respect wherever he went. In Dublin there was almost a riot. People broke the pay-box, and freely offered £5 for a stall. In Belfast he had enormous audiences, being compelled, he said, to turn half the town away. The reading over, the people ran after him to look at him. "Do me the honour," said one, "to shake hands, Misther Dickens, and God bless you, sir ; not ounly for the light you've been to me this night, but to the light you've been to mee house, sir (and God bless your face !), this many a year." Men cried undisguisedly.—*M* 2.

ENTHUSIASM IN LONDON.

There was a considerable amount of anxiety among Dickens's intimate friends lest the indignation caused by the publication of the "statement" [published in *Household Words*, relative to his separation from his wife], and still existing among a section of the public, might find vent on his first appearance on the platform. Arthur Smith, his manager, a timid man by nature, was especially

nervous ; but I do not think Dickens was made acquainted with the feelings of some of those by whom he was surrounded. But the moment Dickens stepped on to the platform, walking rather stiffly, right shoulder well forward, as usual, bud in button-hole, and gloves in hand, all doubt was blown into the air. He was received with a roar of cheering which might have been heard at Charing Cross, and which was again and again renewed. Whatever he may have felt, Dickens showed no emotion. He took his place at his reading-desk, and made a short prefatory speech, in which he said that, though he had read one of his books to a London audience more than once, this was the first time he had ventured to do so professionally ; that he had considered the matter, and saw no reason against his doing so, either in deterioration of dignity or anything else ; and that, therefore, he took his place on the platform with as much composure as he should at his own desk. Then he opened his book, and commenced. The book was *The Cricket on the Hearth*, now read for the first time. There was no doubt of its interest and attraction to the audience present—ordinary upper and lower middle-class people. From first to last they sat in rapt suspense, broken only by outbursts of laughter and applause ; and at the conclusion the vehement cheering was renewed. The success of the readings was assured.—Y.

AFFECTION SHOWN IN THE PROVINCES.

At the end of July [1858] Dickens, accompanied by Arthur Smith, started on a provincial tour, commencing at Clifton on 2nd August. On 4th August he wrote me from Plymouth : "We had a most noble night at Exeter last night, and turned numbers away. Arthur is something between a Home Secretary and a furniture dealer in Rathbone Place. He is either always corresponding in the genteelst manner, or dragging rout-seats about without his coat." And again, in a letter dated from the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, 21st August, he says : "A wonderful house here last night, and the largest in money we have ever had, including St. Martin's Hall. There were 2300 people and 200 guineas. The very books were all sold out early in the evening ; and Arthur, bathed in checks, took headers into tickets, floated on billows of passes, dived under weirs of shillings, staggered home faint with gold and silver."

Thenceforward all was plain sailing. Those "peculiar relations (personally affectionate, and like no other man's) which subsist between me and the public," of which Dickens had spoken in his capacity as author, stood him in good stead in his new venture. He was received everywhere with the greatest personal affection and respect, and his receipts were enormous.—Y.

In March of 1858, Dickens visited Edinburgh to read his *Christmas Carol* to upwards of two thousand members of the Philosophical Institute there. After the reading was over, the Lord Provost presented him with a splendid silver wassail bowl. Dickens, in

replying, said: "The first great public recognition and encouragement I ever received was bestowed on me by your generous and magnificent city. To come to Edinburgh is to me like coming home."—*H 4.*

During October, 1859, Dickens gave readings at the Town Hall, Oxford, and attracted large audiences. On one occasion the Prince of Wales, then entering on his career as an Oxonian, was present, and expressed considerable satisfaction at the pleasure he had experienced in hearing him read.—*H 4.*

"ASTOUNDING RETURNS."

Rest became an absolute necessity before the London readings in March [1862]. The financial results, however, seemed to have compensated Dickens for these disadvantages. "The money returns have been quite astounding. Think of £190 a night!" This was in April, and on 28th June he said, "I finished my readings on Friday night to an enormous hall—nearly £200." He had an offer from Australia to read there for eight months, for a sum of £10,000.—*K 1.*

THE THIRD TOUR.

The result of the negotiations with Messrs. Chappell was that Mr. Dickens agreed to give thirty readings in London, the provinces, or elsewhere, in consideration of the firm paying him the sum of £1500 for the course; they undertaking all responsibility and trouble, and paying all expenses, personal and otherwise, in connection with the tour. . . . The sum stipulated for—namely £1500—was to be paid as follows: £500 on the first reading, £500 on the fifteenth, and £500 on the termination of the agreement. On the completion of the tour the gross receipts amounted to nearly £5000. Such a success was all the more gratifying as Mr. Dickens had, with that consideration for the masses which ever characterised his actions, stipulated, at the commencement of the engagement, that shilling seat-holders should have as good accommodation as those who were willing to pay higher sums for their evening's enjoyment; "for," said he, "I have been the champion and the friend of the working-man all through my career, and it would be inconsistent, if not unjust, to put any difficulty in the way of his attending my readings."—*D.*

A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

No time was lost in arranging the opening reading, which was given at St. James's Hall, London, on Tuesday evening, 10th April 1866. Independently of the interest created by the appearance of Mr. Dickens on the platform as a public reader, there was much excitement when it became generally known that he had decided upon reading "Doctor Marigold" for the first time on this occasion. This reading, like all the others, had been most carefully prepared; and, in order to test its suitability for its purpose, a private rehearsal

was given on 18th March at Southwick Place, Hyde Park, in a furnished house which Mr. Dickens had taken for the season. The audience consisted of the members of his family, and Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Charles Fechter, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Arthur Chappell, Mr. Charles Kent, and myself. It is hardly necessary to say that the verdict was unanimously favourable. Everybody was astonished by the extraordinary ease and fluency with which the patter of the "Cheap Jack" was delivered, and the subtlety of the humour which pervaded the whole presentation. To those present, the surprise was no less great than the results were pleasing; indeed, it is hard to see how it could well have been otherwise, for seldom in the world's history do we find a man gifted with such extraordinary powers, and, at the same time, possessed of such a love of method, such will, such energy, and such a capacity for taking pains. An example of this is the interesting fact that, although to many of his hearers at that eventful rehearsal of "Doctor Marigold," it was the first time it had been read, Mr. Dickens had, since its appearance as a Christmas number, only three months previously, adapted it as a reading, and had rehearsed it to himself considerably over two hundred times—and this in addition to his ordinary work.—*D.*

ABERDONIAN CAUTION.

The reading at Aberdeen in May 1866, though a success from a monetary point of view, was perhaps the least enthusiastically received of any given before or since; a fact which may be accounted for by the remark of the local agent when I questioned him about the probability of success: "Weel, Mither Doalby, I'm no prepared t' state positively what yewr actiel receats 'll be, for ye see, sir, amangst ma ain freends there are vairy few wha ha' iver haird o' Chairles Dickens."—*D.*

A MISTAKE AT BIRMINGHAM.

Dickens arranged to read at Birmingham [May 1866] "Doctor Marigold," and the Trial from *Pickwick*. From some unaccountable cause, in going on for the second reading, Mr. Dickens took the wrong book to the platform with him, and before I had time to stop him he was well on with the story of Nicholas Nickleby at Mr. Squeers' school. There was nothing for it but to let the reading proceed, as proceed it did, to the end, with perfect success. The immense audience, numbering 2100 people, remained seated, and the mistake that had been made was pointed out to Mr. Dickens by Mr. Wills; whereupon, with characteristic generosity, he at once returned to the platform, and in one of his appropriate and good-humoured speeches, explained the accident to the audience, and put it to the vote, by a show of hands, whether they would like, after listening to him for two hours, to hear him for another half-hour in the Trial from *Pickwick*. To use his own words whenever he told the story against himself, "they *did* like," as the ringing

cheer of approval with which the little speech was received amply testified. So after two hours' hard work, he buckled to once more, and amidst uproarious merriment read the famous "Trial."—D.

Mr. Henry Wills, in a letter to his wife, thus refers to the incident :

"We had the pleasure of meeting a small party of 2100 friends at the Town Hall last night. They enjoyed "Doctor Marigold" immensely. *Pickwick* to follow. Just figure my amazement when Dickens, instead of commencing 'On the morning of the great trial, Bardell *versus* Pickwick,' opened *Nickleby*! I ran out to Dolby (the manager), knowing Dickens's exactitude, and mistrusting my own ears, to know who was mistaken. Dolby, staring as if I had stabbed him in the stomach, rushed out of the hall to read the poster in the excess of his certainty that it was *Pickwick*, to find that *Pickwick* was announced. Meanwhile, the breakfast at the Saracen's Head had taken such a tight hold of the audience (who uttered Kentish fires of laughter at every third word) that to stop the reader and correct the mistake would have been madness. Poor Dickens ended *Nickleby* triumphantly, and tripped down the stairs of the platform, smiling to think that one more of the thirty was notched off. But the people would not go, demanded why they had not heard *Pickwick*, and Dickens had to return and good-naturedly offer to read *Pickwick* then, if they desired it. Although the walls shook with applause, there were one or two considerate No! No's! However, *Pickwick* he read in addition; and though awfully exhausted after his two hours and a half of reading, was quite merry over the mishap, and made jokes about it till bedtime. I am sorry to say he suffers now headache and brow neuralgia, sure signs of excess of nervous power wasted over-night. On such occasions he is the most patient, plucky, make-the-best-of-bad-luck being I ever knew.—P 5.

THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

The readings [January 1867] began with unabated enthusiasm; but the reader, alas! speedily discovered his physical unfitness for this arduous and exacting undertaking. Almost at the beginning of the tour he was so overcome by faintness after a reading that he had to be carried out and laid on a sofa for half an hour, and he attributed this indisposition to a "distressing inability to sleep at night, and to nothing worse." The climatic conditions were very trying, indeed he thought it was the worst weather he ever experienced; at Chester he read "in a snowstorm and a fall of ice"—at Wolverhampton a thaw had set in and it rained furiously, and touring under such circumstances fairly exhausted him.—K 1.

IRISH ENTHUSIASM.

(Fenian excitement in Ireland.) Notwithstanding the pre-occupation of the public mind at this juncture [March 1867] he was accorded a most hearty reception by the Irish people, who flocked to the readings in large numbers. "You will be surprised

to know that we have done WONDERS!" he wrote Forster. "Enthusiastic crowds have filled the halls to the roof each night, and hundreds have been turned away. At Belfast the night before last we had £246, 5s. In Dublin to-night everything is sold out, and people are besieging Dolby to put chairs anywhere, in doorways, on my platform, in any sort of hole or corner. In short, the readings are a perfect rage at a time when everything else is beaten down."—K 1.

A FIRST NIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.

No literary man except Thackeray ever had such a welcome from Philadelphia as Charles Dickens received at the Concert Hall. The selling of the tickets two weeks before almost amounted to a disturbance of the peace. Five hundred people in line, standing from midnight till noon, poorly represented the general desire to hear the great novelist on his first night. Everywhere that I looked in the crowded hall I saw someone not unknown to fame—someone representing either the intelligence or the beauty, the wealth or the fashion, of Philadelphia. It was an audience which, in the words of Serjeant Buzfuz, I might declare an enlightened, a high-minded, a right feeling, a dispassionate, a conscientious, a sympathising, a contemplative, and a poetical jury, to judge Charles Dickens without fear or favour. The novelist stepped upon the stage. His book in his hand, his bouquet in his coat—but I will not describe to readers the face and form many of them know so well. Mr. Dickens was received coldly. Here was an Englishman who had pulled us to pieces and tweaked the national nose by writing *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. Philadelphia held out as long as she could. The first smile came in when Bob Cratchit warmed himself with a candle, but before Scrooge had got through the first ghost the laughter was universal and uproarious. The "Christmas Dinner of the Cratchits" was a tremendous success, as was "Scrooge's Niece by Marriage." There was a young lady in white fur and blue ribbons, name unknown to the writer, upon whose sympathies Mr. Dickens played as if she had been a piano. A deaf man could have followed his story by looking at her face. The goose convulsed her. The pudding threw her into hysterics; and when the story came to the sad death of Tiny Tim, "my little, little child," tears were streaming down her cheeks. This young lady was as good as Mr. Dickens, and all the more attractive because she couldn't help it. Then, as a joke began to be dimly foreseen, it was great to see the faint smile dawning on long lines of faces, growing brighter and brighter till it passed from sight to sound, and thundered to the roof in vast and inextinguishable laughter.—*New York Tribune*, January 14, 1868.

FAREWELL TO NEW YORK.

The last reading in America was given at the Steinway Hall, New York, on 20th April, 1868, the audience numbering over two



DICKENS AS A PUBLIC READER IN 1861
Engraved from the photograph by Fradelle & Young

thousand persons. The task finished, the reader was about to retire, when a tremendous volley of cheering stopped him, and he went forward to make a short speech, bidding his audience farewell, and concluding with the words, "God bless you, and God bless the land in which I leave you." This little *impromptu* oration, listened to with rapt attention, caused immense acclamation and waving of handkerchiefs, amid which Dickens retired from the platform, never to reappear in public in America.—K 1.

FINANCIAL RETURNS IN AMERICA.

Prior to our visit to Philadelphia, Mr. Osgood had prepared a statement of his accounts, up to and including the date of the last reading given in New York, which completed a little over a quarter of the number intended to be given in America. After paying all the preliminary expenses of every kind, on my return to New York on 15th January, 1868, I had been able to remit to Messrs. Coutts' bank in London, to the credit of Mr. Dickens, £10,000, and had over £1000 in hand after doing this to go on with.—D.

PLATFORM APPURTENANCES.

As I believe it has not previously appeared in this country or in America, I will give a description of the appurtenances of the platform. At the back was a large screen consisting of a series of woodwork frames covered with canvas; this again was covered with a maroon-coloured cloth, tightly stretched. In the centre of the stage or platform was the table, on which was a slightly raised reading-desk. On the left hand of the reader, on either side of the table, were small projecting ledges—the one on the right for the water-bottle and glass, the other for his pocket-handkerchief and gloves. Further forward, and on each side of the stage, ran two uprights, secured with copper wire "guys," securing the batten and reflector, and communicating above and below with another range of lights with reflectors, so that the reader's face and figure were fully and equally distinct to the vision of the audience, and no effects were marred either by too much light overhead or by a super-effluence from below.—D.

VIVIDNESS OF HIS IMPERSONATIONS.

In *A Christmas Carol*, when Dickens threw himself into Bob Cratchit, leaning over the elbow-rest upon the reading-table, with a meek, subdued voice and a mild, timid expression of countenance, he gave an instantaneous impression of the poor, feeble, struggling clerk. In *The Chimes* he personified the group consisting of Alderman Cute, Filer, and the red-faced man, by rapid gradations of voice which were perfect. That voice had wonderful flexibility. Whether as a wheezy porter, or the vacant Toots, or the Boots at the inn (where it sounded as though he was chewing a straw), or the pompous Pecksniff, or the oily Mr. Mould, or the judge in the Pick-

wick trial, or little Paul Dombey, the reader managed to convey the exact impression required, and with the utmost apparent ease.—*R 2.*

Charles Dickens was decidedly theatrical. I [Miss Henriette Corkran] heard my mother say that she had gone to hear Dickens read one of his works. At that particular time he happened to be in her black books, so she made up her mind not to betray any sort of emotion at his reading. When she returned home she confessed that Dickens's reading was so remarkably powerful and dramatic that she alternately laughed and cried, exactly as he wished her to do. "He is a wonderful magician," my mother remarked.—*C 4.*

This recalls a passage in the memoirs of poor Mr. Goodall, who describes Dickens's tribute to Daniel Maclise, who had just died, at a Royal Academy banquet. When Dickens had ended, this is what happened :

"Death-like stillness came over the great room. I shall never forget it. Mine were not the only eyes filled with tears. The speech had such an effect upon the whole company that by common consent immediately it was ended all rose from their seats, and no other speech was heard that evening. I never witnessed such a scene before or since at the Royal Academy."—*T.P.'s Weekly*, November 21, 1902.

I [R. C. Lehmann] cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St. James's Hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the Trial scene from *Pickwick*. I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, puffy little man, with a plump imbecile face, from which every vestige of good-temper and cheerfulness—everything, in fact, except an expression of self-sufficient stupidity—had been removed. The upper lip had become long, the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig. It was a marvellous effort in transformation.—*L 2.*

A COMPANY IN HIMSELF.

Of Dickens's readings no description can convey any adequate impression. He was in himself a whole stock company. He seemed to be physically transformed as he passed from one character to another ; he had as many distinct voices as his books had characters ; he held at command the fountains of laughter and tears. Dickens's voice in its every disguise was of such quality that it reached all of those thousands in St. James's Hall, and he stood before us a magician. When he sat down it was not mere applause that followed, but a passionate outburst of love for the man.—*C 3.*

LITTLE DOMBEY AND TOOTS.

The "Story of Little Dombey," from *Dombey and Son*, was always a painful one to Mr. Dickens, and never read by him except by particular request and under the greatest of pressure. His intuitive identification of himself with his audience was the cause, in this particular instance, of the most acute suffering; and it was with the greatest relief that he drew his hearers from the thralldom of melancholy, in which they were bound in the earlier part of the reading, by introducing Mr. Toots and his boyish absurdities.—*D.*

FAREWELL!

The final reading took place on 15th March 1870. The readings selected were the *Carol* and the Trial from *Pickwick*. The reading over, Dickens said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it would be worse than idle—for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling—if I were to disguise that I close this episode in my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall, and in many kindred places, I have had the honour of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which, perhaps, is given to few men to know . . . but from these garish lights, I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell." Amidst repeated acclamations on the part of the audience, and while hats and handkerchiefs waved in every part of the hall, Charles Dickens left the platform with quite a mournful gait and tears rolling down his cheeks; but he was impelled to return once again, to be stunned by a still more rapturous outburst of applause. The full number of readings at home and abroad, apart from charitable ones, was four hundred and twenty-three, which yielded Dickens the sum of £45,000.—*K 1.*

FORSTER'S SCRUPLES OVERRULED.

From the reminiscences of Dickens by his son Charles in the *North American Review* of June 1895, we gather that when Dickens first thought of giving public readings from his own works Mr. Forster tried to dissuade him from the idea. Dickens himself feared that it would be *infra dig.*, but he saw that "a great deal of money might be made by one's having readings of one's own books." We are told that Forster's opposition to the undertaking was due to an intense jealousy of anything that Dickens did outside his books. He argued that these readings were "a substitution of lower for higher aims; a change to commonplace from more elevated pursuits," and that they had so much of the character of a public exhibition for money as to raise, in the question of respect for Dickens's calling as a writer, a question also of respect for him as a gentleman. But Dickens took a clearer and a wider view, and the result justified his confidence. Neither as a writer nor as a gentleman did his public readings hurt him in any degree, but they

did break down his health. His second course of readings in America was gone through with great effort and much suffering.—*Literary Digest* (New York, June 1895).

HOW DICKENS "KILLED HIMSELF."

"There was something of almost wilful exaggeration, of a defiance of any possible over-fatigue, either of mind or body, in the feverish sort of energy with which these readings were entered upon and carried out." He had plenty of symptoms of his approaching collapse: "Among other serious symptoms he noticed that he could only read the halves of the letters over the shop doors on his right. The old elasticity was impaired, the old unflagging vigour often faltered. One night at the St. James's Hall, I remember, he found it impossible to say Pickwick, and called him Pickswick, and Picnic, and Peckwicks, and all sorts of names except the right, with a comical glance of surprise at the occupants of the front seats, which were always reserved for his family and friends. Indeed, when my father described himself, in a letter written to Mr. Dolby on the very eve of the breakdown, as being '... little out of sorts,' he was, in fact, on the brink of an attack of paralysis of the left side, and probably of apoplexy." What finished him was a farewell series of twelve readings at St. James's Hall. The state in which he was can be imagined from the instructions given to young Dickens by his father's medical attendant: "I have had some steps put up against the side of the platform, Charley," said Mr. Beard, who was constantly in attendance. "You must be there every night, and if you see your father falter in the least, you must run up and catch him and bring him off with me, or, by Heaven, he'll die before them all."—Quoted from Charles Dickens, the younger, in the *North American Review*, quoted in *Review of Reviews*, July 1895.

AND WHY ?

Dickens was struck down by apoplexy—a condition which Sir Thomas Watson, on examination fourteen months before, had foreseen. "The state thus described," says Sir Thomas Watson after the consultation in April '69, "showed plainly that C. D. had been on the brink of an attack of paralysis of his left side, and possibly of apoplexy. *It was, no doubt, the result of extreme hurry, overwork, and excitement, incidental to his readings.*" It will be asked for what purpose, to what end, were these fatal labours undertaken, these desperate exertions made? Not the acquisition of fame. For thirty years Charles Dickens had enjoyed the utmost renown that literary genius could possibly earn. His books were read, his name was loved and honoured, wherever the English language was spoken. His Sovereign had sent for him to visit her, and working-men, passing along the streets and recognising him by his photograph, would pull off their hats and give him kindly greeting. The sentiments of the entire civilised world find expression in the lady who stopped him in the streets of York, and said, "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends?"

It was a law of his existence that his foot should be always in the stirrup and his sword always unsheathed. He had, moreover, a chivalrous regard to the public. He was their devoted servant, and he was anxious to spend his life-blood in their cause. Consequently, even when he knew his power as a novelist was on the wane—according to Forster it had, indeed, been on the wane so far back as the days of *Bleak House*—he determined to seek a new sphere, and one which to his histrionic temperament was singularly congenial, in his readings. This I [Edmund Yates] believe to be the true account of the reasons which weighed with him in selecting that arduous ordeal which brought his life to its premature close. Other reasons of a more melodramatic and sensational character might be cited, but it is my conviction that they would be less to be trusted.—Y

V

DICKENS AND THE STAGE

OF a long series of playbills of amateur performances, which are in my possession, and which, as it were, "dot" the whole course of "Boz's" life, one is unique and of singular interest; for it is, I believe, the only official record of a period of Dickens's course which is comparatively blank—namely, about the time of the early thirties. This bill is significant of his exuberant, buoyant nature, and of the enthusiasm which made him enlist his family and friends in the corps. The scene was at their own house, and the young fellow announces himself at the top of the bill as "Stage Manager." We find him supporting the whole burden and taking the leading parts. The cast included his father, his two sisters and two brothers, his cousin Barrow, members of the Austin family—one of whom married his sister—and the young Kolle, a great friend and comrade of his.—*F* 2.

THE CARPENTER'S LAMENT.

If ever a man seemed to have been born for one particular pursuit it was my father in connection with the stage. He was, indeed, a born actor, and no line of character that I ever saw him essay came amiss to him. From Captain Bobadil to Justice Shallow, from old-fashioned farce, such as *Two o'clock in the Morning* and *Animal Magnetism*, to the liveliest Charles Mathewsisms, and thence again to the intensest Frédéric Lemaitre melodrama, from the tremendous power of the Sikes and Nancy reading to the absurdities of Serjeant Buzfuz, from the pathos of Little Dombey to the broad humours of Mrs. Gamp, everything seemed to come natural to him. That he brought to his acting the same earnestness and energy that he gave to everything else is of course true, but no amount of work could have produced the same result if the power had not been there, strongly, unusually strongly, developed. There was a quaint professional touch, and yet one easy to understand, about the remark which a stage carpenter once made to him during the progress of some amateur performances at the Haymarket Theatre, "Ah, Mr. Dickens, it was a sad loss to the public when you took to writing."—Charles Dickens, the younger, in *North American Review*, May 1895.



CHARLES DICKENS AS CAPTAIN BOBAIL IN "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

From the painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

LOVE OF THE THEATRE.

Dickens was an actor of no mean capacity. In his early days of reporting he made an attempt to escape from that ill-paid drudgery by way of the stage. When fame came to him as a writer his old predilection asserted itself, and he was never so happy as when playing in amateur theatricals. While writing *The Cricket on the Hearth* he arranged a performance of Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, with himself in the part of Bobadil. The other players included Jerrold, Lemon, Leech, and Forster. The theatre engaged was Miss Kelly's in Dean Street. The "troupe" afterwards took *Not so Bad as We Seem* on tour, and this adventure befell at Sunderland:

"When we got here at noon, it appeared that the hall was a perfectly new one, and had only had the slates put upon the roof by torchlight overnight. Further, that the proprietors of some opposition rooms had declared the building to be unsafe, and that there was a panic in the town about it. . . . When the curtain went up and I saw the great sea of faces rolling up to the roof, I looked here and looked there, and thought I saw the gallery out of the perpendicular and fancied the lights in the ceiling were not straight. Rounds of applause were perfect agony to me, I was so afraid of their effect upon the building. I had a palpitation of the heart if any of our people stumbled up or down a stair. The anxiety of my mind was so intense, that I am half-dead to-day."—*Daily Mail*, March 7, 1903.

AT THE OLD ROYALTY.

On the 20th September 1845, I was instructed to accompany Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Mark Lemon, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold to Miss Kelly's theatre (known in these days as "The Royalty") to attend to the final arrangements for the performance by the distinguished amateurs on the following night, which prepared the way for subsequent representations, in town and country, in aid of the funds for the purchase of Shakespeare's House and later of the Guild of Literature and Art. On arriving at the theatre no time was lost in proceeding to business—the two first-named gentlemen divesting themselves of their coats, and commencing to put the dress circle and boxes in order, by numbering the seats. The pockets of the puce-coloured waistcoat, of velvet texture—a favourite article of dress with the immortal "Boz"—served on the occasion as a receptacle for the bradawl and tin tacks, Mr. Dickens himself going about with hammer in hand. Mr. Jerrold's work was confined to the stage—a colder berth, it would appear, as the popular writer of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* did not remove his outer garment. He saw to the scenery, and had to prepare a fire, in theatrical fashion, with slacked lime and red tinsel. Having completed the latter task, Mr. Jerrold rose from his stooping position, and called "Lemon, how will that do?" to which the Editor of *Punch* replied, "The smoke is all right, but a little more tinsel would improve the fire." This

was done, and the effect approved of. So far so good, and Mr. Jerrold soon vacated the "boards" and made his appearance in the "front of the house"—suggesting some refreshment to the toilers in the boxes, which was readily agreed to.—John Britton, in the *Daily News*, January 21, 1896.

MRS COWDEN-CLARKE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

These private theatricals [that is, the private theatricals in which Mrs. Cowden-Clarke took part at the house of Mrs. Loudon, the authoress] led to one of the most peculiarly bright episodes of my life. At a party at Mrs. Tagart's house I was introduced by Leigh Hunt to Charles Dickens, with whom we had been for some time acquainted through his delightful books, and he had been always spoken of in our family circle as "dear Dickens" or "darling Dickens;" therefore it may easily be conceived how pleased and proud I felt to be thus personally made known to him. He and I fell at once into liveliest conversation; and just before he was taking leave, he said, "I hear you have been playing Mrs. Malaprop lately." I answered, "Yes: and I hear you are going to get up an amateur performance of *The Merry Wives*, so I could be your Dame Quickly." I saw that he did not take this seriously; accordingly, I wrote to him, a day or two after, telling him I was in earnest when I had made the offer to act Dame Quickly, if he cared to let me do so.

The note I received in reply began with a sentence that threw me into a rapture of excitement and delight. The sentence was as follows:

"DEAR MRS. COWDEN-CLARKE,—I did not understand, when I had the pleasure of conversing with you the other evening, that you had really considered the subject and desired to play. But I am very glad to understand it now, and I am sure there will be a universal sense among us of the grace and appropriateness of such a proceeding. . . . Will you receive this as a solemn 'call' to 'rehearsal' of *The Merry Wives* at Miss Kelly's theatre to-morrow, Saturday week, at seven in the evening?"

Although I am naturally shy, I have never felt shy when acting, but it must be confessed that "rehearsal" was somewhat of a heart-beating affair to me, as I had to meet and speak before such a group of distinguished men as John Forster, editor of the *Examiner*; Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*; John Leech, its inimitable illustrator; the admirable artists, Augustus Egg and Frank Stone, all of whom are fellow-actors in Charles Dickens's Amateur Company. But he, as manager, presenting me to them with his usual grace and kindness, together with my own firm resolve to speak out clearly, just as if I were at performance instead of rehearsal, helped me capably through this first and most formidable evening. On the night when *The Merry Wives* was first performed at the Haymarket Theatre (15th May 1848), I felt not a shadow of that stage fright, although I had to make my entrance before a select London

audience. . . . The performance of *The Merry Wives* at the Haymarket Theatre was followed by that of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, and Kenney's farce of *Love, Law, and Physic* on the next evening but one (17th May 1848). In the former I played Tib, Cob's wife; and in the latter, Mrs. Hilary. . . . Charles Dickens, supreme as manager, super-excellent as actor, and ardently enthusiastic in his enjoyment of exercising his skill in both capacities, organised a series of provincial engagements for the performance of his Amateur Company. At Glasgow, on the 20th July 1848, we gave *Used Up*; *Love, Law and Physic*, and *Two o'clock in the Morning*. It was our last performance together, and we not only felt regret at the time for this close of our happy comradeship, but dear Charles Dickens's letters for a long time afterwards expressed his pain at its cessation. Genial, kind, most sympathetic and fascinating was his companionship, and very precious to me was his friendship.—C 2.

ENERGY AT REHEARSAL.

Unlike most professional rehearsals, where waiting about, dawdling, and losing time, seem to be the order of the day, the rehearsals under Charles Dickens's stage-managership were strictly devoted to work—serious earnest work; the consequence was that, when the evening of performance came, the pieces went off with a smoothness and polish that belong only to finished stage-business and practised performers. He was always there among the first arrivals at rehearsals, and remained in a conspicuous position during their progress till the very last moment of conclusion. He had a small table placed rather to one side of the stage, at which he generally sat, as the scenes went on in which he himself took no part. On this table rested a moderate-sized box; its interior divided into convenient compartments for holding papers, letters, etc., and this interior was always the very pink of neatness and orderly arrangement. He never seemed to overlook anything. With all this supervision, however, it was pleasant to remark the utter absence of dictatorialness or arrogation of superiority that distinguished his mode of ruling his troupe: he exerted his authority firmly and perpetually; but in such a manner as to make it universally felt to be for no purpose of self-assertion or self-importance; on the contrary, to be for the sole purpose of ensuring general success to their united efforts.—C 1.

AS JUSTICE SHALLOW.

The date of our first night at the Haymarket Theatre was the 15th of May 1848, when the entertainment consisted of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Animal Magnetism*. The "make up" of Charles Dickens as Justice Shallow was so complete that his own identity was almost unrecognisable, when he came on to the stage, as the curtain rose, in company with Sir Hugh and Master Slender; but after a moment's breathless pause, the whole house burst forth into a roar of applaudive reception, which testified to the boundless

delight of the assembled audience on beholding the literary idol of the day, actually before them. His impersonation was perfect: the old, stiff limbs, the senile stoop of the shoulders, the head bent with age, the feeble step, with a certain attempted smartness of carriage characteristic of the conceited Justice of the Peace,—were all assumed and maintained with wonderful accuracy; while the articulation,—part lisp, part thickness of utterance, part a kind of impeded sibillation, like that of a voice that “pipes and whistles in the sound” through loss of teeth—gave consummate effect to his mode of speech.—C 1.

THE DOCTOR AND LA FLEUR.

In Mrs. Inchbald’s amusing farce of *Animal Magnetism*, the two characters of the Doctor and La Fleur, as played by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, formed the chief points of drollery: but in the course of the piece, an exquisitely ludicrous bit of what is technically called “gag” was introduced into the scene where George Lewes, as the Marquis, pretends to fall into a fit of rapturous delirium, exclaiming—

“What thrilling transport rushes to my heart; Nature appears to my ravished eyes more beautiful than poets ever formed! Aurora dawns—the feathered songsters chant their most melodious strains—the gentle zephyrs breathe,” etc.

At the words, “Aurora dawns,” Dickens interrupted with “*Who dawns?*” And being answered with “Aurora,” exclaimed “*La!*” in such a tone of absurd wonderment, as if he thought anybody rather than Aurora may been have expected to dawn.—C 1.

CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

The way in which Charles Dickens impersonated that arch-braggart, Captain Bobadil, was a veritable piece of genius: from the moment when he is discovered lolling at full length on a bench in his lodging, calling for a “cup o’ small beer” to cool down the remnants of excitement from last night’s carouse with a set of roaring gallants, till his final boast of having “not so much as once offered to resist” the “coarse fellow” who set upon him in the open streets, he was capital. The mode in which he went to the back of the stage before he made his exit from the first scene of Act II., uttering the last word of the taunt he flings at Downright with a bawl of stentorian loudness—“Scavenger!” and then darted off the stage at full speed; the insolent scorn of his exclamation, “*This a Toledo?* pish!” bending the sword into a curve as he spoke; the swaggering assumption of ease with which he leaned on the shoulder of his interlocutor, puffing away his tobacco smoke and puffing it off as “*your right Trinidad!*” the grand impudence of his lying when explaining how he would dispatch scores of the enemy,—“challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too;” ending by “*twenty score, that’s two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty*

thousand ; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation," rattling the words off while making an invisible sum of addition in the air, and scoring it conclusively with an invisible line underneath,—were all the very height of fun.

It was noteworthy, as an instance of the forethought as to effect given to even the slightest points, that he and Leech (who played Master Mathew) had their stage-wigs made, for the parts they played in Ben Jonson's comedy, of precisely opposite cut : Bobadil's being fuzzed out at the sides and extremely bushy, while Master Mathew's was flat at the ears and very highly peaked above his forehead. In the green-room, between the acts, after Bobadil had received his drubbing and been well cudgelled in the fourth act, and has to reappear in the first scene of the fifth act, I saw Charles Dickens wetting the plume of vari-coloured feathers in his hat, and taking some of them out, so as to give an utterly crest-fallen look to his general air and figure. "Don't take out the white feather !" I said ; it was pleasant to see the quick glance up with which he recognised the point of my meaning. He had this delightful, bright, rapid glance of intelligence in his eye whenever anything was said to please him ; and it was my good hap many times to see this sudden light flash forth.—C 1.

FLEXIBLE.

In token of Charles Dickens's appropriateness of gesture and dramatic discrimination, I may instance his deft mode of *entrée* on the stage with me as Dame Quickly and as Mrs. Hilary. Where Justice Shallow comes hurriedly in with the former, Act III. Scene 4, saying to her, "Break their talk, Mistress Quickly ;" he used to have hold of my arm, partly leaning on it, partly leaning me on by it,—just like an old man with an inferior : but—as the curtain rose to the ringing of bells, the clattering of horses, the blowing of mail-coach horn, the voices of passengers calling to waiter and chambermaid, etc., at the opening of *Love, Law, and Physic*—Charles Dickens used to tuck me under his arm with the free-and-easy familiarity of a lawyer patronising an actress whom he chances to find his fellow-traveller in a stage-coach, and step smartly on the stage, with—"Come, bustle, bustle ; tea and coffee for the ladies." It is something to remember, having been tucked under the arm by Charles Dickens, and had one's hand hugged against his side ! One thinks better of one's hand ever after. He used to be in such a state of high spirits when he played Flexible, and so worked himself into hilarity and glee for the part, that he more than once said in those days, "Somehow, I never see Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, but I feel impelled to address her with 'Exactly ; and thus have I learned from his own obliging communication, that he is the rival of my friend, Captain Danvers ; who, fortunately for the safety of Mr. Log's nose, happened to be taking the air on the box.' " And he actually did, more than once, utter these words (one of Flexible's first speeches to Mrs. Hilary) when we met. He was very fond of this kind of reiterated joke.—C 1.

MR. SNOBBINGTON.

On our journey down to Birmingham I enjoyed a very special treat. Charles Dickens—in his usual way of sparing no pains that could ensure success—asked me to hear him repeat his part in *Two o'clock in the Morning*, which, he and Mark Lemon being the only two persons acting therein, was a long one. He repeated throughout with such wonderful verbal accuracy that I could scarcely believe what I saw and heard as I listened to him, and kept my eyes fixed upon the page. Not only every word of the incessant speaking part, but the stage directions—which in that piece are very numerous and elaborate—he repeated verbatim. He evidently committed to memory all he had to *do* as well as all he had to *say* in this extremely comic trifle of one act and one scene. Who that beheld the convulsive writhes and spasmodic draw-up of his feet on the rung of the chair, and the tightly-held coverlet round his shivering body just out of bed, as he watched in ecstasy of impatience the invasion of his peaceful chamber by that horribly intrusive Stranger, can ever forget Charles Dickens playing Mr. Snobbington?—C 1.

A "GAMP"-LIKE CHARACTER.

Speaking of Dickens's acting in *Not so Bad as we Seem* (the comedy written by Bulwer Lytton in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art), Mr. R. H. Horne (in his *Recollections of Contemporaries*) says:

"The character and costume of 'Lord Wilmot, a young man at the head of the Mode, more than a century ago,' did not suit him. His bearing on the stage, and the tone of his voice, were too rigid, hard, and quarterdeck-like, for such 'rank and fashion,' and his make-up, with the three-cornered, gold-laced, cocked hat, black curled wig, huge sleeve cuffs, long flapped waistcoat, knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, were not carried off with the proper air; so that he would have made a good portrait of a captain of a Dutch privateer, after having taken a capital prize. When he shouted in praise of the wine of Burgundy it far rather suggested fine kegs of Schiedam."

In *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, however, a great success was obtained. This little piece had hardly any plot, and appears to have been somewhat of the nature of what is, now-a-days, known as a "variety entertainment." In it Dickens appeared in five different characters, namely, Sam Weller; Mr. Gabblewig, an over-voluble barrister; a hypochondriac; Mrs. Gamp ("not the real Mrs. Gamp, but only a near relation"); and an old sexton, ninety years of age. He also took part in a broadsword combat, fought *à la* Crummles.

In a critical account of these performances which appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*, for June 1851, great praise is bestowed upon Dickens's impersonation of this Mrs. Gamp-like character.—P 2.

Mark Lemon, Dickens, and Douglas Jerrold, I [Sir Joseph Crowe] had the pleasure of seeing more than once, acting in company with John Forster in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*. Each one of the performers was perfect.—C 6.



DICKENS IN THE PART OF SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM

From the painting by Augustus Egg, R.A.

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-MAN.

In his *Journal of a London Playgoer*, Mr. Henry Morley thus speaks of one of the private performances of Wilkie Collins's drama, *The Lighthouse* :

"July 14, 1855.—On Tuesday evening, at Campden House, Kensington, the residence of Colonel Waugh, semi-private theatricals were given, with a charitable purpose, and with striking success, under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens. At Campden House there is a miniature theatre, complete with pit and boxes, stage and footlights. For the benefit of the funds of the Bournemouth Sanatorium for Consumptive Patients, the amateurs performed in this little theatre before a crowded audience, composed principally of ladies, a new two-act play by Mr. Wilkie Collins, and a two-act farce. The play was called *The Lighthouse*, and told a tale of Eddystone in the old times. It was, in its principal parts, acted by distinguished writers, with whose artistic skill upon the stage the public has been for some time familiar. The three lighthouse-men are at first shown cut off by a month's storm from the mainland. They are an old man and his son, together with the father of the young man's sweetheart. The old man's memory is haunted by what he believes to have been his passive consent to a most foul murder. Weakened by starvation, his brain becomes wholly possessed by dread of this crime. The spectre of the supposed murdered lady seems to stand at his bedside and bid him speak. He does speak, and, possessed with a wild horror at all he recollects, reveals to his son his shame. Upon the acting of this character depends the whole force of the story, as presented to the audience, and it is in the hands of a master. He is a rough man, whose face has been familiar for years with wind and spray, haggard and wild just now, and something light-headed, oppressed not more by conscience than by hunger. He tells his tale and his son turns from him, shrinks from his touch, struck down by horror of the crime, and the humiliation to himself involved in it. Relief comes to the party soon after this; they are fed, and the physical depression is removed. Eager then to regain his son's esteem, and cancel the disclosure of his secret, the old lighthouse-man changes in manner. By innumerable master-touches on the part of the actor, we are shown what his rugged ways have been of hiding up the knowledge that stirs actively within his conscience; but his effort to be bold produces only nervous bluster, and his frantic desire to recover his son's respect, though he may take him by the throat to extort it from him, is still mixed up with a horrible sense of blood-guiltiness, wonderfully expressed by little instinctive actions. I will not follow the story to its last impressive moment of rough, nervous, seaman's prayers, in which the old man stands erect, with his hands joined over his head, overpowered by the sudden removal of the load that has so long weighed upon his heart. But to the last that piece of the truest acting was watched with minute attention by the company assembled; and rarely has acting on a public stage better rewarded scrutiny."

The actor, of course, was Dickens, and it is worth noting that Carlyle compared his wild picturesqueness in this exacting part to the famous figure in Nicholas Poussin's bacchanalian dance in the National Gallery.—P 2.

AS STAGE MANAGER.

It was, however, not merely as an actor that the novelist justified the Haymarket stage-carpenter's enthusiasm, as will be seen in his son's account of the production of Wilkie Collins's exciting and ingenious drama, *The Lighthouse*, for which Dickens wrote a prologue, which he delivered himself in the tiny theatre fitted up in the schoolroom at Tavistock House.

"At the cue 'Eddystone Lighthouse' the green curtain was raised and displayed, to the unbounded astonishment of the audience, Stanfield's picture; and the words 'billows rise' were my signal—I was in charge of the storm—to let loose the elements. We had all the correct theatrical weather out in the hall; the sort of silk grindstone for the wind,—Marcus Stone, now R.A., turned the wind, if I remember rightly,—the long box of rain, the flash for the lightning, the sheet of iron for the rattle of the thunder, besides half a dozen cannon-balls to roll about on the floor to simulate the shaking of the lighthouse as it was struck by the waves. It was nervous work, this riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm. It had to be done all through the first act exactly at the word, of course, and only for a rigidly defined time, and I could always tell by the very look of my father's shoulders at rehearsal, as he sat on the stage with his back to me, that he was ready for the smallest mistake, and that if I didn't wave that flag at exactly the right moment, or if the component parts of my storm were at all backward in attending to their business, there would promptly come that fatal cry of 'Stop!' which pulled everything up short and heralded a wiggling for somebody. The window of the lighthouse room had to be opened, with great difficulty in the teeth of the gale, two or three times in the course of the act, and then my storm and I all went raving mad together, while Stanfield—I can see now his jolly red sailor face beaming with excitement and delight—crouching against the scene near the aperture, threw salt on the stage to represent (I am afraid rather indifferently, though he thought it all right) the flying spray. Three times we played *The Lighthouse*, and each time with quite astounding success."—Charles Dickens, the younger, in *North American Review*, May 1895.

THE QUEEN AND CHARLES DICKENS.

Two or three times more *Frozen Deep* was given in the Lilliputian playhouse to crowded audiences of ninety. It was repeated for the benefit of the Jerrold Fund at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, and also in London, on a memorable occasion described below:

"Also we had the honour of giving a private performance at the

Gallery of Illustration before Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort, and I can well recall the excitement which was caused among the younger members of the company by the presence of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia, then just engaged to be married. Of the difficulty that stood in the way of my father's paying his respects to Her Majesty that night in response to her expressed desire, he wrote :

"My gracious Sovereign was so pleased that she sent round begging me to go and see her, and accept her thanks. I replied that I was in my farce dress, and must beg to be excused. Whereupon she sent again, saying that the dress "could not be so ridiculous as that," and repeating the request. I sent my duty in reply, but again hoped Her Majesty would have the kindness to excuse my presenting myself in a costume and appearance that were not my own.'

"This excuse commended itself to Her Majesty's invariable tact and consideration, and my father carried his point, and it was thirteen years before the Queen had an opportunity of thanking him personally for the evening's entertainment."—*Ibid.*

[The performance honoured by Queen Victoria took place in 1857. Dr. Sidney Lee tells us, by the way, that proposals, which came to nothing, were made to the novelist to read the *Christmas Carol* at Court in 1858, and that later Her Majesty purchased the copy of this work which the author had presented to Thackeray. Dickens visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace in March 1870, when she handed him a copy of her *Leaves*, with the autograph inscription, "From the humblest of writers to one of the greatest." See *Queen Victoria's Biography*, pp. 403-4.]

"A BUDDING CONGREVE."

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in his *Day with Charles Dickens*, gives a letter addressed to Mr. Douglas Jerrold, in which Dickens, writing in June 1843, says :

"I walk up and down the street at the back of the theatre every night, and peep in at the green-room window, thinking of the time when 'Dick-ens' will be called for by excited hundreds, and won't come—till Mr. Webster should enter from his dressing-room, and quelling the tempest with a smile, beseech that wizard, if he be in the house (here he looks up at my box), to accept the congratulations of the audience, and indulge them with the sight of the man who had got five hundred pounds in money, and it's impossible to say how much in laurels. Then I should come forward and bow, once, twice, thrice—roars of approbation. *Brayvo ! brarvo ! Hooray ! hoorar ! hooroar !*—one cheer more—and asking Webster home to supper, should declare eternal friendship for that public-spirited individual, which Talfourd (the vice) will echo with all his heart and soul, and with tears in his eyes, adding in a perfectly audible voice, and in the same breath, that 'he's a very wretched cweature, but better than Macweady any way, for ho

wouldn't play Ion when it was given to him.' After which he will propose said Macready's health in terms of red-hot eloquency. —I am always, my dear Jerrold, faithfully your friend,

"THE CONGREVE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"(Which I mean to be called in the Sunday papers.)

"P.S.—I should dedicate it to Webster, beginning:

"MY DEAR SIR,—When you first proposed to stimulate the slumbering dramatic talent of England, I assure you I had not the least idea, etc. etc. etc.'"—P 2.

HIS "DAY-DREAM."

That the details of theatrical management had a peculiar fascination for him is instanced in the following anecdote, told by Mr. Charles Kent in his *Charles Dickens as a Reader* (K 6):

"Going round by way of Lambeth one afternoon," says Mr. Kent, "in the early summer of 1870, we had skirted the Thames along the Surrey bank, had crossed the river higher up, and, on our way back, were returning at our leisure through Westminster, when, just as we were approaching the shadow of the Old Abbey at Poet's Corner, under the roof-beams of which he was so soon to be laid in his grave, with a rain of tears and flowers, he abruptly asked, 'What do you think would be the realisation of one of my most cherished day-dreams?' adding instantly, without waiting for my answer, 'To settle down for the remainder of my life within easy distance of a great theatre, in the direction of which I should hold supreme authority. It should be a house, of course, having a skilled and noble company, and one in every way magnificently appointed. The pieces acted should be dealt with according to my pleasure, and touched up here and there in obedience to my own judgment; the players as well as the plays being absolutely under my command. There,' said he laughingly, and in a glow at the mere fancy, 'that's my day-dream!'"—P 2.

THE STAGE IN THE NOVELS.

While Dickens saw all that was most amusing, grotesque, tawdry, and even humiliating, in some phases of theatrical life, he touched the subject with so delicate and humorous a hand, that not even the most ardent stickler for the honour of the actor and the position of his art can take exception to it. In the *Pickwick Papers* the drama is chiefly represented by that amusing vagabond, Mr. Alfred Jingle, who, albeit not an ornament to his profession, was, no doubt, in his own line of business, a very excellent actor. It was to Macready "as a slight token of admiration and regard," that Dickens inscribed the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*, wherein that famous group of theatrical characters who gathered around the standard of Mr. Vincent Crummles were introduced to the world. In *Little Dorrit* there is a very touching description of poor old Frederick Dorrit in the days when he played the clarionet in a small London theatre, and a very graphic description of a ballet rehearsal, which took

place on the day when Little Dorrit herself, in her anxiety concerning her flighty sister Fanny, found her way into the mysterious world "behind the scenes." In *Great Expectations*, Dickens returned to his earlier and humorous view of theatrical life. From the moment when the appreciative reader is introduced to the pompous, Roman-nosed, parish clerk, Mr. Wopsle, he finds himself in the best of good company, and when Mr. Wopsle changes his name to Waldengarver, and tries his fortune on the stage, he is seen at his greatest; albeit Joe Gargery expressed it as his opinion that in his change of life he had "had a drop." Very incomplete would be this portion of the writer's task without due mention being made of the P. Sarcy Family, whose names figure in that chapter of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, entitled "In the French Country." —P 2.

THE NOVELS ON THE STAGE.

In the heyday of his fame Dickens's works were constantly being dramatised, often against the novelist's will. For years, in fact, the "adapter" was his *bête noire*. One, Mr. Stirling, in particular aroused his wrath. While *Nicholas Nickleby* was still appearing in serial form, the enterprising dramatist "seized upon it without leave" (the words are Forster's), "hacked, cut, and garbled its dialogue to the shape of one or two favourite actors; invented for it a plot and an ending of his own, and produced it at the Adelphi." There "the outraged author" saw the play.

Dickens found words of praise for the manner in which the piece was presented; but he punished the audacious Mr. Stirling by introducing and denouncing him at Mr. Crummles's farewell supper. Another of the swarm of "adapters" was one Moncrieff, who dramatised the same novel. By this time the novelist was so indignant, so despairing of any remedy, that he embarked upon a sort of "wordy warfare" with Mr. Moncrieff, who retaliated by publishing a long and vigorously indited advertisement.

In later years the novelist was more fortunate in the adaptations made of his novels and in the actors who impersonated his immortal characters. Sir Henry Irving played Jingle, Mr. Toole appeared as Serjeant Buzfuz and the Artful Dodger, while Mr. Lionel Brough achieved some success in the part of Tilly Slowboy.—*Daily Mail*, March 7, 1903.

NICKLEBY AND OLIVER TWIST.

A performance of Mr. Edward Stirling's version [of *Nicholas Nickleby*] at Worthing was not given under the advantages of the one that won some praise from Dickens at the Adelphi.

"For my benefit," says Mr. Stirling, "*Nicholas Nickleby* was announced. Without the Dotheboys Hall scholars this performance could not, however, take place. And here was the awkward dilemma. Worthing mothers of the poorer classes did not countenance play-acting, believing Old Nick to be in some way connected with it.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS CALEB PLUMMER IN "THE
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

As performed on the American stage

A local Figaro helped me out of my difficulty. The professor of the razor did a bit of most things at his odd and leisure moments. He was a performer on the French horn, a bird-fancier, news-vendor, corn-cutter—Heaven knows what besides—a regular Caleb Quotem, in short. ‘I’ll get you fifty, sir, never fear.’ And he was as good as his word. Lured from the by-streets and alleys by his horn, like the children in the ‘Pied Piper of Hamelin,’ the small fry followed him to the theatre yard; once there, Figaro closed the gates upon Mr. Squeers’s children. Amidst crying and moaning they were placed on the stage, sitting on benches, and kept in order by Figaro’s cane—poor children, completely bewildered. When the treacle was administered, most of them cried. This delighted the audience, thinking it so natural (so it was). At nine o’clock, the act over, our cruel barber threw open the gates, driving his flock out, with a pleasant intimation of what they would catch when they arrived home. Mothers, fathers, sisters, in wild disorder, had been scouring the town for their runaways, and the police were completely puzzled and at their wits’ ends at such a wholesale kidnapping. Figaro was nearly torn to pieces when the truth was discovered.”—P 2.

Nickleby and *Oliver Twist* were, at the Adelphi, exceptional successes.—Y.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

When the *Christmas Carol* was played at the Adelphi, with Toole as Bob Cratchit, much realism was got out of the Cratchit Christmas dinner scene, a real roast goose and a real plum-pudding being served up hot every night. Tiny Tim was played by a somewhat emaciated little girl, who sat by the fireside and was fed with dainty morsels by the other little Cratchits, who clustered about the dinner-table, and who, needless to say, were as willing to play as good a knife and fork on the stage as they were supposed to do in the book.

Of all the little Cratchits, however, this Tiny Tim proved the most voracious. Like his famous young relative, *Oliver Twist*, he always wanted “more,” and night after night such large portions of goose and plum-pudding were handed to this exacting and hungry little invalid, that even the good-natured Toole grew annoyed, feeling that the poetry of the scene was being missed, and at last became absolutely angry with the child for its supposed gluttony. Being at length taken to task on the subject, poor Tim made a confession. The child had a sister (a not too well-fed sister) employed in the theatre. The fire by which it sat was a “stage fire,” through which anything could easily be conveyed to one waiting on the other side, and poor little Tim’s goose and pudding were more than shared each night. When Toole told this story to Dickens he was greatly touched, and said, “I hope you gave the child the whole goose.”—P 2.

The pleasantest thing which Mr. Stirling has to tell with regard to his connection with Dickens is concerning his dramatisation of

the *Christmas Carol*, which was done by the express sanction of the author. The story is in itself so charming, and is so daintily told, that Mr. Stirling's own words must be used:

"Dickens attended several rehearsals, furnishing valuable suggestions. Thinking to make Tiny Tim (a pretty child) more effective, I ordered a set of irons and bandages for his supposed weak leg. When Dickens saw this tried on the child, he took me aside:

"'No, Stirling, no; this won't do! remember how painful it would be to many of the audience having crippled children.'"—*P. 2.*

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

In January 1846, in *The Almanack of the Month*, "W. H. W." thus speaks of the first performance of a stage version of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, at the Lyceum:

"That the *Cricket* might be served up quite warm to the play-going public, on the foyer of the Lyceum Theatre, its author—Mr. Charles Dickens—supplied the dramatist, Mr. Albert Smith, with proof-sheets hot from the press. On the evening of the morning, therefore, on which the book was published, its dramatic version was produced; and, as the adapter stuck very closely indeed to the text of the original, of course it succeeded. Why, we are going to explain.

"Although Mr. Dickens does not profess dramatic authorship, yet his writings have had a considerable influence on the stage. The characters in his novels are—despite the exaggeration with which a few of the critical fraternity charge him—completely natural; so essentially natural, indeed, that even after some of the stage adapters and actors have done their worst upon them, they come upon the stage very like transcripts from real life. As plays they are altogether different from their predecessors. The *dramatis personæ* cannot, as that of the sentimental comedy and heavy melodrama, be summarily and arbitrarily put into the various conventional classes amongst which stage managers distribute the 'parts.' One cannot safely be given out at once to the 'heavy father' of the company; another to the 'smart servant'; a third to the 'low comedian'; a fourth to the 'juvenile tragedian'; a fifth to the 'chambermaid'; or a sixth to the 'sentimental young lady.' Dickens's characters are too like nature for that. No individual is, in real life, always being funny, or behaving wickedly, or eternally breathing forth sentimentality. The same persons have their times for being gay, and for being sad; they have their times for being brilliant, and their dull moments; and so have the life portraits which Dickens draws. Some dramatists have attempted to set 'Boz's' compositions 'to rights' for the stage, and to make his characters stagily 'effective' after their own tastes, and the consequence has been that the plays done on that principle have been as unnatural as a pantomime. In the present instance, the dramatist has stuck to his text." Mr. Keeley played Caleb Plummer. The critic closes his remarks with expressions of unstinted admiration

for the Dot of Mrs. Keeley. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, indeed, were amongst the first, the greatest, and the best of the impersonators of Dickens's characters.—P 2.

My earliest recollection of the Lyceum is under the management of the Keeleys, when with their daughter, Miss Mary Keeley, Miss Louisa Fairbrother (Mrs. Fitzgeorge), Miss Woolgar, Messrs. Emery, Wigan, Frank Matthews, Leigh Murray, Oxberry, and Collier. Those were the days of the dramatisation of Dickens's books: *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with Keeley as Mrs. Gamp and his wife as Bailey, F. Matthews a wonderful Pecksniff, Emery an excellent Jonas; *The Cricket on the Hearth*, with Mrs. Keeley as Dot, Keeley as Caleb Plummer, Emery as Peerybingle, and Mary Keeley's début as Bertha; of the sparkling burlesques concocted by Albert Smith and Tom Taylor, while Charles Kenney would sit by and occasionally throw in a joke or a suggestion.—Y.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "G. A. S."

Of the pieces performed during 1836 and 1837 I especially remember the farce of *The Strange Gentleman*, an adaptation of one of the *Sketches by Boz*, made by the writer of the *Sketches* himself. The author of *Pickwick* also wrote the libretto for an opera called *The Village Coquettes*, the composer of the music of which was Mr. John Hullah.

I also remember another farcical burletta, entitled *The Trudesmen's Ball*, and a remarkably lugubrious burlesque extravaganza, *The Revolt of the Workhouse*. The New Poor Law was then in the dawn of its unpopularity; and public attention was being drawn with terrible force to the new Union Workhouse system in young Mr. Charles Dickens's novel of *Oliver Twist*, which was then appearing in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*. Unless I gravely err, *Oliver* was dramatised at the St. James's (of course, with the author's consent) almost as soon as it was concluded in *Bentley*; and I have a dim remembrance of reading in some comic periodical of the time that so horrified was Dickens, who was present in a private box, at the wretched hash made of his powerful fiction, that at the conclusion of the second act "nothing but the soles of the boots of 'Boz' were visible on the ledge of his box."

Not without some fear and trembling do I tell this story; since I find in Forster's *Life of Dickens* an explicit statement on the part of the biographer that he accompanied Dickens to a representation of *Oliver Twist* at the Surrey Theatre, and that in the middle of the first scene the author laid himself down upon the floor in a corner of the box, and never rose from it till the curtain fell. It is just possible that the outburst of feeling at the Surrey may have been a replica of that at the St. James's. But to return to *The Revolt of the Workhouse*. What the extravaganza was about I have not at present any definite remembrance; but I recollect that on the first night there was represented a kind of trick or transformation scene, simulating a field of turnips which were changed into the heads of



WILLIAM E. BURTON AS CAPTAIN CUTTLE IN
"DOMBEY AND SON"

As performed on the American stage

"supers" supposed to be paupers. These animated turnips rose through a trap-door to the stage, and then advanced in a cadaverous cohort to the footlights, crooning some doleful chant about the scantiness of their rations. I have always firmly believed that this transformation scene of the animated turnips gave Dickens, who was constantly behind the scenes at the St. James's at the time, the idea of Mr. Crummles's celebrated "set" of the "pump and tubs."—S 2.

EDWIN DROOD.

I can quite understand Dickens's objection to the pirate dramatist. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was left a fragment, but I saw at the Surrey Theatre a piece (in which I think Mr. Henry Neville played the principal character) which finished the work for the author. The secret of the death of the hero was the mystery left unsolved. The dramatist of the version to which I refer laid his last act in the crypt of Rochester Cathedral. He sent the comic man into a lower vault, and then brought Rosa Bud (the heroine) and Jasper (the villain) together. The villain put his knife to Rosa's throat. Then emerged the comic man from the vault below. "Why?" asked the villain, annoyed at being interrupted in his murder of the heroine, "Why this intrusion?"—A.

Mr. Comyns Carr unfolded his idea of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* to a Cardiff audience on Thursday evening. The New Theatre was highly honoured by becoming the scene of such a production. Cardiff filled the theatre, and it was rewarded. In this drama, which Mr. Tree presented so powerfully, the ideas of Dickens and the ideas of his posthumous collaborator were subtly blended. The play opened in the East End opium den, but not with the opening scene of the book; it was rather the scene which Dickens placed towards the close of his unfinished work. John Jasper entered, a distinguished and incongruous figure amongst such vicious and degraded surroundings. But with a familiarity to his environment that startled one almost to nausea, he easily takes up the place which an opium-sodden, evil-looking lascar has but just vacated. He takes the pipe, and dreams—his dreams tell secrets; he talks of Ned and Cloisterham, and sends the old opium-selling hag to Cloisterham to worm out more of them. The second scene shows Jasper beset in mind by the intention of Drood's murder, learning from Durdles's garrulous chatter the means by which he shall do his work and hide it. One also sees Rosa and Drood foreshadowing together their coming separation, and Rosa's shuddering disgust at the thought and presence of Jasper.

The intense interest in the drama begins in the second act. Jasper, Drood, and Neville Landless sup together on that wild eventful Christmas Eve. All seems goodwill and good-fellowship between them. Then Jasper, slipping aside, pours some powerful powdered drug into his brew of mulled port, and ladles it out with eager, nervous haste into the others' glasses. A quarrel follows between Drood and Landless—the quarrel over Rosa's picture—and

presently the two, reconciled in their half-drugged state, go out to watch the storm upon the river. Landless is seen no more that night, but Jasper, brooding over the foul deed he means to do, is startled by Drood's return alone. While the lad sits in a drowsy sleep he steels his nerves to strangle him. He loops his woollen scarf all ready, but resolution fails him. Drood awakes and goes to his bed. Jasper returns to the fire to brood again on his intended crime. The opium-seller steals in, Jasper takes again the drug, and in a delirious dream enacts by himself an imagined murder of Drood. His cries awake the sleeping lad, and stealing down he sees and hears enough. He stealthily goes out. Jasper awakes at dawn with all the horror of his dream upon him, he finds the watch and chain—the metal that lime could not destroy—in the place where, having stolen them from Drood's sleeping body, he has put them till the morning. Uncertain yet whether he dreams or no, he hastens to the bedroom, finds that Drood has not disturbed his bed, and then, convinced of his crime, rushes down, pale and nerve-shattered, to meet Mr. Crisparkle and try to throw suspicion upon Landless.

Suspicion upon Landless grows, and it is only Mr. Grewgious who scents the true trail. He tells Jasper of the ring which Drood returned to him on the night of his supposed murder, and he frightens Jasper into believing that this ring must be amongst the dust in the vault where Drood's body, in his dream, was cast into lime. Surprising Jasper coming out of the vault, he holds up the ring, and Jasper, taking it for the last evidence of his guilt, falls in a faint. In the next scene he confesses the murder, and finally is found a dying man in the county gaol. There, again, in delirium, he is dreaming and shuddering at his crime. Mr. Crisparkle is comforting his last moments, when as an apparition to him comes Drood in the flesh. Jasper, with enough return to consciousness to see Drood and Rosa brought to each other again before him, dies, and the curtain falls with these two in forgiveness, mourning him.

Edwin Drood makes a play which is full of weird and strange situations. For that, perhaps, it has so much fascination. Its fascination holds one and keeps one until the fall of the curtain; it thrills one with the tenseness of its drama, and its rapid movement from one soul-stirring scene to another keeps one's eyes intent upon the stage. It is so effective for its compactness, for the amount of emotion which is compressed in so many small spaces, and while its development runs generally upon a rather morbid theme, it is a play that will rank very high in modern dramatic history.

Mr. Tree is given a part which one may prophesy will be reckoned amongst his finest. In it he has to reproduce and reconcile in one character two of the greatest passions—the lust of hate and murder, and the force of love—both expressed towards the same person. Jasper hates and longs to murder Edwin Drood while yet he loves him. In the first scene one gets a vivid picture of Jasper's mental attitude. One has compressed in two lines the idea which Dickens sought gently and gradually to convey of the whole char-

acter. When Jasper, in his ravings, shouts, "I would sweep the whole world aside," and "even him, although I love him as my son," one sees the force which the other, stronger love has roused in a weakened, unbalanced brain, and one perceives the keynote to the whole tragedy. Mr. Tree has to make these counteracting forces blend into a consistency, and that he succeeds is a sufficient tribute to his art. Early in the play he shows us Jack and Ned as they first were, friends and confidants; then suddenly, with dramatic gesture, with which Jasper breaks almost in repulsion from his friend's arm, he shows how the baser side of the uncle's disposition spasmodically asserts itself.

As the play proceeds he shows how his baser side gradually overpowers the better, until in his great scene—the imaginary murder—he shows Jasper entirely lost in desire for Drood's death. In this passage Mr. Tree has his best demanded of him. He pictures together the opium maniac's babbling terror of his own phantasy, with the half-formed consciousness of his position, which helps him to hide the traces of his intentioned crime. His was a most vivid piece of acting; its circumstances could not help reminding one of Sir Henry Irving's climactic moments in *The Bells*, and the two will rank together as masterpieces in tragedy.

Mr. Basil Gill gave a charming representation of the romantic title-rôle; and Miss Iris Hoey gave a perfectly truthful performance as the timid and gentle little heroine Rosa Bud. Especially was Mr. G. W. Anson noteworthy for his well-considered and consistent study of Durdles. He has created a part in this which will stand amongst the best of Dickens's humorous stage characters, while Mr. Haviland's Mr. Grewgious was scarcely less effectual.—*Western Mail*, Cardiff, Friday, November 22, 1907.

Mr. Comyns Carr's play was produced in London, at His Majesty's, on 4th January 1908, with Constance Collier, Adrienne Augarde, Cicely Richards, William Haviland, and Mr. [now Sir] Herbert Beerbohm Tree in the cast.

AMERICAN DRAMATISATIONS.

No account of Dickens's part in the history of the drama is complete without reference to Brougham and Burton's memorable work on the acted versions of Dickens's stories, or to such realisations as Madame Janauschek's *Lady Dedlock*, Joseph Jefferson's *Caleb Plummer* and *Newman Noggs*, Placide's *Bumble*, Burton's *Micawber*, or Wallack's *Fagin*.

The appetite of managers and audiences was keen for Dickens when *Copperfield* appeared. I have not been able to determine which house first announced a stage version, so nearly simultaneous were the productions. But certain it is that Dr. Northall's version came first into the field on 30th December 1850, at Burton's Theatre. Seven days after, on the same evening, 6th January, two other *Copperfields* were presented: one at the Bowery Theatre and another at Brougham's, which was the work of Brougham himself, and the celebrated manager-dramatist-actor played Micawber.



HARRY MILLER AS SYDNEY CARTON IN "A TALE OF
TWO CITIES"

As performed on the American stage

The delay in *Pickwick's* appearance on the American stage is accounted for merely by the delay in the ocean voyage of the completed *Papers*. The company at the Franklin Theatre, New York, presented the "comic play" for the first time on 24th July 1837. A more notable presentation was made the next spring by the excellent company at the Park Theatre, where it was after revived.

Oliver Twist is instinct with melodrama, and it has ever been the most satisfactory material for the dramatists and the actors. No less celebrated a woman than Charlotte Cushman found Nancy Sikes a stepping-stone to appreciation, and Francis Courtney Wemyss, in his *Theatrical Biography*, declares that "in all her future career she never surpassed the excellence of that performance."

The great story of nether London appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* early in 1838, and before the close of the year several theatres were receiving the crowds who came to see Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger, Bill and Nancy, Fagin and Bumble.

With one exception *Oliver Twist* has probably been given in America more often than any other Dickens play. The first American presentation of *Oliver Twist*, on 7th January 1839 at the Franklin Theatre, was the occasion of Charles Mestayer's début. Of vastly greater interest and received with larger success was the second production, given one month later at the Park Theatre, under the title *Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress*. This was the occasion of Miss Cushman's first appearance as Nancy Sikes. At Burton's a revival was seen in December of 1851, when Burton gave his memorable Bumble, and another presentation it would have been good to have seen was the version made by Joseph Jefferson himself, and presented 2nd February 1860, at the Winter Garden with the following familiar cast: Brownlow, J. H. Stoddard; Bumble, George Holland (father of our E. M., Joseph, and George Holland); Bill Sikes, G. Jordan; Fagin, James Wallack, jun.; and Nancy Sikes, Matilde Heron. Fanny Davenport and Elita Proctor Otis have both been praised for their Nancy, and occasional revivals of *Oliver* are successfully given nowadays by the stock companies.

There was palpably a scramble to be first to get *Nickleby* on the stage in New York. It was given on 25th January 1839, at the National, and five days later, 30th January, at the Park, where Charlotte Cushman appeared as Fanny Squeers. A performance at Burton's in January 1853, made one of the notable chain of Dickens plays for which this house was noted. At the Winter Garden throughout November 1853, Boucicault's version was presented, with Dion Boucicault himself as Mantalini, Joseph Jefferson as Newman Noggs, Agnes Robertson as Smike, and George Holland as the Specimen Boy. It was at one time a popular bill with A. M. Palmer's great company at the Union Square. At all times the centre of dramatic interest has been Smike. So pronounced has this been that the adaptations most used have generally been called *Smike*, or, in some instances, *The Fortunes of Smike*.

The mention of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in connection with the drama at once suggests Lotta, whose Little Nell and Marchioness



BIJOU HERON AS SMIKE IN "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

As performed on the American stage

are twin memories in Dickensian triumphs with Irving's Jingle, Florence's Cuttle, Cushman's Nancy, and Jefferson's Caleb. There have been but few other presentations, none notable, of this novel in America. The last is of recent memory, when at the Herald Square only two years ago Mary Saunders essayed what it is impossible to think of except as "Lotta's old parts."

"To *Dombey and Son*," says Hutton in his *Plays and Players*, "Burton owed much of his success as manager and actor; Brougham his first success as writer or adapter of plays, and Mrs. Hoey her great success as artist and public favourite; and, above all, we, the public, are indebted to *Dombey and Son* for Mrs. Hoey, for Burton, for Brougham, and for the lesser stars it developed and presented to us. Let us, therefore, thank our 'stars' for *Dombey and Son*, and *Dombey and Son* for our 'stars.'"

The play seems always to have been more popular in America than in England. It is not associated with any of the great names of the London stage, whereas here, in addition to those referred to by Hutton, the late W. J. Florence found in Cuttle an imperishable bond to the hearts of his audiences, and a reason for permanent fame unsustained even by any of his other celebrated creations. When he visited England *Punch* assented that Phiz-ically Florence was Cuttle down to the ground, and his success was otherwise unqualified. Dickens himself declared that the American comedian had thoroughly realised his conception of the character. When Dickens saw Florence as Cuttle, the play was being acted in Manchester, and Henry Irving gave, no doubt, admirable support in the rôle of Mr. Dombey. In England this adaptation is sometimes billed as *Heart's Delight*.

Reference has already been made to the vogue which attended the American stage-birth of *David Copperfield*. It was almost a duplicate of the quartette of simultaneous productions of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It seems, however, to have been a flash in the pan. Some English praise survives for Samuel Emery as Dan'l Peggotty, and Micawber has proved a blessed opportunity to several of our comedians, from Burton to Stuart Robson; but, though in point of popularity it stands among the first of the novels, it is among the least of the plays. *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit* followed in succession, but left no permanent impression beyond Jennie Lee's perennial Jo, in England, and, in America, the opportunity which Janauschek found to wrest a memorable triumph from Lady Dedlock and Hortense. A somewhat fluffy statesman said, after seeing *Bleak House* in Washington: "Janauschek as Lady Dedlock was most artistic, nevertheless the woman who acted Hortense was really greater."

Toby Veck in *The Chimes* found a remarkable exponent in this country in Charles Burke, an admired comedian.

The first Christmas next after its publication *A Christmas Carol*, Stirling's version, was the festival bill at the Park, New York, and succeeding Yuletides saw various repetitions.

There remains only to tell of the stage career of the fifth of the

Christmas stories, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, which is the one Dickens adaptation preserved for our present enjoyment. Originally it was presented "in three chirps," at the City of London Theatre, 7th January 1846, just a fortnight after its appearance in book form. Albert Smith was the author of the version seen the twenty-first of the month following at the Park Theatre. He included a character of which I have not been able to find any other trace, the Spirit of the Cricket. The early versions were, however, decidedly crude, and were characterised, as were all the first adaptations of Dickens, by the haste with which they were rushed before the public after the appearance of the respective stories. Dion Boucicault made a new version, the one concurrently presented, and it was acted for the first time 14th September 1859, under the title *Dot*. After that night it was always Caleb and not Dot whom the public came to see. Joseph Jefferson was the toy-maker of that memorable evening, and this creation has survived as one of the principal supports of his fame.—Paul Wiltach, in *The Bookman* (New York), September 1901.

J. R. PLANCHÉ AND THE FAIRIES.

In 1855 I had the pleasure of receiving the following kind note from Charles Dickens :

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
"Sunday, Seventh January, 1855.

"DEAR PLANCHÉ,—My children have a little story-book play under paternal direction once a year on a birthday occasion. They are going to do *Fortunio* to-morrow night, with which I have taken some liberties for their purpose. If you should happen to be disengaged, we should be delighted to see you, and you would meet some old stagers whom you know very well. We all know you to be on such familiar terms with the fairies that the smallest actor in the company is not afraid of you. I am obliged to appoint a quarter past 8 (I mean that for an eight) as the latest hour of arrival, because the theatre is almost as inconveniently constructed as an English real one, and nobody can by any human means be got into it after the play is begun.—Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"J. R. Planché, Esq."

I was fortunately not engaged, and enjoyed the evening exceedingly. The little actors did credit to the "paternal direction"; and Dickens's histrionic ability is almost as generally well known as his admirable contributions to English literature. He was as fond of fairy lore as I was, and it was a great bond of union between us. He was extremely delighted on hearing one day, when we dined together at the house of a mutual friend, that I was about to publish a complete collection of the Countess d'Aulnoy's stories, and on my sending him an early copy, with a portrait of the Countess for frontispiece, acknowledged its receipt in a note.—P 3.

VIEWS ON CONTEMPORARY ACTORS.

Dickens took great interest in theatrical affairs, and was very fond of theatrical society. He had a lifelong affection for Macready, and a great regard for Regnier and Fechter; of the latter he said once to me, "He has the brain of a man, combined with that strange power of arriving, without knowing how or why, at the truth, which one usually finds only in a woman." He had also a liking for Phelps, Buckstone, Webster, Madame C  l  ste, and the Keeleys. He saw most of the pieces which were produced from time to time, but he delighted in the *ir*-regular drama, the shows and booths and circuses.—Y.

Mr. James T. Fields, the American publisher and intimate friend of Dickens, says :

"He was passionately fond of the theatre, loved the lights and music and flowers, and the happy faces of the audience. He was accustomed to say that his love of the theatre never failed, and, no matter how dull the play, he was always careful while he sat in the box to make no sound which could hurt the feelings of the actors, or show any lack of attention. His genuine enthusiasm for Mr. Fechter's acting was most interesting. He loved to describe seeing him first, quite by accident, in Paris, having strolled into a little theatre there one night. 'He was making love to a woman,' Dickens said, 'and he so elevated her as well as himself by the sentiment in which he enveloped her, that they trod in a purer ether, and in another sphere, quite lifted out of the present. By Heavens! I said to myself, a man who can do this can do anything. I never saw two people more purely and instantly elevated by the power of love. The manner also,' he continued, 'in which he presses the hem of the dress of Lucy, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, is something wonderful. The man has genius in him which is unmistakable.'"—P 2.

In the latter days of Macready's life, when the weight of time and of sorrow pressed him down, Dickens was his most frequent visitor: he cheered him with narratives of bygone days; he poured some of his own abundant warmth into his heart; he led him into his own channels of thought; he gave readings to rouse his interest; he waked up in him again, by his vivid descriptions, his sense of humour—he conjured back his smile and his laugh.—*Macready as I knew Him*, by Lady Pollock.

On 29th April 1863, Carlyle wrote: "I had to go yesterday to Dickens's reading, 8 p.m., Hanover Rooms, to the complete up-setting of my evening habitudes and spiritual composure. Dickens does do it capitally, such as *it* is; acts better than any Macready in the world; a whole tragic, comic, heroic *theatre* visible performing under one hat and keeping us laughing—in a sorry way, some of us thought—the whole night. He is a good creature, too, and makes fifty or sixty pounds by each of these readings."—*Thomas Carlyle*, by J. A. Froude.

A FRIEND OF THE ACTOR.

On 14th February 1866, Dickens, speaking as Chairman at the annual dinner of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Fund, paid the following tribute to actors as a class :

"There is no class of society the members of which so well help themselves, or so well help each other. Not in the whole grand chapters of Westminster Abbey and York Minster, not in the whole quadrangle of the Royal Exchange, not in the whole list of members of the Stock Exchange, not in the Inns of Court, not in the College of Surgeons, can there possibly be found more remarkable instances of uncomplaining poverty, of cheerful, constant self-denial, of the generous remembrance of the claims of kindred and professional brotherhood, than will certainly be found in the dingiest and dirtiest concert-room, in the least lucid theatre—even in the raggedest tent-circus that was ever stained by weather. I have been twitted in print before now with rather flattering actors when I address them as one of their trustees at their General Fund dinner. Believe me, I flatter nobody, unless it be sometimes myself ; but, in such a company as the present, I always feel it my manful duty to bear my testimony to this fact—first, because it is opposed to a stupid, unfeeling libel ; secondly, because my doing so may afford some slight encouragement to the persons who are unjustly depreciated ; and lastly, and most of all, because I know it is the truth."—*S L.*

VI

ON HIS TRAVELS

THE following extract from a speech of Dickens on 30th December 1854, at the Anniversary Dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, gives a vivid idea of the contrast between the methods of travel in his day and our own :

"I think it may be assumed that most of us here present know something about travelling. I do not mean in distant regions or foreign countries, although I dare say some of us have had experience in that way, but at home, and within the limits of the United Kingdom. I dare say most of us have had experience of the extinct 'fast coaches,' the Wonders, Taglionis, and Tallyhos, of other days. I dare say most of us remember certain modest postchaises, dragging us down interminable roads, through slush and mud, to little country towns with no visible population, except half a dozen men in smock-frocks, half a dozen women with umbrellas and pattens, and a washed-out dog or so shivering under the gables, to complete the desolate picture. We can all discourse, I dare say, if so minded, about our recollections of The Talbot, The Queen's Head, or The Lion of those days. We have all been to the room on the ground floor on one side of the old inn-yard, not quite free from a certain fragrant smell of tobacco, where the cruetts on the sideboard were usually absorbed by the skirts of the box-coats that hung from the wall ; where awkward servants waylaid us at every turn, like so many human man-traps ; where county members, framed and glazed, were eternally presenting that petition which, somehow or other, had made their glory in the country, although nothing else had ever come of it ; where the books in the windows always wanted the first, last, and middle leaves, and where the one man was always arriving at some unusual hour in the night, and requiring his breakfast at a similarly singular period of the day. I have no doubt we could all be very eloquent on the comforts of our favourite hotel, wherever it was—its beds, its stables, its vast amount of posting, its excellent cheese, its head waiter, its capital dishes, its pigeon-pies, or its 1820 port. Or possibly we could recall our chaste and innocent admiration of its landlady, or our fraternal regard for its handsome chambermaid. A celebrated domestic critic once writing of a famous actress, renowned for her virtue and beauty, gave her the

character of being an 'eminently gatherable-to-one's-arms sort of person.' Perhaps someone amongst us has borne a somewhat similar tribute to the mental charms of the fair deities who presided at our hotels.

"With the travelling characteristics of later times, we are all, no doubt, equally familiar. We know all about that station to which we must take our tickets, although we never get there; and the other one at which we arrive after dark, certain to find it half a mile from the town, where the old road is sure to have been abolished, and the new road is going to be made—where the old neighbourhood has been tumbled down, and the new one is not half built up. We know all about that party on the platform who, with the best intentions, can do nothing for our luggage except pitch it into all sorts of unattainable places. We know all about that short omnibus, in which one is to be doubled up, to the imminent danger of the crown of one's hat; and about that fly, whose leading peculiarity is never to be there when it is wanted. We know, too, how instantaneously the lights of the station disappear when the train starts, and about that grope to the new Railway Hotel, which will be an excellent house when the customers come, but which at present has nothing to offer but a liberal allowance of damp mortar and new lime."—*S* 1.

Addressing an audience interested (like himself) in the welfare of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, in January 1860, Dickens assumed for the nonce "the character and title of a Traveller Uncommercial." "I am both a town traveller and a country traveller," he said, "and am always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel from the great house of Human-interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy-goods way. Literally speaking I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent Garden, London: now about the city streets, now about the country by-roads, seeing many little things, and some great things, which, because they interest me, I think may interest others."—*K* 1.

"IN HIS BEST FRENCH."

On landing at Boulogne, July 1844, he went to the bank for money, delivering in his best French a rather long address to the clerk behind the counter, and was much disconcerted by that official inquiring in the "native-born Lombard Street manner—"How would you like to take it, sir?"—*K* 1.

The across-the-Channel suburb of Folkestone was very popular with the Bouverie Street Brotherhood. Dickens loved Boulogne, and was much honoured by the inhabitants.

"Look at the way they treat him!" exclaimed an envious writer: "He is met on the quay by the Mayor, and conducted to a banquet. When I go to Boulogne they don't let off fireworks in my honour!"

"No," replied my father, "for, when *you* go to Boulogne, you take good care that no one should learn your address!"

(Boulogne in those days was the sanctuary for those avoiding imprisonment for debt.)—A.

IN A "PINK JAIL."

The 16th of July 1844 found him in the Villa di Bagnarello at Albaro, a suburb of Genoa, which had been taken for him by his whimsical friend Angus Fletcher, who then lived near at hand. The novelist described the villa as an unpicturesque and uninteresting dwelling, resembling a "Pink Jail"—"the most perfectly lonely, rusty, stagnant old staggerer of a domain that you can possibly imagine . . . the stable is so full of 'vermin and swarms' that I always expect to see the carriage going out bodily, with legions of industrious fleas harnessed to and drawing it off, on their own account."—K 1.

TRAVELLING LETTERS.

We all started off one morning from Paris on our way south in that wonderful travelling carriage which is so graphically described in the *Pictures from Italy*; and I can remember many walks with my father up apparently interminable hills in the lonely French country districts, many queer dirty little towns, the shabby sights of which had to be explored as if they were really quite well worth seeing, many cheery meals and snacks produced as by the conjurer's art from the innumerable pockets of the carriage, many wild roadside inns where in some mysterious way peculiar to himself my father, aided and abetted by the excellent courier who was in charge of the caravan, evolved order out of chaos, comfort out of squalor, and cheery, kindly attention out of the original sulky apathy. Of my father at Albaro and afterwards at Genoa in 1844 and 1845 I have, strange to say, but a dim recollection, though I have many vivid reminiscences of the vineyards of the "Pink Jail," as he called the house at Albaro, and of the fine terraced gardens of the Palazzo Peschiere in the beautiful city itself.—Charles Dickens, the younger, in *North American Review*, May 1895.

ENGLISH À LA WELLER.

The visit to Italy often formed a subject for conversation with Dickens, and only a few weeks before his death he told Mr. Arthur Locker this anecdote of his experiences there.

"Mr. Dickens, on one occasion, visited a certain monastery, and was conducted over the building by a young monk, who, though a native of the country, spoke remarkably fluent English. There was, however, one peculiarity about his pronunciation. He frequently misplaced his v's and w's. 'Have you been in England?' asked Mr. Dickens. 'No,' replied the monk, 'I have learnt my English from this book,' producing *Pickwick*; and it further appeared that he had selected Mr. Samuel Weller as the *beau idéal* of elegant pronunciation."—H 4.

A VISIT TO VICTOR HUGO.

From Paris, early in 1847, our author writes to Lady Blessington, describing his visit to Victor Hugo, then residing in the French capital. Twelve months after this, the great French novelist had to fly. The *coup d'état* brought about a new order of things :

"We were [writes Dickens] at V. H.'s house last Sunday week—a most extraordinary place, something like an old curiosity shop, or the property-room of some gloomy, vast old theatre. I was much struck by H. himself, who looks like a genius—he is, every inch of him, and is very interesting and satisfactory from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes. There is also a charming ditto daughter, of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes. Sitting among old armour and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden balls, that made a most romantic show," and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books.—H 4.

The text of this letter as sold at Sotheby's, and given in the newspapers, a little while ago, differs somewhat from the foregoing, particularly in the references to Mme. and Mlle. Hugo.

BEAUCOURT-MUTUEL.

After his last visit to Boulogne, Beaucourt-Mutuel fades out, and we see no more of him, as we would have liked to have done. "Boz" parted from him in 1856, and died, as we know, in 1870 ; but his host survived him eleven years, and was buried at Condette, a pleasant village south of Boulogne, and many miles away from his "property," at the north of the town. He lies beside the church, which boasts a modest Gothic steeple. His tomb is a stone with a huge plain stone cross reared upon it, and with this inscription : "Ici repose le corps de Monsieur Ferdinand Beaucourt, époux de Françoise Mutuel, né à Bethune, décédé à Condette, le 8 mai, 1881, à l'âge de 75 ans et 8 mois."

On the other side of the stone is a most touching tribute paid to Dickens, and one, too, that would have gladdened his heart. The widow, in her natural pride at the celebrity which the grand *romancier* had given her husband, had caused to be "cut" on the stone a passage from *Our French Watering-Place* : "The Landlord of whom Charles Dickens wrote. 'I never did see such a gentle, kind heart.'"—F 2. (M. Beaucourt-Mutuel was the "M. Loyal" of the sketch, *Our French Watering-Place*.)

TRAGIC HOLIDAY INCIDENT.

In February 1849 Dickens spent a holiday at Brighton, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law and two daughters, and they were joined by the genial artist John Leech and his wife. They had not been in their lodgings a week when both his landlord and his landlord's daughter went raving mad, this untoward circumstance compelling the lodgers to seek quarters elsewhere—at the Bedford

Hotel. "If," wrote Dickens, when relating the adventure to Forster, "you could have heard the cursing and crying of the two ; could have seen the physician and nurse quoited out into the passage by the madman at the hazard of their lives ; could have seen Leech and me flying to the doctor's rescue ; could have seen our wives pulling us back ; could have seen the M.D. faint with fear ; could have seen three other M.D.s come to his aid ; with an atmosphere of Mrs. Gamps, strait-waistcoats, struggling friends and servants, surrounding the whole, you would have said it was quite worthy of me, and quite in keeping with my usual proceedings."—K 3.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

On his first visit to America in 1842, the novelist, referring to the lack of accommodation on board the *Britannia*, thus wrote to Thomas Mitton :

"Anything so utterly and monstrously absurd as the size of our cabin, 'no gentleman of England who lives at home at ease' can for a moment imagine. Neither of the portmanteaus would go into it. There! . . . The ladies' cabin is so close to ours that I could knock the door open without getting off something they call my bed, but which I believe to be a muffin beaten flat."

Charles Dickens made his first visit to the United States in the opening month of 1842. Washington Irving headed the list of distinguished authors who wrote to urge his coming. Assured of a hearty welcome, Dickens sailed with his wife from Liverpool on 4th January 1842, landing at Boston eighteen days later. His reception in that city was enough to turn the head of an older man. Mrs. Dickens, writing home a few days after their arrival, spoke of it as "something not to be described," and added : "It will be the same, they tell us, all through America." And it was. In New York, whence he journeyed from Boston, the ex-chancellor of the State, the judge of the courts, eminent lawyers and leading men of science and of letters, along with prominent representatives of the pulpit and the medical profession, all joined hands to welcome Dickens. There were parties and receptions in his honour ; there was a dinner, presided over by Irving and attended by Bryant, Halleck, and many another ; and there was the famous "Boz Ball" at the Park Theatre on 14th February 1842. "Kate and I," said Dickens in a letter to John Forster, "were twice marched around before the ball began, escorted by Colden in evening dress, and Morris"—the partner of Willis—"in a uniform of heaven knows what regiment of militia, while we were surrounded by three thousand people in full dress packed from roof to floor, with the house magnificently decorated, and amid lights, glitter, glare, show, noise, and cheering."

For months thereafter Knickerbockers talked of little else than the Dickens Ball. Meanwhile, Dickens, travelling through the South and West, met everywhere with cordial and affectionate welcome. Yet at the end of a few months he returned to England a disappointed and embittered man. He had sought to secure the

passage by Congress of a copyright law that would assure adequate protection to the interests of foreign authors, counting confidently upon his own great popularity to carry the matter through. He counted without his host. Failure gave him acquaintance with a phase of Yankee character not at all to his liking, and led to the publishing, in 1843, of his *American Notes*. These purported to be accurate sketches of life in the United States, but they were nothing of the kind. Instead, they were a series of sneers at American ways, manners and people. The bad taste that led to the printing of such a book, after the generous treatment which Dickens had received in the States, no one can dispute. It is only fair to add that its publication was subsequently much regretted by the author.—Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in *The Bookman* (New York), vol. xiii.

Professor Felton, alluding to the death of Washington Irving in a speech, in the latter part of the year 1859, gave this interesting reminiscence of the friendship existing between Dickens and Irving:

"The time when I saw the most of Mr. Irving was in the winter of 1842, during the visit of Mr. Charles Dickens in New York. I passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens, and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man, in the flush and glory of his youthful genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of immortal renown. Dickens said, in his frank hearty manner, that, from his childhood, he had known the works of Irving; and that, before he thought of coming to this country, he had received a letter from him, expressing the delight he felt in reading the story of 'Little Nell'; and from that day they had shaken hands, *autographically*, across the Atlantic.

"Great and varied as was the genius of Mr. Irving, there was one thing he shrank with a comical terror from attempting, and that was a *dinner speech*. A great dinner, however, was to be given to Mr. Dickens in New York, as one had already been given in Boston, and it was evident to all that no man like Washington Irving could be thought of to preside. With all his dread of making a speech, he was obliged to obey the universal call, and to accept the painful pre-eminence. I saw him daily during the interval of preparation, either at the lodgings of Dickens, or at dinner, or at evening parties. I hoped I showed no want of sympathy with his forebodings, but I could not help being amused with his tragi-comical distress which the thought of that approaching dinner had caused him. . . . At length the long-expected evening arrived. A company of the most eminent persons, from all the professions and every walk of life, were assembled, and Mr. Irving took the chair. I had gladly accepted an invitation, making it, however, a condition that I should not be called upon to speak—a thing I then dreaded quite as much as Mr. Irving himself. . . . I had the honour to be placed next but one to Mr. Irving, and the great pleasure of sharing in his conversation. 'I shall certainly break down,' he repeated over and over again. At last the moment arrived. Mr. Irving arose, and was received with deafening and long-continued applause, which by

no means lessened his apprehension. He began in his pleasant voice ; got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next hesitated ; and, after one or two attempts to go on, gave it up, with a graceful allusion to the tournament, and the troop of knights all armed and eager for the fray ; and ended with the toast, ' Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation.' ' There ! ' said he, as he resumed his seat under a repetition of the applause which had saluted his rising,—' there ! I told you I should break down, and I've done it.'

" There certainly never was a shorter after-dinner speech ; and I doubt if there ever was a more successful one. The manuscript seemed to be a dozen pages long, but the printed speech was not as many lines.

" Mr. Irving often spoke with good-humoured envy of the felicity with which Dickens always acquitted himself on such occasions."—*H 4.*

WELL WORTH THE FLOGGING.

In 1842 news came that Charles Dickens had arrived in America, and presently it was announced that on a certain day he was to pass through Fredericksburg on his way to Richmond. He was to come by steamboat from Washington to Aquia landing, thence by stage to Fredericksburg, alighting only for lunch at Farmer's Hotel. The prospect of setting eyes on the greatest man in the world filled me with such emotion that my parents agreed that I might in their name ask Mr. Hanson for the necessary permission to leave school a little before the midday recess. The usage when we wished to leave the schoolroom temporarily was to stand silently before the master. This I did, but he happened to be irritated by someone in the class he was hearing, and motioned me off. On my endeavouring to say I had permission of my parents he ordered me to my seat. Thither I returned, jumped out of an open window, seven or eight feet from the ground, and reached the inn just as the author was alighting. On my return to school just after recess, there was a dead silence ; my leap had been observed by many, and none knew the reason for it. Mr. Hanson stood pale and agitated, for I had been hitherto obedient. My brother Peyton was absent, and I was too much dazed by the situation to arrest by any plea the impending switch. It was the only flogging I ever received in school, and feeling that it was unmerited I bore it without a word or a tear. But *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. The dear old master when he learned the whole story was more troubled than I was, for I had got a good look at Dickens.—*C 3.*

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Almost twenty-five years after his first visit Dickens came a second time to America. In 1867 he determined to give a series of readings from his works in the United States in order, as we know now, to recuperate an exchequer that had been too heavily drawn

upon. At first he feared that old grudges might be remembered against him, but he was happily mistaken. *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Our Mutual Friend* had caused *American Notes* to be forgiven if not forgotten, and the welcome given their author was as sincere and hearty as that accorded him in his youth. His readings, from the first given in Boston in November 1867, to the last one in New York, five months later, were an unparalleled success. Wherever he went great audiences crowded to greet him, and the seventy-six readings which he gave in various cities of the country yielded him a net profit of upwards of \$180,000.

Not less cordial were the personal welcomes extended to the great novelist—welcomes which reached a fitting climax in the well-remembered Press dinner given to him at Delmonico's on the night of 18th April 1868. This dinner, arranged by a committee of the New York Press, represented authorship and journalism from Maine to Texas, and over the great West to California. It was a noble gathering—two hundred guests from all parts of the Union, and all men of authority and renown. Horace Greeley, then in the prime of health and genius, presided, with Dickens on his right and Henry J. Raymond on his left, and opened the speaking in an address of persuasive eloquence and humour. His commencement was unique, for he began by telling how more than thirty years before he had established a weekly paper called the *New Yorker*. "In looking about," said he, "for matter to fill my literary department I ran against some sketches from a cheap English periodical, which I at once transferred to my paper. These sketches were by an unknown author, who wrote under the appellation of 'Boz.' So I think I can claim to be the first one who introduced Mr. Dickens to this country." Then he went on in his crisp, quaint, original way to tell how he had tried in a Florentine inn to read *David Copperfield* in Italian, ending with a toast which made every glass ring: "Health and happiness, honour, and generous, because just, recompense to our friend and guest, Charles Dickens."

When the applause had died away, Dickens arose to reply. Many of his readings had been given when the reader was tortured by the maladies which beset his closing years, and he had come from a sick-bed to attend the dinner given in his honour. Yet we are told he spoke with an ease marvellous to those who knew his suffering. He spoke from memory, for his speech had been prepared with care, amid the closest attention and at times enraptured applause. There was a figure at the end—it were better for America and England to go back to the ice age, and be given over to the Arctic fox and bear than fight—that brought every guest to his feet; and as he sat down in a burst of cheers the band played "God Save the Queen."

Four days later Dickens sailed for home. "Come to England when the hedges are in bloom and report at Gad's Hill," were his parting words to a friend at the steamer's side. In June 1870 this friend came to England, and found the hedges in bloom, but—no master at Gad's Hill. Dickens had died three days before, and the American who had planned to be his guest was only in time to see

the flowers still fresh on the slab over his grave in Westminster Abbey.—Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in *The Bookman* (New York), vol. xiii.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

Here is the text of the concluding part of Dickens's speech at Delmonico's:

"What I have intended, what I have resolved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you) is, on my return to England, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here, and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honour.

"If I know anything of my countrymen—and they give me credit for knowing something—if I know anything of my countrymen, gentlemen, the English heart is stirred by the fluttering of those Stars and Stripes, as it is stirred by no other flag that flies except its own. If I know my countrymen, in any and every relation towards America, they begin, not as Sir Anthony Absolute recommended that lovers should begin, with 'a little aversion,' but with a great liking and a profound respect; and whatever the little sensitiveness of the moment, or the little official passion, or the little official policy now, or then, or here, or there, may be, take my word for it, that the first enduring, great, popular consideration in England is a generous construction of justice.

"Finally, gentlemen, and I say this subject to your correction, I do believe that from the great majority of honest minds on both sides, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of which has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other."—S 1.

COOLNESS IN PERIL.

While Dickens was staying at an hotel in New York, December 1867, there was a fire. It was with difficulty located, and the novelist had to be awakened for fear of the fire spreading. His presence of mind served to calm the guests.—Dolby gives a very long account, without much incident, on pages 191 to 195.



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1868

This unique portrait of the novelist is from a rare lithograph by Sol. Eytinge, Junr., one of the most successful American illustrators of the works of Dickens, and was drawn by that artist during the last visit of Dickens to the United States in 1867-68

ADVENTURE IN A SNOWSTORM.

Once while in this country [America] on a bitter, freezing afternoon—night coming down in a drifting snowstorm—he was returning with me from a long walk in the country. The wind and baffling sleet were so furious that the street in which we happened to be fighting our way was quite deserted; it was almost impossible to see across it, the air was so thick with the tempest; all conversation between us had ceased, for it was only possible for us to breast the storm by devoting our whole energies to keeping on our feet; we seemed to be walking in a different atmosphere from any we had ever before encountered. All at once I missed Dickens from my side. What had become of him? Had he gone down in the drift, utterly exhausted, and was the snow burying him out of sight? Very soon the sound of his cheery voice was heard on the other side of the way. With great difficulty, over the piled-up snow, I struggled across the street, and there found him lifting up, almost by main force, a blind old man who had got bewildered by the storm, and had fallen down unnoticed, quite unable to proceed. Dickens, a long distance away from him, with that tender, sensitive, and penetrating vision, ever on the alert for suffering in any form, had rushed at once to the rescue, comprehending at a glance the situation of the sightless man. To help him to his feet and aid him homeward in the most simple and natural way afforded Dickens such a pleasure as only the benevolent by intuition understand.—*F* 1.

AS A PEDESTRIAN.

Mr. Dickens's capabilities as a pedestrian had been discussed in America long before he arrived there, and our Transatlantic friends were not satisfied until a "match" had been brought about. This was arranged at Boston, betwixt Mr. Dolby (Mr. Dickens's English agent) and Mr. Osgood (the American publisher). The distance was to be twelve miles, and the contest was to take place on the Mill-dam Road, towards Newton. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Fields (the publisher) were to be umpires, and had to walk the whole twelve miles with their respective men. Immediately the match was made known, the papers teemed with particulars concerning it. "Dickens," one journal said, "was a superb pedestrian, good for thirty miles 'on end' any day." The "articles" were drawn up by the great author, and subscribed to by all four gentlemen. The public were, however, not made acquainted with the place or the time until after the contest was over. The affair came off on the following Saturday, at twelve o'clock. The pedestrians were all, it is said, "appropriately costumed, and they went at a tremendous pace. The first six miles were accomplished in one hour and twenty-three minutes, and the return six miles were finished by Mr. Osgood (the American) in one hour and twenty-five minutes, he winning the match by exactly seven minutes. An elegant dinner was given by Mr. Dickens at the Parker House, the same evening, to signalise the occasion. This anecdote shows the heartiness with which he

entered into any healthy outdoor sport he cared to join in, and his gameness and youthful vigour in keeping up with men not more than half his age.—H 4.

The "Articles of Agreement" for the race had been drawn up in Baltimore and sent to his friend Fields in Boston, with this injunction, "Keep them in a place of profound safety, for attested execution, until my arrival in Boston." Section 5 of these "Articles" says that "a sporting narrative of the match" was to be written by Dickens within a week of the event, and that the same was to be printed in the form of a broadside, a copy of which was to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to the articles. These "broad-sides," of which only a very few copies were printed, measure 20 by 13 inches, and were printed in red and black with a border in gold.

The text of the "Articles of Agreement" and the "Sporting Narrative," both of which are by Dickens, were printed by Fields in his *Yesterdays with Authors*, but he there submitted dashes for the actual names of the participants in the match and omitted also the names of those who were to be invited to the dinner at the Parker House, as stipulated in Section 6 of the Articles. A few days before the match Dickens and Fields had walked over the course "at the rate of not less than four miles an hour, for one hour and a half." Fields says of this preliminary tramp, "I have seen a great many walkers, but never one with whom I found it such hard work to keep up." Dickens's object, of course, was to make the distance to be covered by the actual competitors on the appointed day as long as possible. Newton Centre was the turning-point, and there, both being winded, they sought some refreshment. But "a few sickly looking oranges" were all they could find. These they ate sitting on the doorstep of the little shop.—*The Bookman* (New York), vol. xiii. [*The Bookman* reproduces one of the "broad-sides" referred to.]

MISTAKEN FOR A "SMASHER."

A story is told that on one pedestrian occasion Dickens was taken for a "smasher." He had retired to rest at Gad's Hill, but found he could not sleep, when he determined to turn out, dress, and walk up to London—some thirty miles. He reached the suburbs in the grey morning, and applied at an "early" coffee-house for some refreshment, tendering for the same a sovereign, the smallest coin he happened to have about him.

"It's a bad 'un," said the man, biting at it, and trying to twist it in all directions, "and I shall give you in charge." Sure enough the coin did have a suspicious look. Mr. Dickens had carried some substance in his pocket which had oxydized it. Seeing that matters looked awkward, he at once said, "But I am Charles Dickens."

"Come, that won't do; any man could say he was 'Charles Dickens.' How do I know?" The man had been victimised only the week previously, and at length, at Mr. Dickens's suggestion

it was arranged that they should go to a chemist to have the coin tested with *aqua fortis*. In due course, when the shops opened, a chemist was found, who immediately recognised the great novelist—notwithstanding his dusty appearance—and the coffee-house keeper was satisfactorily convinced that he had not been entertaining a “smasher.”—H 4.

A SLUMMING EXPEDITION.

In the latter days of '55 we went on what would nowadays be called a “slumming” expedition. A friend of Dickens's, a certain M. Delarue, a banker in Genoa, who was on a visit to Tavistock House, had a great desire to see some of the low life of London; and Dickens accordingly arranged with the police for a party of us, of which I [Edmund Yates] was one, to dine early together, and then “go the rounds” of the thieves' quarters in Whitechapel, the sailors' and German sugar-bakers' taverns in Ratcliff Highway, the dens of the Mint, etc. It was a curious experience, but the interest of it to me was greatly increased by the fact that I was in the company of the man whose genius I had worshipped so long and so ardently; and when he called me into the cab, and we returned alone together, he chatting freely and charmingly, I wondered whether Fate could have in store for me greater distinction or delight.—Y.

AN IMPROMPTU HORNPIPE.

In the train, on the journey from London to Aberdeen, 15th May 1866, the conversation turned upon the subject of dancing, and Mr. Dickens being an adept in the terpsichorean art, and, above all, in the performance of a “sailor's hornpipe,” it was agreed that he should execute this national dance. Here, however, an unforeseen difficulty presented itself, for—though I had used every endeavour to make my arrangements for the journey as complete as possible—such a thing as an orchestra had never suggested itself as indispensable to travel. But it was settled that Mr. Wills and myself should form the orchestra; so we supplied a whistling accompaniment, while the dancer footed it merrily, in spite of the frequent collapses of the orchestra in explosive laughter at the absurdity of the situation and the pretended indignation of the dancer at the indifference of the music. The sudden “breakdown” of the engine through the bursting of a pipe brought the entertainment to a close, and we had to walk in the fields and woods a little north of Morpeth for nearly half an hour, until another locomotive could be found somewhere to take the train on to Berwick.—D.

“THE TABLES TURNED.”

Let me commend to the attention of my numerous nameless correspondents, who have attempted to soil the moral character of Dickens, the following little incident, related to me by himself, during a summer evening walk among the Kentish meadows, a few

months before he died. I will try to tell the story, if possible, as simply and naturally as he told it to me.

"I chanced to be travelling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times*, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing *Bleak House*, then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as C. D. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected; but when he attacked the author's private character, and told them monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a travelling bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which if they had been true would have consigned any man to prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard, touching the author of *Bleak House*, and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence. 'You seem to speak,' I said, 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?' He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question; but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence, listening to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile stories, one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked me if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do; and all your stories about him from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies.' The man

became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it,' I said, and, coolly taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing. We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my *truthful* companion; but, if I were to live a hundred years, I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them 'good-day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up sufficient strength to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution, 'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after Truth, and avoid Lying as you would eternal perdition!'"—*F* 1.

STAPLEHURST RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

It was the end of May 1865, when he indulged in a short holiday trip into France, and on his way home a few days later (June 9th) a frightful accident overtook the train by which he was travelling, at Staplehurst (a few miles south of Maidstone), from the effects of which his nerves never wholly recovered. The train ran off the rails, and Dickens was in the only carriage that did not go over into the adjoining stream, being caught upon the turn by a portion of the ruined bridge, where it hung in an apparently impossible manner. Happily, the novelist was one of the few passengers who escaped injury, and with praiseworthy energy he assisted in the terrible work of getting out the dying and the dead; for valuable help thus rendered the directors of the company sent him a resolution of thanks.—*K* 1.

After the accident Mr. Dickens never travelled, so he said, without experiencing a nervous dread, to counteract which in some degree he carried in his travelling bag a brandy flask, from which it was his invariable habit, one hour after leaving his starting-point, when travelling by express train, to take a draught to nerve himself against any ordeal he might have to go through during the rest of the journey.—*D*.

The accident has naturally impressed itself very clearly upon his daughter's memory. She speaks of the irresistible feeling of intense dread from which Dickens was afterwards apt to suffer whenever he found himself in any kind of conveyance. "One occasion," she says, "I specially recall; while we were on our way from London to our little country station Higham, where the carriage was to meet us, my father suddenly clutched the arms of the railway carriage seat, while his face grew ashy pale, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and though he tried hard to

master the dread, it was so strong that he had to leave the train at the next station. The accident had left its impression upon the memory, and it was destined never to be effaced. The hours spent upon railroads were thereafter hours of pain to him. I realised this often when travelling with him, and no amount of assurance could dispel the feeling."—Dickens's daughter, interviewed in the *Young Woman*, December 1894.

He died on the anniversary of the dreadful Staplehurst railway accident, and the shock his nerves received on that occasion it is believed he never entirely got over. The friends in the habit of meeting Mr. Dickens privately recall now the energy with which he depicted that dreadful scene, and how, as the climax of his story came, and its dread interest grew, he would rise from the table, and literally act the parts of the various sufferers to whom he lent a helping hand. One of the first surgeons of the day, who was present soon after the Staplehurst occurrence, remarked that "the worst of these railway accidents was the difficulty of determining the period at which the system could be said to have survived the shock, and that instances were on record of two or three years having gone by before the sufferer knew that he was seriously hurt!"
—H 4.

VII

ON THE CONTINENT

IN ITALY.

It was not until I obtained a letter composed in flowery Italian, falsely representing me to be a distinguished American, that I was finally able to pass through the iron-bound lodge-way into the gardens of the Palazzo Peschiere, or Palace of the Fishponds. I had not found the place easily. None of the Genoese that I had interrogated could tell me where it was that Charles Dickens had lived, or that he had ever lived at all in Genoa; and yet it was here in the Palazzo Peschiere that he had stayed for a whole twelvemonth and wrote his *Chimes* and *Old Curiosity Shop* and made many notes.

It was a back garden which I first got into, with an abundance of forlorn grass and weeds and straggling trees. But as I followed the path that led around at the side of the house I was unexpectedly confronted by a scene that arrested my steps and filled me with wonder. The sky was as blue as turquoise, with an edging close down on the horizon as delicate as the blue of a robin's egg. This exquisite silken canopy covered a vast amphitheatre of brown hills patched by blocks of buildings in white and pink that faced the semicircle in regular parapets. Then as I turned my eyes to the small things of the foreground I saw the old fountain with the urchin and the fish, where Dickens had stood on many mornings watching the birds fluttering at their bath. I went over to it and sat down on the edge of the basin, that now contained but a pool of brackish water and some matted grass.

The years that have gone on since *Martin Chuzzlewit* was conceived one morning in the garden of the Palazzo Peschiere have made but slight difference in the general aspects of Genoa as Dickens saw it, a "splendid amphitheatre, terrace rising above terrace, garden above garden, palace above palace, height above height."

The Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi, the famous streets of palaces, are still there, and so is the wonderful old lane, the Sestiere della Maddalena, where the jewellers are and the filigree shops—just as they were more than a hundred, yes, two hundred, years ago—"And where they are likely to remain some time yet," said my charmingly adaptable host of the Albergo Bristol, Signor Bertolini, who furnished me with the only human link connecting with the memory of the great author.

"I can't say how well my father knew him personally," said the Signor, "but I remember he told me much of him, and seemed to know of his life here, and had read the *Pickwick Papers* in English. He used to point out to me on his walks of a Sunday in the country the place where Dickens lived when he came to Genoa—the Villa Bagnerello [or the "Pink Jail," as Dickens called it] at Albaro, a quaint old place surrounded by vine-clad terraces and on a little niche by the seashore. He lived there for several weeks before he moved to the Palazzo Peschiere."

Dickens had with him his wife and young family, and in spite of his penchant for prowling he enjoyed his domestic life with that heartiness which was so notably characteristic. He was forever inviting his friends to share his companionship—never in trouble, but only in happiness. His letters during his Genoa year are remarkable in their solicitous and patient fervour in the interests of others. He attended the play in Genoa on every possible occasion. Meanwhile he was arranging for a series of amateur theatricals to take place in London directly on his return, and his mind was full with the project of the *Daily News*. Besides this he was framing his story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

In all his Italian journeys Dickens never seemed to care to tarry anywhere so much as in Genoa. While he was still holding his residence there he took a little trip into Florence, Rome, Naples, and Venice. Of Naples he spoke with that candour he always did of everything he saw, and which few people dared, or do now dare. He said, "It is a fine place, but nothing like so beautiful as people make it out to be." He thought Venice the wonder of the world, but he preferred his Genoese walks to the interruption of the gondolier's *stali* and *premi*. He was happy with his simple fountain of the urchin and the fish in the gardens of the Palazzo Peschiere, or rambling through the open places at the foot of the Maddalena with his eyes boyishly set upon the windows of the little filigree shops. He loitered in the halls and lobbies of the famous open palaces, "the walls of some of them, within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke!" or in the doors of the neighbouring apothecary, or stood and watched the maccaroni seller, or else pondered over the psychological conditions that made so many monks out of masculine beings constantly in evidence and always repulsive to him.

Of a Sunday he would visit the wonderful Campo Santo. Toward sunset he liked to go into one of the churches and sit reflectively, and then reach the garden to watch the fall of night.—Deshler Welch, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, August 1909.

IN SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland Dickens did some of his best work. Amid the suggestive scenery of the Rhone valley, in Lausanne, Geneva, and Vevey, were written *The Battle of Life*, *Dombey and Son*, and parts of *Bleak House* and *David Copperfield*.

In 1846 (May) he took Rosemont Villa, Lausanne. There he met the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Watson of Rockingham Castle,

England, to whom he dedicated *David Copperfield*, and with whom he was a lifelong friend and correspondent.

Dickens wrote to his friend M. de Cerjat on 29th December 1849, after a visit to the Watsons, "We had a most delightful time at the Watsons'. . . There was a Miss Boyle staying in the house, and she and I got up some scenes from the *School for Scandal* and from *Nickleby* with immense success."

AT BOULOGNE.

Dickens spent the summer of 1853 at Boulogne, in an old château on the Rue Beaupaire. *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit* were partly written during this and the following summer in this town. Writing from Folkestone, the novelist told Mrs. Watson that the name first proposed for *Little Dorrit* was *Nobody's Fault*.

In 1854 Charles Dickens left the château in Boulogne and took up his residence at the Villa du Camp de Droite of the same landlord, M. Beaucourt, and there began *Hard Times*. In the summer of 1856 he returned to the Villa Moulineaux.

He often joked about his signature and the flourish to it, and once to Mrs. Watson wrote: "*P.S.*—I am in such an incapable state that, after executing the foregoing usual flourish I swooned and remained for some time insensible."

He frequently referred to the beauties of Switzerland in his letters to the Watsons, and wrote of Lake Lemán: "It runs with a spring tide, that will always flow and never ebb, through my memory; and nothing less than the waters of Lethe shall confuse the music of its running until it loses itself in that great sea, for which all the currents of our life are desperately bent."—Deshler Welch, in *Harper's Magazine*, April 1906.

The photographs accompanying the article are of Rosemont Villa, the Hon. Mrs. Watson, M. de Cerjat, Rockingham Castle, and a facsimile of the first page of a letter to Mrs. Watson.

IN PARIS.

"Many merry Christmases, many happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and Heaven at last for all of us." This was Dickens's Yuletide greeting, dated from Paris, 27th December 1846. He was for the first time really residing in the French capital. He had, of course, passed through Paris frequently, but the short stays at hotels were merely necessary breaks in the interminable journeys of sixty years since—brief rests after fifty hours in the diligence from Strasbourg, or before a still longer drive to Marseilles. But he was now a Parisian householder, having taken on lease those "most ridiculous, extraordinary, unparalleled, and preposterous premises" at 48 Rue de Courcelles, of which the present-day visitor may still identify the site (at No. 38) in the longer modernised street.

It was a "good old-fashioned winter," that Christmas-tide of 1846. In the bedrooms ("exactly like opera boxes") of the great



"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

A French caricature of Dickens by "Gill," in L'Eclipse, June 14, 1863

novelist's house the water froze in the jugs, and on his return from London he had found the soil snow-covered at Boulogne. The railway had been opened from Brussels to Paris, so that by posting to Amiens one could complete the journey by rail. The *malle poste*—a little mail-carrying vehicle, not to be confounded with the far more roomy English stage-coach—legally carried but two passengers, and Dickens had booked the seats for himself and his courier, the faithful and resourceful Louis Roche, of Avignon. "It is delightful travelling for its speed," wrote Dickens, "that *malle poste*, and really for its comfort, too." But on this particular occasion there was little speed and less comfort. The Boulogne postmaster told a doleful tale of a son sick in Paris, and begged to be allowed to squeeze in as far as Amiens. Roche shook a sceptical head—he had heard of those invalid relatives before—but the good-hearted Dickens consented to be "dismally crushed" by this "large man in a great number of greatcoats" for ten hours until they reached the railroad. To crown all, they missed the midnight train, and had three hours to wait for another. Such were some of the delights of a Christmas trip to "Gay Paree" in the days of our grandfathers. One can hardly wonder that Dickens decided on arrival to "take a jorum of hot rum and egg in bed," and to "cover himself up with all the blankets in the house."

In 1855, the date of the first International Exhibition at Paris, Dickens decided on "moving the caravan" there "for six months," telling Wilkie Collins that "a good deal might be done for *Household Words* on that side of the water." As usual at Exhibition times, he had "the most awful job to find a place." But he finally secured a flat in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, a stone's throw above the Rond-point, in a house now pulled down and replaced by modern *maisons de rapport*. This was only a few minutes from the Exhibition below, and his old Rue de Courcelles place was at no great distance. He was no longer to the average Frenchman the comparatively unknown author of 1846. *Chuzzlewit* was running as a *feuilleton* in the *Moniteur*, and, like the wideawake business man he usually proved himself, Dickens profited by his visit to Paris to arrange for a French edition of his principal novels, and netted "sufficient to pay a year's rent," and travelling expenses into the bargain. He was lionised in the literary, artistic, and theatrical circles in which he always preferred to move. Landseer, Macready, Thackeray, the Brownings were all in Paris. Wilkie Collins paid Dickens visits, and, in fact, stayed some time.

The French vied in doing honour to the English novelist. The description of his reception at Emile de Girardin's, who dined him right royally, while abjectly apologising—"This is a mere trifle. Just a little gathering to make acquaintance. Another time we will really dine"—is delightful.

Three months later, Gad's Hill, the home of Dickens's later life, was purchased, and his visits to Paris again became brief and occasional. In 1859 the *Tale of Two Cities* appeared (it is highly probable that although the idea of writing the work only occurred to him later,

Dickens gathered much material during his 1846 visit; for the Paris of 1846 was still largely the old city of the Revolution; in 1855 *Hausmannization* had already been vigorously commenced). In January 1863 Dickens read his *Christmas Carol* at the British Embassy—the fine old mansion in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where King Edward VII. stayed during the visit that founded the new *entente cordiale*.—*T.P.'s Weekly*, Christmas number, 1908.

OLD-FASHIONED ENGRAVINGS.

The periodical organisation of modest but curiously interesting exhibitions of old prints and drawings illustrating life in Paris at some special epoch is one of the characteristics of the little known "Paris Municipal Library." The show in the summer of 1908 dealt with the days when Dickens was "rattled like a single pill over leagues of stones until, madly cracking, plunging, flourishing two grey tails about," he made his "triumphant entry into Paris." The Laffitte diligence from Calais unharnessing in the inn-yard; the "basse cour du bureau de la poste aux lettres à Paris," where Forster (Dickens wrote) was to find "une voiture qui a été dépêché (*sic*) de la Rue de Courcelles quarante-huit;" the market gardens (now covered with seven-storey mansions) of the Plaine Monceau, which were but a few minutes' walk from Dickens's "ridiculous, extraordinary, unparallelled and preposterous" residence near St. Philippe du Roule; the portrait of Frédéric Lemaitre and the stage lions in whom the novelist delighted; at every turn these old-fashioned engravings and sketches brought back the famous "Three Months in Paris" of 1846. Here was the entrance to "La Force" Prison, now demolished, but immortalised in the *Tale of Two Cities*; there the old Morgue (now also a thing of the past), where on New Year's Eve the old man's corpse seemed to Dickens "an impersonation of wintry 1846;" while Mabillet and the Chaumière, the aristocratic "banker's quarter" of the Chaussée d'Antin, the sturdy Auvergnat hewers of wood and drawers of water, were all characteristics of the capital in Dickens's day.—*T.P.'s Weekly*, July 17, 1908.

CONTINENTAL POPULARITY.

The *Pickwick Papers* is the one of Dickens's works most popular on the Continent. For myself, I began a number of pleasant acquaintances over Dickens. Anyone who had a Dickens used to bring it out to show me, and anyone who had read him mentioned it as a bond of union. An Austrian officer was specially presented to me as having learned football from an Englishman in Vienna, and having a pronounced admiration for *Nicholas Nickleby* in a German version! A Frenchman claimed Mr. Pickwick as a mutual acquaintance who should at once put us on a certain footing of intimacy, "I know your Pickwick, mademoiselle; qu'il est drôle!"

In Italy I found "Carlo" Dickens on a bookshelf between Gio-

vanni Stuart Mill and Tommaso Carlyle, and expressed my indignation at the Italianisation of the Christian names, protesting that we never spoke of "Peter" Mascagni in England. We took the book down, it was *David Copperfield*, and there, sandwiched between pages in which familiar names appeared in a sea of strange print, were the same old woodcut illustrations that so many of us have looked at wonderingly in our early days, and one or two of us, in blissful, unashamed ignorance, called "so ugly" later on. In *David Copperfield* Agnes does not appeal to the Italians particularly; she is the incarnation of the fault with which the British nation in general is charged—she is "cold." Dora is more human for them; but then, again, how shocking that any girl should know so little of household affairs, and there creeps in another charge: English women are not really domesticated!

One notices "la Signora" Gamp, with "la mia amica, Signora Harris," with a certain misgiving, but—though a translation never can be quite what the original is—apparently they have lost little of their humour. Here again, however, *Pickwick* is the favourite of Dickens's books. The Fat Boy, I remember, specially delighted one enthusiast, while the chops and tomato sauce incident simply confirms the fact that England is a place where dire consequences are apt to follow any indiscreet trifling with affections. In Italy there is no law under which breach of promise actions can be brought.

Dickens and Scott are undoubtedly the English authors most generally read on the Continent; as here, they form part of the library of the boy at school and the young man entering the university; and, no doubt, are factors that unobtrusively make for a better international understanding.—*Household Words*, March 26, 1904.

VIII

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

PUNCTUALITY AND METHOD.

There never existed, I think, in all the world, a more thoroughly tidy or methodical creature than was my father. He was tidy in every way—in his great, generous, and noble mind, in his handsome and graceful person, in his work, in keeping his writing-table drawers, in his large correspondence—in fact, in his whole life. I remember that my sister and I occupied a little garret room in Devonshire Terrace, at the very top of the house. He had taken the greatest pains and care to make the room as pretty and comfortable for his two little daughters as it could be made. He was often dragged up the steep staircase to this room to see some new print or some new ornament which we children had put up, and he always gave us words of praise and approval. He encouraged us in every possible way to make ourselves useful, and to adorn and beautify our rooms with our own hands, and to be ever tidy and neat. I remember that the adornment of this garret was decidedly primitive, the unframed prints being fastened to the wall by ordinary white or black pins, whichever we could get. But never mind, if they were put up neatly and tidily they were always “excellent,” or “quite slap-up,” as he used to say. Even in those early days he made a point of visiting every room in the house once each morning, and if a chair was out of its place, or a blind not quite straight, or a crumb left on the floor, woe betide the offender. And then his punctuality! It was almost frightful to an unpunctual mind! This again was another phase of his extreme tidiness; it was also the outcome of his excessive thoughtfulness and consideration for others. His sympathy, also, with all pain and suffering made him quite invaluable in a sick-room. Quick, active, sensible, bright and cheery, and sympathetic to a degree, he would seize the “case” at once, know exactly what to do, and do it.—Miss Mamie Dickens, in *Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia).

SEASIDE REVERIES.

Mrs. Eleanor Christian, who was once on terms of close intimacy with the great novelist, filled no less than twenty-five pages of *Temple Bar* for March 1888 with “Recollections of Charles Dickens.” She tells us that Dickens was extremely difficult for a stranger to

understand—"in the evening full of friendly converse and fun, in the morning he would pass us by with grudging recognition, as if it annoyed him to be obliged to mutter, 'How d'ye do?'"—and the writer confesses that she was "horribly afraid of him sometimes." In the mornings "he was weaving his ideas, and naturally was bored by interruption; and afterwards, when his face wore this abstracted look, I always pretended not to see him." To watch the sea (the writer is here referring to Broadstairs) was his greatest delight; for hours he would remain as if in a trance, with a face of rapt, immovable calm, and the far-off gaze of his marvellous eyes turned seaward, totally oblivious of everything around him.

DANDYISMS.

Was Dickens a dandy? During one of his visits to Paris Miss Corkran saw him, and "he had on a wonderful embroidered waist-coat, a flamboyant tie, and a gorgeous watch-chain." I heard a somewhat similar story from the late Mr. Hogarth—a brother-in-law—whom I knew in the long-remote seventies as a fellow-sub-editor on the *Daily Telegraph*. Hogarth did not love Dickens; he had ranged himself on the side of the sister who was Mrs. Dickens, and against the sister who was Dickens's housekeeper and friend, and was fond, accordingly, of telling stories to the disadvantage of his illustrious relative. One of these was that Dickens once appeared at an evening party in his own house in a dress-coat with scarlet silk lining.—*T.P.'s Weekly*, November 21, 1902.

DICKENS'S BEARD.

Dickens's beard, like the *Tale of Two Cities*, was probably a belated outcome of his long residence in Paris in 1855-6. He seems to have been as much impressed by the bearded Zouaves (he saw them come home from the Crimea to Paris with "strides like Bobadil") as the Londoners were by the bearded Crimean Guardsmen, who are immortalised in the Waterloo Place bronze. He possibly hesitated, as most Englishmen did, at first, but finding his fellow-countrymen were emulating the Guards in question,—for this set the fashion of beards and moustaches in England half a century ago,—ventured to follow suit.—"F. A. W." (Paris), in *T.P.'s Weekly*, January 10, 1908.

As I [Sir Joseph Crowe] remember him, Dickens was full of fun and enjoyed company vastly. His abundant hair of sable hue enframed a grand face, somewhat drawn and thrown into capricious ridges. His dress was florid; a satin cravat of the deepest blue, relieved by embroideries, a green waistcoat with gold flowers, a dress coat with a velvet collar and satin facings, opulence of white cuff, rings in excess, made up rather a striking whole, and gave in the main a false impression of one whose power of analysis, whose memory of scenes he had witnessed and quaintnesses he had observed, were so great, and whose capacity for assimilation was so prodigious that he was able to create without effort, out of all these elements, the grand originals which fill his novels.—C 6.

POPULARITY AND THE PIN.

Before Dickens's last visit to America, a banquet took place in his honour. It was very numerously attended, the chair being filled by the late Lord Lytton. The night before the dinner, a party of friends of Dickens met and dined at Wilkie Collins's, our object being to wish Dickens a quiet God-speed. The great writer was in great spirits. I think we were none of us in evening dress, for Dickens wore one of the large cravats which had not then gone out of fashion, and in that cravat was a most wonderful pin, large in size, strange in form, an object of inevitable attraction. Seeing that the jewel drew everybody's attention, Dickens said, "I hope you all like my pin; it is uncommon, I think. It is hardly too much to say, I hope, that there is no such pin as this in America. I have invested in it for the whole and sole purpose of pleasing my friends over the water, and I hope you all think I shall succeed." Dickens's success was enormous, as everybody knows; but how far the pin contributed to it will, perhaps, never be known.—F 7.

"THE EMPEROR OF CHEERFULNESS."

How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on first arriving at a Transatlantic hotel.

"Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshipped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honour,—surely it was a sight to be remembered and never wholly forgotten. . . . You ask me what was his appearance as he ran, or rather flew, up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before. From top to toe every fibre of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigour, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him! He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a realm or two of fun every hour of his overflowing existence.—F 1.

HIS UNFAILING "GAÏETÉ DE CŒUR."

Nothing was more delightful in "Boz" than his unfailing *gaieté de cœur*, shown by gay remarks and trifling jests. There was no pretence in these little quips. A most pleasing feature in him was his welcome of any natural little story, or supposed good thing and he seemed to be almost grateful and under an obligation at it being told him. How good-naturedly, too, he used to welcome anything

in the shape of a jest—feeble though it might be, he making the best of it! I suppose there never was a man of his high position so modest and unobtrusive, or that gave so cordial a welcome to what others would say.

There are not many now alive who can have played billiards with "Boz" in his own house. I see him now, stooping over the table,¹ his coat off, his large double-glasses on—which gave him rather an antique, "old-mannish" look. And yet how comparatively young at this time—only fifty-eight! Since his day middle-aged folk have become younger and yet younger, and a man anywhere in the fifties is now comparatively a juvenile. But what a neighbour to have! Only fancy it, Charles Dickens! "Boz" *lui-même*, and not one of your reclude bookish men, weak-eyed and dyspeptic, shy, shrinking from, or else looking down upon, the community; but the genial, hospitable Charles who was ever forward and responsive to everyone, always in evidence, eager to know—in short, as Carlyle said, "the good, the noble, the high-souled, ever-friendly Dickens, every inch of him an honest man."—*F* 2.

A MAGICAL PRESENCE.

Younger people who did not know Charles Dickens, who perhaps never saw him, can have little idea of the moving power of his words, his appeals, his very presence, over men. The mere thrill of his wonderful voice had a magic of persuasion in it. There was no more strenuous and commanding figure in the England of Queen Victoria's reign.—*Daily News*, January 1, 1896.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS: A CONTRAST.

One night I was in the Adelphi Theatre, and went behind to see an old friend of mine in the company. He presently said to me, "Did you see who was in the house?" I said, "Do you mean Thackeray?" He said, "Yes. Do you know that when he comes in he puts all of us out, and we feel we can't do anything. Now," he continued, "with Dickens it is exactly the reverse. We see him come in, and he puts us all in a good cue instantly."—Sir Edward Russell, in *That Reminds Me*.

All the kindness of heart, geniality, generosity, appreciation of whatever could be appreciated in others, manly independence, hatred of humbug, all the leading qualities of his books were component parts of his nature. For one holding a position so unique in the world he was wonderfully modest; and while he always quietly and unostentatiously asserted his own dignity, I never saw the smallest appearance of "putting on airs." His expressed dislike to allow his daughters to play before the Court as amateur actresses, his repeated refusal of the Queen's requests that he would come round after an amateur performance and be presented to her, he being in his theatrical costume, were evidences of this self-

¹ This billiard-table was sold for the "song" of £3.

respect ; and his belief in, and assertion of, the dignity of his calling were just as marked. Any foothold on the literary ladder, no matter how low, had its interest for him. "I do not plead as a stranger," he said at the Newspaper Press Fund ; "I hold a brief for my brothers ;" and then plunged into some delightful stories of his reporting days. What he was to the world the world knows ; to me he was the most charming of companions, the kindest of friends.—Edmund Yates. Y.

I have heard Dickens described by those who knew him as aggressive, imperious, and intolerant, and I can comprehend the accusation ; but to me his temper was always of the sweetest and kindest. He would, I doubt not, have been easily bored, and would not have scrupled to show it ; but he never ran the risk. He was imperious in the sense that his life was conducted on the *sic volo sic jubeo* principle, and that everything gave way before him. The society in which he mixed, the hours which he kept, the opinions which he held, his likes and dislikes, 'is ideas of what should or should not be, were all settled by himself, not merely for himself, but for all those brought into connection with him, and it was never imagined they could be called in question. Yet he was never regarded as a tyrant : he had immense power of will, absolute-mesmeric force, as he proved beneficially more than once, and that he should lead and govern seemed perfectly natural to us :

"We who had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Dwelt in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accent,
Made him our pattern to live and to die."—Y.

I have said that I had many opportunities of meeting Dickens ; but I should say that my acquaintance with him was very slight and superficial. I used to feel very proud when he shook hands with me and remembered my name and asked me how I was getting on, or some question of that sort ; but I never could pretend to have been ranked even in the outermost circle of his friends. I was not merely a young man, but a totally obscure young man, and had nothing whatever to recommend me to Dickens's notice except the fact that I belonged to the staff of a daily newspaper. To say the truth, Dickens rather frightened me ; I felt uneasy when he spoke to me, and did not quite see what business I had to be speaking to such a man. His manner was full of energy ; there was something physically overpowering about it, as it then seemed to me ; the very vehemence of his cheery good-humour rather bore one down. From the first he appeared to me to be a man with whom I could not venture to differ on any subject. Then again, as was but natural, he was generally surrounded by a crowd of young men who sincerely worshipped him, and to whom indeed he seemed to represent all literature. I know how kind and friendly and encouraging he was to many men as young as I was, and whose very first efforts in literature received his helping hand—I knew many

such young men, and they were never tired of telling me how kind he was, and how gentle, how "quick to encourage and slow to disparage," if I may adopt certain words which I think were used by himself when speaking of another leader of literature. But I am only putting down my impressions just for what they are worth, as the phrase goes, and indeed they are worth nothing at all except as impressions, and I can only say that Dickens somehow or other always made me feel rather afraid.

Another man who always made me feel afraid was Thomas Carlyle; but that was in quite a different way. . . . In the case of Carlyle I did not like to run the risk of being snubbed; in Dickens's case I knew there was no such risk—I knew that he was far too sweet and kindly in nature to snub me, but the very exuberance of his good-humour bore me down and kept me in my modest place.—Justin McCarthy. *M* 5.

"THE CHIEF."

In his own immediate literary circle, amongst those who were on the most familiar terms with him, the name "Mr. Dickens," or "Mr. Charles Dickens," or even "Charles," with his most intimate friends, was never heard. The respect felt for his genius—his superiority—took a more striking, although more familiar form. He was invariably spoken of as "*the Chief*"! At *All the Year Round* office, the question was never, "Is Mr. Dickens in?" but "Has the *Chief* arrived?" "Is the *Chief* in?"—*H* 4.

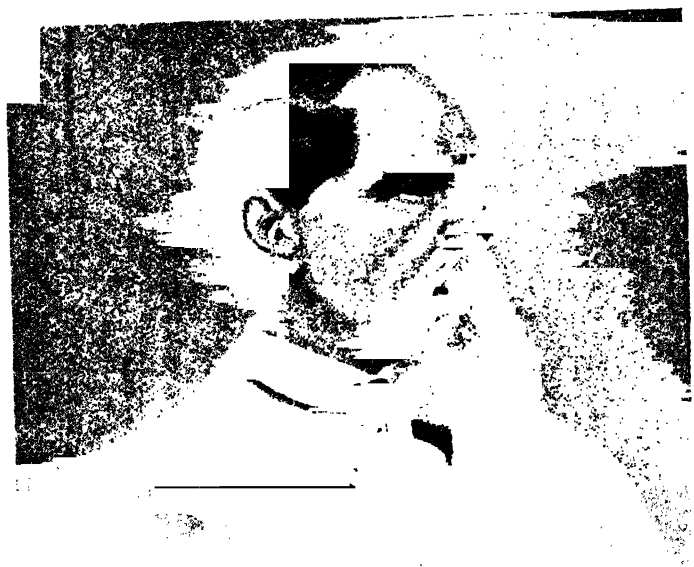
"PET" THEORIES.

Those who knew Dickens intimately can often trace in his writings—while others cannot—allusions to little "pet" theories and hobbies of his. I have heard, for instance, him often dwell on the dreadfully tyrannical power of the law of the average, which must be carried out. He would mention the number of persons yearly killed in the London streets—some hundreds, I think—and he would add this original suggestion: "Now, here we are in November, and the number of such accidents is much below what it should be. So, is it not dreadful to think that before the last day of the year some forty or fifty persons *must* be killed—and killed they will be?"—*F* 2.

POWERS OF OBSERVATION.

"Ithuriel," a writer in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, December 1904, recalled the one walk he had with Dickens. "Ithuriel" had as a boy taken to classifying passers-by according to their apparent health or ailment, and so diagnosing their character or history. A French actor made an appointment with him for "a friend of his" who wished to judge his impressions of passengers.

"He did not say who his friend was, and when, at seven o'clock on the following Saturday night, we met outside The Cock in Fleet Street, I was not a little staggered to recognise my critic. But I was a mere boy, and that eminent critic was always close to boy-



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1868

hood, and very soon we were quite happy together. And that night I had a lesson in observation. I found, before half an hour had gone by, that I was a mere amateur and tyro ; I seemed to see and look for one thing only, while that other one appeared to gather everything into the orbit of his examining vision. Queer names, the effects of light and shadow, the gait of the passers-by, the stooped shoulders of one used to carry heavy burdens, the inequality of particular walks of particular people, the sudden hush of a crowded thoroughfare, the strange area of silence that seems to intervene between a great river and the changing population on its banks, the influences of sounds as one stood still (a very remarkable experience it is at night) on what we supposed we must call the imagination. The boy had been prepared—he still thinks in middle life—for a more tricky and less exhaustive form of observation—he thinks so. He was sure he was more than surprised, perhaps a little awed, by the swift inlook into the heart of things that seemed to foreshorten all idle and curious groping, and make the immediate paraphrase of sounds and visible things a kind of infallible intuition. I ventured to say that in silent places one could sometimes hear the migrating birds as they sought the south, miles up in the air. I had been told so by a great bird-lover and bird-knower, but though we listened hard, they could not be heard that night. Since, I have often heard them, but we could not hear them then.”

A LOVER OF CRICKET.

Mr. Dickens was a great lover of cricket, and in the summer of 1866 he would often hurry back to Gad's Hill after a visit to town, in order to be present at a cricket match in the field at the back of the house—between his own Higham Club and some other club in the neighbourhood.—*D.*

AN ABSTEMIOUS “BIBBER.”

How he enjoyed all the attendant paraphernalia of Christmas, particularly the jovial drinks which attend the season! He would have had wassail even, had it not been an unacceptable, rather sickly compound. To hear him talk of the steaming bowl of punch, with apples “bobbing about” merrily, of the Garrick matchless gin-punch particularly, and the anticipating zest and relish with which he compounded these mixtures, one would fancy him quaffing many a tumbler. But alas! how often had it been noted, to the general surprise, that his whole enjoyment was in the romantic association! Never was there a more abstemious bibber.—*F 2.*

When we arrived in Liverpool from Manchester [April 1866], an excellent supper awaited us—a pleasant finish to a day of hard work and excitement. Mr. Dickens brewed a bowl of punch, an accomplishment in which he stood pre-eminent, as in all matters to which he put his hand. And here, as in all probability the recurring mention of such luxuries as these may lead to a misapprehension

as to Mr. Dickens's character as an epicure, I must take the opportunity of stating that, although he so frequently both wrote and talked about eating and drinking, I have seldom met a man who partook less freely of the kindly fare placed before him. In this observation I am not singular, as the following quotation from a letter by a common friend, Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, U.S.A., will testify :

"He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, but I always noticed that when the punch was ready he drank less of it than anyone who might be present. It was the *sentiment* of the thing, and not the thing itself, that engaged his attention."

To the consideration of those who, from want of appreciation of a good man's heart, deprecate the frequent allusions in his writings of the things of this life, I would seriously and earnestly commend this quotation.—*D.*

TEETOTALISM IN FAIRYLAND.

In one of his temperance speeches he (George Cruikshank) said :

"I am ashamed to say that for many years I went on following the ordinary custom of drinking, till I fell into pecuniary difficulties. I had some money at a banker's ; he fell into difficulties, took to drinking brandy-and-water, and ended by blowing out his brains. I lost my money, and in my distress applied to friends who aided me for a time, but they themselves fell into difficulties, and I was forced to extricate myself by the most extraordinary exertions. In this strait I thought, The best thing I can do is to take to water : but still I went on for some time before I quite weaned myself from my own drinking habits. I went to take luncheon with my friend Dickens (who, I am sorry to say, is not a teetotaller) ; he asked me to take wine, but I told him I had taken to water, for, in my opinion, a man had better take a glass of prussic acid than fall into the other habit of taking brandy-and-water ; and I am happy to say that Charles Dickens quite agreed with me, that a man had better wipe himself out at once, than extinguish himself by degrees by the soul-degrading and body-destroying enemy."—*J 4.*

[Cruikshank's] Fairy Library had been a failure. Dickens [in *Household Words*], among others, had protested against teetotalism being introduced into fairyland ; and had two years previously even ridiculed what was called Cruikshank's temperance fanaticism, in a paper called "Whole Hogs." . . . Cuthbert Bede, in "A Reminiscence of Cruikshank" in *Notes and Queries*, remarks : "It was very evident from that article, 'Frauds on the Fairies,' and also from a previous one from the same pen, called 'Whole Hogs,' that Dickens considered Cruikshank to be occasionally given over to the culture of crotchets, and to the furious riding of favourite hobbies."—*J 4.*

Dickens goes on to point out what would become of our great books if such a precedent [this refers to the alteration in the text of a

fairy story by Cruikshank to introduce the idea of temperance] were to be followed. "Imagine a total abstinence edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with the rum left out. Imagine a peace edition, with the gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be 'edited' out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean." Then follows a most humorous story of "Cinderella," edited by a stump orator on Temperance, Ocean Penny Postage, Sanitary Science; ending with this pleasant moral: "Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise. The world is too much with us, early and late."

Poor George Cruikshank dropped his pencil, and Cuthbert Bede has told us how he found the artist, on an October day in 1853, still smarting from the effects of Dickens's article. Cruikshank, however, was not the man to feel a blow and sit down under it.—*J 4.*

On our last night at Glasgow [20th July 1848], after a climax of successful performances at the theatre,—the pieces being *Used Up*, *Love, Law, and Physic*, and *Two o'clock in the Morning*,—we had a champagne supper in honour of its being the Amateur Company's last assemblage together. Charles Dickens, observing that I took no wine, said, "Do as I do: have a little champagne put into **your** glass and fill it up with water; you'll find it a refreshing draught." I tell you this as a useful secret for keeping cool on such festive occasions, and speak to you as *man to man*." He was in wildest spirits at the brilliant reception and uproarious enthusiasm of the audience that evening, and said in his madcap mood, "Blow Domestic Hearth! I should like to be going on all over the kingdom, with Mark Lemon, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, and John (his manservant), and acting everywhere. There's nothing in the world equal to seeing the house rise at you, one sea of delighted faces, one hurrah of applause!"—Mrs. Cowden-Clarke. *C 1.*

"A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE."

The discussions, mostly by his friends and intimates, of the causes of Charles Dickens's comparatively early death at the age of fifty-eight, have led to little more than one opinion—that it was overwork, overwork, and always overwork, mental and physical, says John Hollingshead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He remarks that in writing his strongest characters Charles Dickens always acted them. "These spirits of his own conceptions came back to him in the evening and in the dead of night; they often moved

him to rise and walk in his long tramp's tramp of twenty-seven miles, from Tavistock Square to Gad's Hill." No doubt there is much truth in this, but the principal reason that Charles Dickens died at the time he did was that he was in the habit of using vast amounts of alcoholic stimulants to keep himself up. When lecturing in this country he continued to drink the amounts that he drank when in England, regardless of the different effects of the climates of the two countries upon persons who use alcoholic liquors. He appeared to believe it was necessary to take a certain amount with his meals, and at other times, to maintain him. It was a grievous mistake. We would not be understood as saying that he was a drunkard in the ordinary acceptation of the term. If he had become drunk two or three times a month, and had not touched liquor the rest of the time, he might have lived longer than he did, though the moral consequences would have been worse. Whoever tries to keep himself up regularly by any stimulant, in the absence of which he would temporarily collapse, is nothing more than a moral and physical speculator;—is like : concern that declares a dividend out of the principal, or a family that keeps up appearances of wealth by pawning their belongings and spending the proceeds.—*Christian Advocate* (New York), January 29, 1903.

HIS FAVOURITE BOOKS.

There were certain books of which Dickens liked to talk during his walks. Among his especial favourites were the writings of Cobbett, De Quincey, the *Lectures on Moral Philosophy* by Sydney Smith, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Of this latter Dickens said it was the book of all others which he read perpetually, and of which he never tired. There were certain books particularly hateful to him, and of which he never spoke except in terms of most ridiculous raillery. Mr. Barlow, in *Sandford and Merton*, he said was the favourite enemy of his boyhood and his first experience of a bore. He had an almost supernatural hatred for Barlow, "because he was so very instructive, and always hinting doubts with regard to the veracity of *Sinbad the Sailor*, and had no belief whatever in the 'Wonderful Lamp,' or 'The Enchanted Horse.'" He gloried in many of Hood's poems, especially in that biting 'Ode to Rae Wilson.' . . . One of his favourite books was Pepys's *Diary*. . . . Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the *Elegy*, he said, "No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so small a book under his arm." He preferred Smollett to Fielding, putting *Percy Pickle* above *Tom Jones*. Of the best novels by his contemporaries he always spoke with warm commendation, and *Griffith Gaunt* he thought a production of very high merit.—*F 1*.

AT THE ZOO.

What a treat it was to go with him to the Zoological Gardens, a place he greatly delighted in at all times ! He knew the zoological address of every animal, bird, and fish of any distinction, and he

could, without the slightest hesitation, on entering the grounds, proceed straightway to the celebrities of claw or foot or fin. The delight he took in the hippopotamus family was most exhilarating. He entered familiarly into conversation with the huge, unwieldy creatures, and they seemed to understand him. Indeed, he spoke to all the unphilological inhabitants with a directness and tact which went home to them at once. He chaffed with the monkeys, coaxed the tigers, and bamboozled the snakes, with a dexterity unapproachable. All the keepers knew him, he was such a loyal visitor, and I noticed they came up to him in a friendly way, with the feeling that they had a sympathetic listener always in Charles Dickens. —F' 1.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY : MORE CONTRASTS.

I remember George Henry Lewes telling me the difference between Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend. Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you, and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two-line testimonial; but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank-notes, if you wanted them. I know of neither characteristic personally; but I repeat the illustration as Mr. Lewes gave it.

Talking of Dickens and Thackeray, it is curious how continually they are put in opposition to each other. Each stood at the head of a distinct school of thought, representing different aspects of human life, and each had his followers and adherents, for the most part arrayed in self-made hostile lines, with a very small percentage of that *tertium quid*—those impartial critics who could admire both with equal favour. This kind of antagonism is very common. . . . But it sprang in each instance from the admirers, not the principals; and in the case of Thackeray and Dickens it was emphatically made for, and not by, them.

Both these men illustrated the truth which so few see, or acknowledge when even they do see it, of that divorcement of intellect and character which leads to what men are pleased to call inconsistencies. Thackeray, who saw the faults and frailties of human nature so clearly, was the gentlest-hearted, most generous, most loving of men. Dickens, whose whole mind went to almost morbid tenderness and sympathy, was infinitely less plastic, less self-giving, less personally sympathetic. Energetic to restlessness, he spared himself no trouble, as has been said, but he was a keen man of business and a hard bargainer, and his will was as resolute as his pride was indomitable. In the latter years of his life no one could move him; and his nearest and dearest friends were as unwilling to face as they were unable to deflect the passionate pride which suffered neither counsel nor rebuke. Yet he was as staunch and loyal a friend as ever lived; and, thanks to that strain of inflexibility, he

never knew a shadow of turning—never blew hot and cold in a breath. At the same time, he never forgave when he thought he had been slighted.

Dickens had no eye for beauty *per se*. He could love a comparatively plain woman—and did; but Thackeray's fancy went out to loveliness; and cleverness alone, without beauty—which ruled Dickens—would never have stirred his passions. Both men could, and did, love deeply, passionately, madly, and the secret history of their lives has yet to be written. It never will be written now, and it is best that it should not be.—Mrs. Lynn Linton, on "Landor, Dickens, Thackeray," in *The Bookman* (New York), vol. iii.

DICKENS AND "THE UPPER TEN."

He was too proud and self-respecting for flunkeyism. He declined to be lionised, and stuck to his own order; wherein he showed his wisdom, and wherefor he has earned the gratitude of all self-respecting *littérateurs* and artists not born in the purple. He knew that in a country like ours, where the old feudal feeling has sunk so deep, and the division of classes has been so marked and is still so real—he knew that the biggest lion of the class "not born" is never received as an equal by the aristocracy. He is Samson invited to make sport for the Philistines, but he is not one of themselves, and never will be considered one of themselves. Hence Charles Dickens, even in the zenith of his fame, was never to be seen at the houses of the great; and with the exception of Lord Lansdowne and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, he owned no intimate friendships among the Upper Ten.—*Ibid.*

He appears to have been introduced to the mistress of Holland House by Serjeant Talfourd in 1838, the year of his expedition to Yorkshire with Hablot K. Browne to collect the information reproduced in *Nicholas Nickleby*. He hoped to make his appearance under Talfourd's wing, and in a letter to his friend expressed alarm at the prospect of a solitary visit. Hampered by the diffidence natural to one making his first advances towards polite society, Dickens appears to have fallen an easy victim. Lady Holland forced him to disclose the plot of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and when he was about to visit America she remonstrated thus, "Why cannot you go down to Bristol, and see some of the third and fourth class people, and they'll do just as well."—Charles Lloyd Sanders, in *The Holland House Circle*.

FREEDOM FROM JEALOUSY.

Yet Charles Dickens had warm sympathies too, and his true friends never found him wanting. To those whom he affected he was princely in his helpfulness—always remembering that this helpfulness took other forms than that of pecuniary aid. To Wilkie Collins he was as a literary mentor to a younger Telemachus, and he certainly counted for much in Wilkie's future success as a *littérateur*. I was told by one who knew, that he took unheard-of pains

with his younger friend's first productions, and went over them line by line, correcting, deleting, adding to, as carefully as a conscientious schoolmaster dealing with the first essay of a promising scholar. In his *Rambles beyond Railways*, the hand of the master was ubiquitous and omnipotent, and so in the stories published in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. For Dickens was absolutely free from the petty vice of jealousy. He was too self-respecting and withal too conscious of his own powers to be afflicted by the success of others.—Mrs. Lynn Linton, in "Landor, Dickens, Thackeray," in *The Bookman* (New York), vol. iii.

HIS TASTE IN HOME DECORATION.

His taste was all for bright colours and pleasant suggestions. He liked flower patterns and lively tints, and the greenery-yallery school would have found no disciple in him. He was always fidgety about furniture, and did not stay even one night in a hotel without rearranging the chairs and tables of the sitting-room, and turning the bed—I think—north and south. He maintained that he could not sleep with it in any other position; and he backed up his objections with arguments about the earth currents and positive or negative electricity. It may have been a mere fantasy, but it was real enough to him; and having once got the idea into his mind, it is very sure that he could not have slept with his head to the east and his feet to the west, or in any other direction than the one he had decided on as the best. Nervous and arbitrary, he was of the kind to whom whims are laws, and self-control in contrary circumstances was simply an impossibility.—*Ibid.*

VEXED !

Dickens's ebullition of temper, which cost his heirs and assigns so dearly, took place in the library [of Mr. Houghton, the Boston publisher]. Mr. Houghton said to him that, as he could not prevent other houses republishing Dickens's works without payment, since there was no copyright, he could not afford to pay him more than a five per cent. royalty, but he was prepared to pay that. It was at a time when the American greenback had been terribly depreciated by the war. Dickens completely lost his temper, and said, "Well, if you won't give me more than that, I don't want any of your dirty money. It is not worth anything, anyhow." When Mr. Houghton told me this story he added that, just for his own satisfaction, he had always kept an account of the money that would have been paid to Dickens and his heirs, and it amounted to a good many thousand pounds.—Douglas Sladen, in the *Leisure Hour*, December 1900.

LOVE OF THE "OLD SONGS."

Dickens was fond of songs, and could troll them well. He knew all the familiar ones which people of his day were chanting—also all the old lilts, and knew how to jest on these time-worn favourites. I have constantly heard him allude to them in his airy, pleasant

fashion, and burlesque them. As in the case of "When the wind blows," at the opening of *The Miller and His Men*, that venerable melodrama, *More Sacks to the Mill*. (When it was revived he brought it me to see it.) Naturally, therefore, we find all his stories full of lively allusions to old songs. He took a genuine delight in Moore's melodies, and as a matter of course we find constant allusions to these lyrics.—F 2.

AS A COUNSELLOR.

He (Dickens) was himself an excellent man of business, though in early life he made great pecuniary mistakes by an impatience of disposition, a desire to get things settled and done with, which is shared by many men of letters to their great loss; he was painstaking, accurate, and punctual to a fault; and the trouble he took about other people's affairs, especially in his own calling, is almost incredible. Young men of letters are especially fortunate as regards the sympathy and assistance they receive from members of other professions. Almost all of us have our Dr. Goodenough. The lawyers, too, are always ready with their advice. . . . The chiefs of our own calling are always ready to give a helping hand to their juniors; but Dickens looked upon it as an imperative duty so to do. Many a time have young would-be contributors called upon me, and produced from their breast-pockets as passport to my attention a letter of rejection, torn and frayed, and bearing tokens of having been read a hundred times, from the master. "He wrote me this letter himself," they would say, as though there were but one "He" in the world. It was generally a pretty long one, though written at a time when minutes were guineas to him, full of the soundest advice and tenderest sympathy. There was always encouragement in them (for of course these were not hopeless cases), and often—whenever, in fact, there seemed need for other help besides counsel—some allusion, couched in the most delicate terms to "the enclosed." Dickens not only loved his calling, but had a respect for it, and did more than any man to make it respected.—P 4.

In Tinsley's *Random Recollections of an Old Publisher*, Dickens's encouragement of budding authors is not spoken of in so enthusiastic a manner. Tinsley says:

"More than once in these pages I have mentioned that I think Charles Dickens was seldom plain-spoken enough with young authors, and was very apt to pass them on to publishers with notions in their heads that got there from the great author seeming to say, "'Go on, and you will prosper.'"

HIS GENEROSITY.

Prior to the rupture of the tender relations between young Mr. Macrone and Miss Sophia Sala [aunt to G. A. S.]—this was, I think, in 1836—he, finding that the capital of the publishing firm was urgently in need of expansion, borrowed from Miss Sala

the sum of £500; and I believe that a considerable portion of this money went to pay Charles Dickens for the copyright of *Sketches by Boz*. With the subsequent dealings between Dickens and Macrone I have nothing to do. They are fully set forth in Mr. Forster's *Life*; I am only concerned with the bond of £500. Macrone died in poverty, and his creditors received nothing; he left, moreover, a wife and young children, and Dickens, generous as he always was, edited for the benefit of the family of the publisher, who had certainly not used him very well, two volumes of tales and essays which appeared in 1841 under the title of the *Pic-Nic Papers*. The work enabled him to put something like £300 into the hands of the widow Macrone; but I scarcely think that the sale was very large of the *Pic-Nic Papers*, which had been got up on the lines of the *Livre des Cent-et-un*, which consisted of the voluntary contributions of a number of celebrated French men of letters, who banded themselves together to assist the widow of a well-known Parisian publisher named *Ladvocat*.—S 2.

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.

Charles Kent once told me a pretty story of his great friend, which he told well. He met him at the corner of some street, and began to relate to him what he knew would please him, how a certain fanatical Pickwickian—whose name, I think, was *Amcott*—used to have the book steadily read to him every night until completed, and then ordered it to be begun again all afresh. It took about three months to get through: so there were four readings in the year. “Boz” was chuckling over his admirer’s enthusiasm, when a miserable unfortunate, with the usual baby, drew near, and begged of Kent, who, being at the critical part of his story, motioned her away. And “Boz” appeared also to deprecate the interruption. Turning for a moment from “Boz’s” expressive face, who was still relishing the jest, adding a comic touch of his own, he saw his hand gliding behind his back, and a half-crown drop softly in the woman’s hand!—F 2.

The late Sheridan Knowles, in a letter to a friend, gave an instance of his generosity: “Poor Haydn, the author of the *Dictionary of Dates*, and the *Book of Dignities* (I believe I am right in the titles), was working, to my knowledge, under the pressure of extreme destitution, aggravated by wretchedly bad health, and a heart slowly breaking through efforts indefatigable, but vain, to support in comfort a wife and a young family. I could not afford him at the moment any material relief, and I wrote to Charles Dickens, stating his miserable case. My letter was no sooner received than it was answered—and how? By a visit to his suffering brother, and not of condolence only, but of assistance—rescue! Charles Dickens offered his purse to poor Haydn, and subsequently brought the case before the Literary Society, and so appealingly as to produce an immediate supply of £60. I need not say another word. I need not remark that such benevolence is not likely to occur solitarily.

The fact I communicate I learned from poor Haydn himself. Dickens never breathed a word to me about it."

The ensuing month (November 1855) an appeal was made on behalf of Johnson's god-daughter, signed by nineteen eminent literary men, including Dickens, Hallam, Disraeli, Carlyle, Thackeray, Milman, and Macaulay. A large sum of money was raised, but the recipient did not live many years to enjoy the annuity secured for her.

Among distinguished visitors to America who remembered and greeted Mrs. Clem, Edgar Allan Poe's venerable mother-in-law, was Charles Dickens, and he generously entreated her acceptance of one hundred and fifty dollars, accompanying the gift with the assurance of his sympathy.—*P* 6.

During his stay [second visit to America] he was besieged to such an extent with applications for his autograph, that he was obliged to have printed a form in reply: "To comply with your modest request would not be reasonably possible." To envelope, direct, and post these replies, the services of three secretaries were required. Applications of another kind, however, were personally attended to. Thus it was told there, that a lady of Charleston, a great admirer of Mr. Dickens's writings, but unfortunately paralysed in her limbs from an accident, so that she could not walk, wrote to ask if the doors of the "Temple" could be opened to her earlier than the usual hour, that she might be lifted into the hall unobserved. Mr. Dickens immediately acknowledged the note, gave the requisite order for the lady's accommodation, and claimed the honour of presenting her, besides, with complimentary tickets of admission.—*H* 4.

When acting in Edinburgh, for Leigh Hunt's benefit, with Charles Dickens and his brilliant *dramatis personæ*, news came to him [George Cruikshank] that a country editor, with a large family, whom he had often previously helped, was on the edge of ruin for want of fifty pounds.

"I *must* send it to the poor fellow," he said to Dickens, "immediately."

"That would be very kind to him," answered Dickens, "but very unkind to yourself. By the bye, have you got fifty pounds in your pocket?"

"Oh dear, no," was Cruikshank's reply, "but I want you to lend me the money to send to him—now—at once."

Dickens's rejoinder was not resort to his cheque-book, but the remark that he knew George's incapable friend would be as badly off as ever after the execution had been paid out of his house, even if the money was sent.

"Then," he added, "you would deny yourself all sorts of things and be miserable till you paid me back. That I can't stand, so I must decline."—*J* 4.

One of these many kindnesses [to tramps, etc.], came to the public ear during the last summer of his life. He was dressing in his own

bedroom in the morning, when he saw two Savoyards and two bears come up to the Falstaff Inn opposite. While he was watching the odd company, two English bullies joined the little party and insisted upon taking the muzzles off the bears in order to have a dance with them. "At once," said Dickens, "I saw there would be trouble, and I watched the scene with the greatest anxiety. In a moment I saw how things were going, and without delay I found myself outside the gate. I called the gardener on the way, but he managed to hold himself at a safe distance behind the fence. I put the Savoyards instantly in a secure position, asked the bullies what they were at, forced them to muzzle the bears again, under threats of sending for the police, and ended the whole affair in so short a time that I was not missed from the house. Unfortunately, while I was covered with dust and blood, for the bears had already attacked one of the men when I arrived, I heard a carriage roll by. I thought nothing of it at the time, but the report in the foreign journals which startled and shocked my friends so much came probably from the occupants of that vehicle. Unhappily, in my desire to save the men, I entirely forgot the dogs, and ordered the bears to be carried into the stable-yard until the scuffle should be over, when a tremendous tumult arose between the bears and the dogs. Fortunately we were able to separate them without injury, and the whole was so soon over that it was hard to make the family believe, when I came into breakfast, that anything of the kind had gone forward."—*F* 1.

I remember Leigh Hunt telling me that once when he and Dickens were coming away from a party on a very rainy night, a cab not being readily procurable to convey Leigh Hunt home, Charles Dickens had made him get inside the fly he had in waiting for himself and the ladies who were with him, taking his own seat outside; upon which Leigh Hunt put his head out to protest, saying, "If you don't mind, Dickens, you'll '*become a dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!*'" which was responded to by a blithe, clear laugh that rang out right pleasantly in the dark wet night.—*C* 1.

One of the many gracious deeds performed by Charles Dickens relates to a thoughtful and graceful act on his part [in 1844] in aiding a poor carpenter named John Overs, who was dying of consumption. During his leisure moments this intelligent, but unfortunate, man had composed several poems and verses, hoping by their publication to leave some small provision for wife and children. Dickens's friend, Dr. Elliotson, who had shown extraordinary kindness to the sick man, informed the novelist that Overs could not return to his old work, whereupon he took an especial interest in the case, and was induced to assist him in publishing several of his verses. When, at last, Overs became too ill for his ordinary occupation, he further aided him in his literary labours by putting a few books in his way, giving him an occasional word of advice, and reading his compositions with him whenever opportunity offered. It was presently decided to issue, in volume form, a selection from Overs'

stories, and Dickens not only promised to edit them, but to write an introduction as well—a promise which he fulfilled shortly before he left England for Italy. The book, entitled *Evenings of a Working Man*, was published in June 1844. The author, however, did not long survive the event, and it is related that, when at the point of death, he suddenly demanded writing materials and made up a parcel containing a copy of his little production, in which he had previously inscribed the novelist's name, with the intimation that the author presented it "With his devotion"—a simple and unassuming incident that considerably affected the recipient of the gift.—*K* 1.

A very kind and graceful act was performed by Dickens this year [1844]. Mr. Newby published, in one volume, the *Evenings of a Working Man*: being the Occupation of his Scanty Leisure, by John Overs. With a Preface, relating to the Author, by Charles Dickens. The preface is of the most charming description. It first mentions that Overs was a carpenter, who had employed his evenings in literary compositions, and applied to him, as he was relinquishing the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*, for help to get his writings into notice. After some correspondence, Dickens trying to dissuade him from the perils of authorship, and after a personal interview, "he wrote me," he says, "as manly and straightforward, but, withal, as modest, a letter as ever I read in my life." Dickens accordingly consented to assist him, and got several of his pieces inserted in a magazine.—*H* 4.

AS A BELIEVER.

I will dispose here of the question often asked me by correspondents, and lately renewed in many epistles, "*Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?*" Persons addressing to me such inquiries must be profoundly ignorant of the words of the great author, whom they endeavour to place by implication among the "Unbelievers." If anywhere, out of the Bible, God's goodness and mercy are solemnly commended to the world's attention, it is in the pages of Dickens. I had supposed that these written words of his, which have been so extensively copied both in Europe and America, from his last will and testament, dated the 12th of May, 1869, would forever remain an emphatic testimony to his Christian faith: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament."—*F* 1.

ATTITUDE TO NONCONFORMITY.

Everyone knows Charles Dickens's savage hostility to foreign missions, exemplified especially in the *Pickwick Papers* and in *Bleak House*. Some reprints from Dickens's contributions to his own periodicals repeat his hatred of Nonconformity—a hatred to the understanding of which his biography gives no clue. Thus he

describes a service in a dissenting chapel: "A small, close chapel with a whitewashed wall and plain deal pews and pulpit contains a closely packed congregation as different in dress as they are opposed in manner to that we have just quitted. There is something in the sonorous quaver of the harsh voices, in the lank and hollow faces of the men and the sour solemnity of the women, which bespeaks this a stronghold of intolerant zeal and ignorant enthusiasm. The preacher enters the pulpit: he is a coarse, hard-faced man of forbidding aspect, clad in rusty black, and bearing in his hand a small, plain Bible, from which he selects some passage for his text while the hymn is concluding. . . . A low moaning is heard, the women rock their bodies to and fro and wring their hands. The preacher's fervour increases, the perspiration starts upon his brow; his face is flushed, and he clenches his hands convulsively as he draws a hideous and appalling picture of the horrors preparing for the wicked in a future state. A great excitement is visible among his hearers, a scream is heard, and some young girl falls senseless on the floor," etc., etc. Where did Dickens get his ideas about Evangelicalism and foreign missions? Was there ever any foundation for the stories about the moral pocket-handkerchiefs blending select tales with woodcuts, or for the African project for cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha on the left bank of the Niger?—"Claudius Clear," in *British Weekly*, January 23, 1908.

VIEWS ON SPIRITUALISM.

The following letter refers to Mrs. Milner-Gibson and the spiritualistic movement:—

Charles Dickens to E. L. L.

"GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,"

"Sunday, September 16, 1860.

"MY DEAR MRS. LINTON,—Pray do not suppose that I sent you that very unspiritual magazine for any other purpose than to keep you *au courant* to the subject. It has not in the least disturbed my equanimity.

"I hold personal inquiry on my part into these proceedings to be out of the question for two reasons. Firstly, because the conditions under which such inquiries take place—as I know in the recent case of two friends of mine, with whom I discussed them—are preposterously wanting in the commonest securities against deceit or mistake. Secondly, because the people lie so very hard, both concerning what did take place and what impression it made at the time on the inquirer.

"Mr. Hume, or Home (I rather think he has gone by both names), I take the liberty of regarding as an impostor. If he appeared on his own behalf in any controversy with me, I should take the further liberty of letting him know publicly why. But be assured that if he were demonstrated a humbug in every microscopic cell of his skin and globule of his blood, the disciples would still believe and worship.



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1870
The year of the novelist's death

"Mrs. Gibson is an impulsive, compassionate, affectionate woman. But as to the strength of her head ;—would you be very much surprised by its making a mistake ? Did you never know it much mistaken in a person or two whom it devoutly believed in ?—Believe me very faithfully your true friend, CHARLES DICKENS."—*L* 3.

SENSE OF THE UGLY—AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

If Dickens had possessed a keen and enthralling sense of beauty, it would not have been possible for Nature to gift him with what one may call such a supreme sense of ugliness. His sense of the incongruous, the odd, the unusual, the inharmonious, in physical appearance, is so dominant a faculty in him that one can hardly doubt that his imagination took a pleasure in emphasising and recording the repellent facial peculiarities of Uriah Heep, James Carker, and others. Even in women it is the unexpected, the grotesque, or the startling that he really notices and brings before us ; never the beautiful, in any poetic sense of beauty. . . .

Let me, as far as space allows, illustrate my meaning. Turn to *David Copperfield*, and see how Dickens introduces Mr. Creakle, the schoolmaster at Salem House, to his readers.

"Mr. Creakle's face was fiery, and his eyes were small, and deep in his head ; he had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose, and a large chin. He was bald on the top of his head ; and had some thin wet-looking hair that was just turning grey, brushed across each temple, so that the two sides interlaced on his forehead."

Then, on page 123, we have the following description of Mr. Micawber :

"I went in, and found there (in the counting-house) a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shiny) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me."

Those are two excellent examples of the constant manner of Dickens ; a manner so constant, so unchanging, that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that one might find an instance of it on almost every page. But this seems to prove conclusively that, as I have suggested, it was the ugly, the repellent, the incongruous, that first arrested the attention of Dickens, especially the strange and disagreeable in male physiognomy. Dickens, in fact, had the feminine instinct for instantly detecting and resenting anything coarse and unpleasant in the appearance of men. That his own sex happened to be the same as the sex of those he was describing only made him more savagely resentful of the inherent ugliness and coarseness of the average man ; more fiercely intolerant of it ; more sternly determined to denounce that unpardonable lack of delicacy and beauty in the male, to hold it up to contempt and eternal opprobrium. In character after character, in Mr. Micawber, in Mr. Creakle, in Mr. Creakle's lame assistant, Tungay ; in Jeremiah Flintwinch, in Monsieur Rigaud, in Squeers, the York-

shire schoolmaster; in Arthur Gride, in Ralph Nickleby, in Jerry Cruncher, in Fagin, in Monks, in Wemmick, in Jaggers, in Mr. Murdstone, in Mr. Chadband, in Major Bagstock, in Simon Tappertit—in all these, and in numberless others whose names will quickly occur to the mind of the student of Dickens, there is some marked, generally grotesque or repellent, physical peculiarity, or set of peculiarities, which Dickens not only perceives and resents, but which he is so resolved that the reader shall also perceive and resent that he describes the unpleasant details over and over again, insists upon them, emphasises and magnifies them, till at last the reader begins to feel as if he were in a surgical instrument maker's shop, gazing round in horror upon the assortment of hideously suggestive and unnatural appliances.

We should reasonably expect that so miraculously keen a sense of the ugly and repellent in the male, leading to a repudiation of it more sustained and vehement than can be found elsewhere in literature, would be balanced by an equally marked sense of the physically delicate and beautiful in woman. But this, though we certainly have a logical right to look for it, is precisely what we do not find. We do not find, even in Dickens's description of the appearance of men intended outwardly to rank as handsome and distinguished, any definite sense of masculine beauty. This, though I think it is undeniable, is strange; and one feels something akin to pity for the genius, wonderful as it was, which could evidently detect, with the unerring and instant accuracy of a photographic plate, every inharmonious detail in each male figure or countenance presented to it; but was, as evidently, utterly powerless to discern and reproduce in words—if Dickens had discerned this he would not have been able to help reproducing it in words, and in many words—either beauty in man or beauty in woman. Not even in the description of James Steerforth is there the slightest hint of any ability to grasp, as a painter or poet or sculptor would grasp, any nobly marked detail of masculine grace. This is a crucial instance, as the magnetic influence of Steerforth over both men and women—over David Copperfield, over Little Em'ly, over Rosa Dartle—was supposed largely to reside in his (Steerforth's) handsome face and figure. But when it comes to setting that face and figure before the reader Dickens is compelled to fall back upon the most commonplace and unsatisfying of generalities. It is not a question of any intentional reticence. It is clear that Dickens, though he perceives ugliness with quite painful vividness, does not see beauty; or, to be absolutely correct, while he becomes instantly aware of the slightest flaw or blemish, every spot or scar, every wrinkle or pimple, on the faces presented to him, he has only a vague general sense of the beautiful. Beauty makes no detailed impression either on the retina of his eye or on his mental retina.

[The foregoing passage is quoted from a remarkable critique on Dickens which Mr. Barlow contributed to the *Contemporary Review*, and which he later issued as a booklet. Mr. Barlow is impressed by the tragic and abysmal aspects of Dickens's writings, aspects

which he thinks go far to associate Dickens with the old Elizabethan tragic playwrights. But, as "T. P." says in reproducing the passage in his *Weekly* (November 19, 1909), "Many good Dickensians will demur;" a view strengthened to some extent by the appended extract from *Celebrities and I*, by Henriette Corkran]:

"I remember meeting Charles Dickens one afternoon in my mother's *salon* in Paris. He had on a wonderful embroidered waistcoat, a flamboyant necktie, and a gorgeous watch-chain. He pinched my fat cheeks, and I slapped his hand. I recollect him saying to my mother, 'Be sure always to have pretty nurses about your children. If I have an ugly person about me I am certain to get into their tricks of ugliness; if anyone squints, I am sure to squint too; if one stammers, I am sure to stammer also. So be careful to surround your children with healthful and beautiful influences.' I made a big grimace, and he made another, and then we both laughed merrily."

APPRECIATION OF PICTURES.

That Dickens appreciated pictorial as well as dramatic art is shown in his speeches. For instance, speaking at the anniversary meeting of the Artists' Benevolent Fund on 8th May 1858, he said:

"I am strongly disposed to believe there are very few debates in Parliament so important to the public welfare as a really good picture. I have also a notion that any number of bundles of the driest legal chaff that ever was chopped would be cheaply expended for one really meritorious engraving.—S 1.

Again, in an address at a dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, 29th March 1862, he said:

"I decline to present the artist to the notice of the public as a grown-up child, or as a strange, unaccountable, moon-stricken person, waiting helplessly in the street of life to be helped over the road by the crossing-sweeper; on the contrary, the Artist whom I wish to present is one to whom the perfect enjoyment of the five senses is essential to every achievement of his life. He can gain no wealth nor fame by buying something which he never touched, and selling it to another who would also never touch or see it, but was compelled to strike out for himself every spark of fire which lighted, burned, and perhaps consumed him. He must win the battle of life with his own hand, and with his own eyes, and was obliged to act as general, captain, ensign, non-commissioned officer, private, drummer, great arms, small arms, infantry, cavalry, all his own unaided self. When, therefore, I ask help for the artist, I do not make my appeal for one who was a cripple from his birth, but I ask it as part payment of a great debt which all sensible and civilised creatures owe to art, as a mark of respect to art, as a decoration—not as a badge—as a remembrance of what this land, or any land, would be without art, and as the token of an appreciation of the works of the most successful artists of this country."—S 1.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

"The gardener," said Dickens, addressing the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution, on 14th June 1852, "particularly needs such a provision as this Institution affords. His gains are not great; he knows gold and silver more as being of the colour of fruits and flowers than by its presence in his pockets; he is subjected to that kind of labour which renders him peculiarly liable to infirmity; and when old age comes upon him, the gardener is of all men perhaps best able to appreciate the merits of such an institution. To all indeed, present and absent, who are descended from the first 'gardener Adam and his wife,' the benefits of such a society are obvious. In the culture of flowers there cannot, by their very nature, be anything solitary or exclusive. The wind that blows over the cottager's porch, sweeps also over the grounds of the nobleman; and as the rain descends on the just and on the unjust, so it communicates to all gardeners, both rich and poor, an interchange of pleasure and enjoyment; and the gardener of the rich man, in developing and enhancing a fruitful flavour or a delightful scent, is, in some sort, the gardener of everybody else. The love of gardening is associated with all conditions of men, and all periods of time. The scholar and the statesman, men of peace and men of war, have agreed in all ages to delight in gardens. The most ancient people of the earth had gardens where there is now nothing but solitary heaps of earth. The poor man in crowded cities gardens still in jugs and basins and bottles; in factories and workshops people garden; and even the prisoner is found gardening in his lonely cell, after years and years of solitary confinement. Surely, then, the gardener who produces shapes and objects so lovely and so comforting, should have some hold upon the world's remembrance when he himself becomes in need of comfort."—S I.

ON "MATERIALISM" IN PROGRESS.

Dickens delivered the Inaugural Address on the opening of the Winter Session of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, on 27th September 1869.

"I confess," he said, "that I do not understand this much-used and much-abused phrase—the 'material age.' I cannot comprehend—if anybody can I very much doubt—its logical signification. For instance, has electricity become more material in the mind of any sane or moderately insane man, woman, or child, because of the discovery that in the good providence of God it could be made available for the service and use of man to an immeasurably greater extent than for his destruction? Do I make a more material journey to the bedside of my dying parent or my dying child when I travel there at the rate of sixty miles an hour, than when I travel thither at the rate of six? Rather, in the swiftest case, does not my agonised heart become overfraught with gratitude to the Supreme Beneficence from whom alone could have proceeded the

wonderful means of shortening my suspense ? What is the materiality of the cable or the wire compared with the materiality of the spark ? What is the materiality of certain chemical substances that we can weigh or measure, imprison or release, compared with the materiality of their appointed affinities and repulsions presented to them from the instant of their creation to the day of judgment ? When did this so-called material age begin ? With the use of clothing ; with the discovery of the compass ; with the invention of the art of printing ? Surely it has been a long time about ; and which is the more material object, the farthing tallow candle that will not give me light, or that flame of gas which will ? The true material age is the stupid Chinese age, in which no new or grand revelations of nature are granted, because they are ignorantly and insolently repelled, instead of being diligently and humbly sought. The difference between the ancient fiction of the mad braggart defying the lightning and the modern historical picture of Franklin drawing it towards his kite, in order that he might the more profoundly study that which was set before him to be studied (or it would not have been there), happily expresses to my mind the distinction between the much-maligned material sages—material in one sense, I suppose, but in another very immaterial sages—of the Celestial Empire school. Consider whether it is likely or unlikely, natural or unnatural, reasonable or unreasonable, that I, a being capable of thought, and finding myself surrounded by such discovered wonders on every hand, should sometimes ask myself the question—should put to myself the solemn consideration—can these things be among those things which might have been disclosed by divine lips nigh upon two thousand years ago, but that the people of that time could not bear them ? And whether this be so or no, if I am so surrounded on every hand, is not my moral sensibility tremendously increased thereby, and with it my intelligence and submission as a child of Adam and of the dust, before that Shining Source which equally of all that is granted and all that is withheld holds in His mighty hands the unapproachable mysteries of life and death ? “To the students of your industrial classes generally I have had it in my mind, first, to commend the short motto, in two words, ‘Courage—Persevere.’ This is the motto of a friend and worker. I would further commend to them a very wise and witty piece of advice on the conduct of the understanding which was given more than half a century ago by the Rev. Sydney Smith—wisest and wittiest of the friends I have lost. He says—and he is speaking, you will please understand, as I speak, to a school of volunteer students—he says : ‘There is a piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against, the foppery of universality, of knowing all sciences and excelling in all arts—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education very often is, “Take the Admirable Crichton for your model, I would have you ignorant of nothing.” Now,’ says he, ‘my advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant

of a great number of things, in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.' To this I would superadd a little truth, which holds equally good of my own life, and the life of every eminent man I have ever known. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas—such mental qualities, like the qualities of the apparition of the externally armed head in *Macbeth*, will not be commanded; but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it can be cultivated by anyone, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flowers and fruit. I can most truthfully assure you, by the bye, that this eulogium on attention is so far quite disinterested on my part as that it has not the least reference whatever to the attention with which you have honoured me."—S 1.

AS A SPEAKER.

Dickens's sense of decorum, of what was proper when the public gaze was upon him, gave him, as a rule, a somewhat hard and indifferent expression when he appeared as a speaker or reader. There was one occasion, however, when the man himself was revealed. This was at the brilliant gathering in 1867 to wish him God-speed on his departure for America. While Lord Lytton and Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn were eulogising him, he seemed really pained, and his eyes softened again and again as they fell upon the faces of distinguished men sitting in various parts of the room, or on the emblazoned titles of his works placed among the decorations. When he came to respond there was no trace of the actor, or, in one sense, of the artist. What he said came straight from the heart. The music of his voice; his manner, which was perfect, carried away his audience, and never perhaps has a speech been more successful. Dickens's speeches were never written and learned off by heart, like so many orations.—R 2.

I heard all of Dickens's readings, and heard him deliver several after-dinner speeches. Let me say at once that he was the very best after-dinner speaker I ever heard; I do not quite know whom I should put second to him. His voice was rich, full, and deep, capable of imparting without effort every tone and half-tone of emotion, pathetic, inspiring, or humorous, that any spoken words could demand. His deep eyes seemed to flash upon every listener among the audience whom he addressed. I have no doubt that his after-dinner speeches were prepared in some fashion, but they carried with them no hint of preparation. They seemed to come from the very heart of the speaker and to go straight to the heart of the listener. I heard him make his famous speech at the dinner

of the Press Fund, in which he described with so much humour and so much vividness, and with so many sudden gleams of unexpected pathos, some of his own experiences as a reporter; and although most of us in that company were newspaper men in whose minds speech-making had become somewhat too closely associated with mechanical taskwork, I think we were all of us alike carried away by the extraordinary charm of that speech. Dickens's readings seemed most of them in their way inimitable, but I generally found that I could criticise them as I could not criticise his after-dinner eloquence.—Justin McCarthy. *M* 5.

When a lad I heard Charles Dickens speak several times—once at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, London, in Charles Kean's days. On that occasion, the *Merchant of Venice* having been performed the night before, Dickens had an eloquent allusive passage describing what had been the scene. Always his delivery was very splendid, with much pomp and rotundity in it; but evidencing that what he was saying had been written and learnt. Another time I heard him was during the Crimean War. The calamitous blunders that had taken place and the culpable confusion which prevailed in the Crimea led to the formation of an Administrative Reform Association, of which Mr. Roebuck was chairman. A meeting in support of it was held at Drury Lane Theatre, at which Charles Dickens was a principal speaker. The place of meeting again took his thoughts into the theatrical region, from which they were never very remote, and he had a passage in his speech comparing the whole business of the war to the performance of a play. The peroration of this passage was as follows—and I recall it thinking of what I have said of Bernard Vaughan, and of the suggestion of that story that the taught kind of elocution does not tell best in British public speaking: "And if anyone questions," said the highly elocutionary novelist—"if anyone questions our right to criticise the performance, our reply is that the orchestra consists of a very powerful piper, whom we have to pay." I don't mean to say that this—delivered with magnificent inflection—did not tell. It did. But, all the same, one felt that a little of such speaking went a long way, and that to bring oratory to such elocutionary perfection was not the way to make it perfect.—Sir Edward Russell, in *That Reminds Me*.

Dickens was by far the best after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. I was so much in the habit of going with him to public dinners, and the managers of those entertainments so frequently begged me to propose his health as chairman, that it became a joke between us as to whether I could possibly find anything new to say. On one occasion—it was at one of the Newsvendors' dinners—I said nothing at all! I duly rose, but, after a few words, my thoughts entirely deserted me, I entirely lost the thread of what I had intended saying. I felt as though a black veil were dropped over my head; all I could do was to mutter "health," "chairman," and to sit down. I was tolerably well known to the guests at those dinners, and they

were evidently much astonished. They cheered the toast, as in duty bound, and Dickens was on his feet in a moment. "Often," he said—"often as I have had the pleasure of having my health proposed by my friend, who has just sat down, I have never yet seen him so overcome by his affection and generous emotion as on the present occasion." These words turned what would have been a fiasco into a triumph. "I saved you that time, I think, sir!" he said to me as I walked away with him. "Serves you well right for being over-confident!"—Edmund Yates. Y.

HIS METHOD OF SPEECH-MAKING.

Mr. J. H. Yoxall, the author of *The Wander Years*, once met Lewis Carroll in the dons' common room at Christ Church, Oxford. The talk turned on public speaking and the use of written notes. One of the dons cited Dickens. Dickens, the most brilliant after-dinner speaker of his day, never used a written note.

"He used to construct the mental image of a wheel," continued the don, "with the heads of his speech to form the spokes, and the illustration for each to form the tire. As he went on speaking, you could see him knock each used portion of his mental wheel away with a raised finger, and when he had knocked away all the spokes——"

"He had spoken," said Lewis Carroll, the only words he uttered all the evening.—*Youth's Companion* (Boston), 1909.

HIS RULE OF LIFE.

The novelist's "rule of life," taken from *David Copperfield*, runs as follows: "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my own work, whatever it was, I find now to have been one of my golden rules."

IX

AMONG HIS FRIENDS

FORSTER: THE "HARBITRARY GENT."

There is a lifelike miniature sketch of Forster in his own biography of Dickens, and done by the latter. Mrs. Gamp is supposed to have resolved on accompanying Dickens and his troupe of amateur actors, bound for Manchester and Liverpool, to perform *Every Man in his Humour*, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt's exchequer. Forster was to play Master Kitley. Mrs. Gamp is standing on the platform, and an attaché of Dickens's company points out to her its various members as they make their appearance to enter the train—Douglas Jerrold, Leech, etc. In her own inimitable style she is reporting, in a letter to Mrs. Harris, what she saw and heard. When Forster arrives, "this resolute gent," she is told, "a-coming along here as is aperrantly going to take the railways by storm—him with the tight legs, and his weskit very much buttoned, and his mouth very much shut, and his coat a-flying open, and his heels a-giving it to the platform, is a criket and beeogruffer and our principal tragedian."—*E.*

Among the Fleet Street cabmen Mr. Forster was known as the "Bob man," it being his custom to ride from the office to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when his work was finished in the early hours of the morning, for which he paid one shilling. The fare was an acceptable one as the distance was short; but I fear that the driver, no less than Mr. Carter and the composers, would have agreed with his fare's friend Mr. Dickens, in describing Mr. Forster as "a harbitrary gent."—John Britton, in the *Daily News*, January 21, 1896.

Sir John Robinson met Dickens frequently at the board meetings of the Guild of Literature and Art. Forster he never knew intimately, but what he did see of him tended to confirm the cabman's dictum that he was a "harbitrary gent." Mr. Forster's great defect was that he would be the central figure wherever he was—in society or in literature. Pomposity seemed to be connected with Forster's very name. In his works he frequently gave pain to others, not from any malicious motive, but from an overweening sense of his own consequence. He had, however, a genuine affection

for Dickens, and this covered many littlenesses. Dickens, although of course he was aware of this, delighted in a jovial way to make sport of his friend's peculiarities. Those who had the pleasure of walking home with the author of *Pickwick* after a dinner at which Forster had been a guest, were delighted with his imitations of the interruptions, the forwardness, the assumptions of infallible knowledge of the biographer and essayist. Dickens had a sincere regard for him, and valued his opinion on literary questions, but he laughed at him—sometimes to his face—and made boisterous fun of his pretensions. One of the novelist's stories was that, dining one day at Forster's house, and boiled beef being put on the table, the host noticed that there were no carrots. "Mary," he said, "carrots!" The girl said there were none. "Mary," was the stern rejoinder (with a wave of the hand), "*let there be carrots!*"—R 2.

Once, when I was staying with Walter Savage Landor, he had a small dinner-party, of Dickens, John Forster, and myself. This was my first introduction to both these men. I found Dickens charming, and Forster pompous, heavy, and ungenial. Dickens was bright and gay and winsome, and while treating Mr. Landor with the respect of a younger man for an elder, allowed his wit to play about him, bright and harmless as summer lightning. He included me, then quite a beginner in literature, young in years and shy by temperament, and made me feel at home with him; but Forster was saturnine and cynical. He was the "harbiterary gent" of the cabman's rank, and one of the most jealous of men. Dickens and Landor were his property—pocket-boroughs in a way—and he resented the introduction of a third person and a stranger.—Mrs. Lynn Linton, in *The Bookman* (New York), vol. iii.

[Mrs. Lynn Linton always speaks very bitterly of Forster. Elsewhere in the same article she calls him "treacherous and disloyal as he was egotistic and jealous." Referring to his *Life of Landor*, too, she remarks, "When he was dead and done with, and of no more value to the man he had trusted, then the true nature of the 'friendship' came to light, and the result was a cold and carping and unsympathetic biography."]

Forster, as a fine critic, an accomplished man of the world, a lawyer, and an editor, was the friend and helper of many literary men. His name figures largely in the indexes of all the best memoirs of the period, and it still crops up in new narratives. For many years he was the factotum of Browning. The references to him in the Browning Letters betray at times a certain restiveness, and occasionally a little dissatisfaction, on the part of the poet. As a matter of fact, their relations came to a sudden close, and the story of the quarrel—sudden and awful as a tornado—has just been told in Mr. R. C. Lehmann's very interesting *Memories of Half a Century* (L 2). To such an extent did Forster claim proprietorship over Browning that he expected the poet to dine with him every Sunday, or to be invited with Browning to other tables on that day. Quoting from the diary of his father, Mr.

Lehmann relates how Browning's nervous and sensitive nature at last rebelled against this bear-leading.

"At a dinner at 10 Kensington Palace Gardens, the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. Benzon, Browning and Forster began to nag at each other, and so continued for some time, till Browning spoke of the incredible neglect which had lately occurred at Marlborough House, where, when the Princess of Wales had suddenly been taken very ill, no carriage could be got for the purpose of fetching a doctor. Forster at once ridiculed the story as a foolish invention. Browning gave chapter and verse, adding that he had it from Lady ——. Forster retorted that he did not believe it a whit more on account of that authority. Suddenly Browning became very fierce, and said, 'Dare to say one word in disparagement of that lady'—seizing a decanter while he spoke—and I will pitch this bottle of claret at your head!' Forster seemed as much taken aback as the other guests. Our host, who had left the room with Sir Edwin Landseer, on his return at this moment found Browning standing up in great anger, with a decanter in his hand ready for action. He had the greatest difficulty in realising the situation. I soon made him hurry everyone from the room, but all attempts to bring about an immediate apology or reconciliation were in vain. A kind of peace was, however, patched up before Forster's death."

Forster threatened to be a bachelor after his brief betrothal to Letitia E. Landon, the graceful writer of album stories and verses, whose unhappy end on the Gold Coast is an old story. But in 1856 he astonished his friends by marrying. Particularly he astonished Dickens, who wrote: "I have the most prodigious, overwhelming, crushing, astounding, blinding, deafening, pulverising, scarifying secret, of which Forster is the hero . . . after I knew it (from himself) this morning, I lay down flat as if an engine and tender had fallen upon me." Forster's chosen wife was the widow of Colburn, the publisher, who owned a house in Montague Square, to which Forster removed, retaining, however, his chambers in 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields—where Tennyson also lived.

In play, as well as in business, Forster held his own. When arranging private theatricals, Dickens, with a true appreciation of his character, awarded him the part in Lytton's comedy *Not so Bad as We Seem* of Mr. Hardman, who said severe things and did kind ones. Leigh Hunt says that in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* Forster delivered his lines with a musical flow and a sense of their grace and beauty "unknown, I believe, to the recitation of actors at present. At least, I have never heard anything like it since Edmund Kean's. The lines came out of his lips as if he loved them. I allude particularly, in this instance, to his performance of the Younger Brother. But he did it always, when sweet verse required it." Nearly all the manuscripts of Dickens's novels came into Forster's hands, and were bequeathed by him to the nation, along with his valuable collection of books and paintings. Forster died in 1876, just when his last biography, his *Life of Jonathan Swift*, was appearing.—*T.P.'s Weekly*, November 27, 1908.

It is certain that Forster took the utmost interest in Dickens, even to the extent of seeing everything he wrote through the press, and as to the genuineness of Dickens's regard for him I have the most positive proof. Dickens once wrote to me spelling the word "Foster" (in "Foster Brothers") with an *r* "because I am always thinking of my friend Forster." Long afterwards, in acknowledging a service, which I had been fortunately able to do for him, in terms far more generous than it deserved, he actually signs the letter, not Charles Dickens, but John Forster !—*P* 4.

John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, was also a life-long friend of Jerrold's; but we imagine his friendship with the latter must have been frequently strained almost to snapping-point. . . . When some friends were talking of Forster, and one of them suggested that he was to Dickens what Boswell was to Johnson, Jerrold agreed; "But with this difference," said he, "that he does not do the 'Boz' well." This was not necessarily unfriendly. But when, some time after, he went up to the modern Boswell at his club, and said, "Well, Forster, they tell me Dickens pays the dog-tax for you," it must be admitted that none but the most good-natured of friends would ever have forgiven the insult.—*F* 8.

Forster had the most gentle heart, with a reserve of genuine tenderness, which was a surprise in so burly and obstreperous a being. He loved to cherish anniversaries, birthdays, and the like, and clung fondly to their recurring festivities. When Dickens's last birthday came round in 1870, Forster invited him and his sister-in-law to dine. Charles Kent has described to me how, after dinner, the kindly host drank to his old friend's health, and then in a tumult of feeling, rising up, his full glass in his hand, walked round to Dickens, and, with tears in his eyes and voice, clasped his hand and faltered, "God bless you!" This little scene was the fitting close to a friendship of over thirty years, and brings Forster before us in his most amiable and attractive guise.—*F* 3.

THACKERAY: THE YATES QUARREL.

It was in the year 1836 that Mr. Thackeray, according to an anecdote related by himself, offered Mr. Dickens to undertake the task of illustrating one of his works. The story was told by the former at an anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy a few years since, Mr. Dickens being present on the occasion. "I can remember" (said Mr. Thackeray) "when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works in covers, which were coloured light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. But for the unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavoured one day to find a

place on these walls for one of my performances." The work referred to was the *Pickwick Papers*.—H 4.

In the June of 1858, Mr. Edmund Yates, then editing a periodical called *Town Talk*, bethought himself, in an evil moment, and when under the immediate necessity of producing "copy," to write an article on "Mr. W. M. Thackeray." The article opened with a description of Thackeray's appearance, a description which, though not flattering, might probably have been borne with equanimity. But the writer then went on to say :

"No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman ; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent ; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched. . . ."

Of this article it is needless to speak in stronger language than that used by Mr. Yates himself. Even at the time he made no attempt to defend it ; and, writing years afterwards, he says that "no one can see more clearly than" he does its "silliness and bad taste." But, granting to the full that the article was a peccant article, I fear it must be owned, even by Thackeray's admirers, that the punishment inflicted on the writer was disproportionate, and, which is worse, not of an altogether right kind.

He first, on the 14th of June 1858, wrote a fierce letter to Mr. Yates, a letter so couched as certainly not to facilitate apology or retraction. Mr. Yates appealed for advice to Dickens, and the impression produced at the time seems certainly to have been that Dickens conducted the controversy from this point in a spirit hostile to Thackeray. Be that as it may, Thackeray next took the unusual course of appealing to the committee of the Garrick Club, on the plea that he had only met Mr. Yates at the Club, and that it was for the Club to protect him against Mr. Yates's insults. This, with all admiration for Thackeray, was scarcely, I think, *de bonne guerre*. The case was hardly one on which the Club ought to have been called upon to adjudicate ; nor, in truth, did Thackeray himself come into court with perfectly clean hands, for he had made some of the members figure in his books, and not to their advantage. However, his influence at the Club was paramount. Dickens was a member too, but did not go there very often, while Thackeray was extremely fond of "the G.," "the little G.," "the dearest place in the world," as he affectionately called it, and a constant *habitué*. In July, at a general meeting, resolutions were passed, notwithstanding all that Dickens and Wilkie Collins could urge, which involved the ejection of Mr. Yates from the Club unless he made "ample apology." This he refused to do, and he was turned out—a tremendous punishment, it must be owned, to a young fellow of twenty-seven just beginning life.

It is difficult to understand why Thackeray was so ruffled by an article in an obscure paper like *Town Talk*. The explanation given at the time, and very current since, is that the whole affair was an outburst of long-smouldering jealousy between Thackeray

and Dickens. Such a surmise must, from its nature, be difficult of proof or disproof. Mr. Yates says, "There was no intimacy, nor anything really like friendship between the two men." And this is possibly true, though there are many records of friendly meetings, as at Boulogne in 1854, and at the private theatricals at Tavistock House on the 18th of June 1855. Dickens was no critic, except where art of a similar kind to his own was concerned, and most likely thought rather meanly of his great rival's works. Thackeray, whose literary culture was far wider, expressed, both in his writings, and also in private correspondence never meant for publication, a very just appreciation of Dickens's magnificent gifts.—F. T. Marzials. *M* 3.

Here is Mr. Yates's own story, condensed from his *Recollections*:

Dickens had taken the chair at the dinner to Thackeray in '55, and had alluded to the "treasures of wit and wisdom within the yellow covers": Thackeray, in his lectures on "Weekday Preachers," declared that he thought Dickens was specially commissioned by Divine Benevolence to delight mankind. But Dickens read little, and thought less, of Thackeray's later work; and once, when I was speaking of the ruthless strictures of the *Saturday Review* on *Little Dorrit*, Thackeray, agreeing with me in the main, added, with that strange, half-humorous, half-serious look, "though, between ourselves, my dear Yates, *Little D.* is Deed stupid."

Of course, Thackeray knew perfectly well that Dickens was advising me in all my movements in this matter, that he had publicly espoused my cause at the general meeting, and had resigned his seat on the committee on account of my treatment by that body; but the subject was never discussed in any way between the two men until late in the autumn of this same year [1858].

In November, Dickens, returning to town after an absence of some months, heard from me that the writ in my action was about to be served. He expressed to me, I dare say for the fiftieth time, his conviction that the Garrick Club Committee had no right to interfere in the matter, but at the same time reiterated his recommendation that it should be accommodated without legal proceedings and without public scandal. Upon this, two letters passed between him and Thackeray. I asked Dickens for these letters, and his reply was: "As the receiver of my letter did not respect the confidence in which it addressed him, there can be none left for you to violate. I send you what I wrote to Thackeray and what he wrote to me, and you are at perfect liberty to print the two. I am, of course, your authority for doing so."

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.,

Wednesday, November 24, 1858.

"MY DEAR THACKERAY,—Without a word of prelude, I wish this note to revert to a subject on which I said six words to you at the

Athenæum when I last saw you. . . . Can any conference be held between me, as representing Mr. Yates, and an appointed friend of yours, as representing you, with the hope and purpose of some quiet accommodation of this deplorable matter, which will satisfy the feelings of all concerned?—Yours faithfully, CHARLES DICKENS."

"36 ONSLOW SQUARE,
November 26, 1858.

"DEAR DICKENS,—Ever since I submitted my case to the Club, I have had, and can have, no part in the dispute. It is for them to judge if any reconciliation is possible with your friend. I subjoin the copy of a letter which I wrote to the Committee, and refer you to them for the issue.—Yours, etc., W. M. THACKERAY."

The letter to the Committee practically repeats both Dickens's note and Thackeray's reply.

So far as I am concerned, I never heard that the Committee took any steps whatever in regard to this communication. Within a few weeks the legal action was abandoned on my part, and the affair was at an end.

John Forster, in his *Life of Charles Dickens*, alludes to this matter as a "small estrangement, hardly now worth mention, even in a note." This is all very well; but the estrangement was complete and continuous, and Dickens and Thackeray never exchanged but the most casual conversation afterwards. And most certainly at the time no one was more energetically offended with Thackeray than John Forster himself. I perfectly well remember his rage when Dickens showed him the letter of the 26th November, and how he burst out with "He be damned, with his 'yours, etc.'!"

I had seen Dickens twice before his departure for Paris—once when he presided over a dinner given to Thackeray, immediately before his departure for America (October 11, 1855), at which, through the kindness of Peter Cunningham, who acted as honorary secretary, I managed to be present. It was a most interesting occasion, and Dickens, in proposing the toast of the evening, spoke with much eloquence. Thackeray, too, was plainly moved, so much so that his reply was very short; he tried to pass off his emotion with some joke about the coming voyage and the steward, but it was too much for him. Dickens left early, and Jerrold was voted to the chair; whence he made a speech, proposing the health of Shirley Brooks, as the "most rising journalist of the day." Brooks at that time had but recently joined the *Punch* staff.—Y.

Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson refers to the famous quarrel as follows:

"To me the affair was nothing more than 'Thackeray's squabble with Yates about the article in *Town Talk*,' when I happened to come upon the author of *Vanity Fair*, as he was sitting alone in the dining-room of No. 16 Wimpole Street, waiting to be admitted to Henry (nowadays Sir Henry) Thompson's consulting-room.

"'Ah, young 'un,' said the great man, greeting me with a beaming

smile, as I entered the room, 'I am glad you have come to bear me company.'

"Passing abruptly to a very different subject, he startled me by saying—

"What do people say, youngster, about my row with Yates?' Possibly because he saw in my face an indisposition to speak frankly on the delicate matter, he followed up the question quickly. 'Come, tell me what you hear.'

"On being thus pressed to play the part of a reporter, I replied—

"You do not need to be told what your enemies and detractors say. Nor can there be any need for me to tell you what is being said of you by your extravagant partisans, who, though they applaud whatever you do, are scarcely to be called your friends. Your judicious admirers—all the people whose opinion on the matter is worth a rush, the people whose view of the affair will be everybody's judgment five-and-twenty-years hence—unite in saying you have made a prodigious mistake, and are forgetful of your dignity in showing so much annoyance at a few saucy words, and in condescending to quarrel with so young and unimportant a person as Mr. Yates.'

"The immediate consequence of these words was that Thackeray, flushing with surprise and irritation, exclaimed, 'Confound your impudence, youngster.'

"Rising to my feet at this outbreak of petulance, I looked steadily into my companion's face, before I answered slowly—

"Pardon me, Mr. Thackeray, for not flattering you with an untruth, when you pressed me to give you information.'

"Doubtless these words were spoken with a slight show of combativeness; for the youngster did not like being 'confounded for his impudence.' But I am sure they were not spoken in an offensive tone.

"You were quite right,' returned Thackeray, 'and it is for me to beg your pardon. You were right to tell me the truth, and I thank you for telling it. Since *Vanity Fair* people have been less quick to tell me the truth than they were before the book made me successful. But—but——' As he said 'but—but,' he rose from his seat to his full height, and looked down upon me with a face coloured with emotion. 'But—but,' he continued, 'you may not think, young 'un, that I am quarrelling with Mr. Yates. I am hitting the man behind him.'

"Fortunately, my *l'ite-à-l'ite* with the great man was ended at that moment by Henry Thompson's appearance in the room.

"Though I never had any personal intercourse with Charles Dickens (albeit he wrote me two or three letters in 1858, and was so good as to give me a general invitation to visit him at Gad's Hill), I am not without grounds for holding a strong opinion that his action in the Yates-Thackeray quarrel proceeded in no degree from jealousy of Thackeray, that he never was jealous of Thackeray, that he never regarded himself as a competitor with Thackeray for literary pre-eminence, and that, from the dawn of Thackeray's

success to the hour of his death, the rivalry of the two novelists was a one-sided rivalry. It is certain that Thackeray was keenly emulous of Dickens's literary success, and passionately desirous of surpassing it. There were times when this desire affected him so vehemently that he may be said to have suffered from Dickens-on-the-brain. He was enduring an acute visitation of the malady, when he went into Chapman & Hall's place of business, and begged to be told what was the average monthly sale of Dickens's then current story. On being shown the account of the monthly sales, he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled surprise and mortification, 'What!—so far ahead of me as all that!'

"As his green leaves had a far larger circulation than Thackeray's yellow covers; as ten persons went to his 'readings' for every individual who paid to hear Thackeray lecture; as his works were no less generally read than Thackeray's books by the very classes who are said to have preferred the author of *Vanity Fair* to the author of *David Copperfield*; as his professional position was strengthened by his possession of a singularly successful weekly periodical, whilst Thackeray never possessed any important periodical; as his average yearly earnings must have been three times as great as Thackeray's average yearly earnings; as his financial prosperity was never diminished or checked by Thackeray's success; as he was read and applauded by the whole nation, whilst Thackeray had no strong hold on the public outside the lines of 'Society,' and was not universally admired by that small proportion of the English people—one fails to see why Dickens should have been jealous of Thackeray, or have regarded him as a competitor who was running him close, and might possibly get before him. Certainly Dickens was not jealous of his literary address and peculiar ability; for, though he recognised the greatness of his genius and admired *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*, he rated them none too highly, and saw little to commend in Thackeray's subsequent writings. Mr. Yates, who knew Dickens intimately and studied him shrewdly, tells us in his autobiography that 'Dickens read little and thoughtless of Thackeray's later work,'—an announcement that may cause readers to remark, 'So much the worse for Dickens!'

"Jealousy does not appear to have been one of Dickens's failings. He had quite as much reason to be jealous of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton (Lord Lytton) and of Wilkie Collins, when they were in the fulness of their powers and popularity, as he had to be jealous of Thackeray; but he lived in friendliness with them, and invited them to write for him."—*J* 2.

From what I have said of Thackeray's desire to surpass Dickens, readers may not infer that it was a passion either mean in itself or likely to degenerate into envy and hatred of the more popular novelist. An essentially and uniformly generous passion, it was attended with a cordial recognition of the genius of Charles Dickens, and with enthusiastic admiration of his finer artistic achievements. Though he often spoke to me of Dickens and his literary doings,

I never heard him utter a word in disparagement of the writer whom he laboured to outshine. I do not mean to imply that he admired everything that came from Dickens's pen, or that he was never heard to express dissatisfaction with a work by Dickens. I only wish to imply that I cannot conceive him to have ever spoken a word in censure of anything written by Dickens that could be fairly attributed to the malice of jealousy. In remarking to Mr. Yates that "*Little D.* was Deed stupid," Thackeray said no more in dispraise of *Little Dorrit* than he said in dispraise of his own *Virginians*, when he spoke of it to Motley as a "devilish stupid" book. He repeatedly avowed to me his desire to be thought a greater novelist than Dickens, but in doing so he always displayed a passionate admiration of the writer whom he was striving to precede. On one occasion, after descanting on the excellences of the new number of Dickens's then current book, he brought his fist down upon the table with a thump as he exclaimed, "What is the use of my trying to run before that man, or by his side? I can't touch him—I can't get near him."

My whilom friend, George Hodder, in his *Memories of my Time*, gives a similar example of Thackeray's enthusiastic admiration of the novelist whom he desired to surpass.

"Putting No. 5 of *Dombey and Son* in his pocket," Hodder says of Thackeray, "he hastened down to Mr. Punch's printing-office, and entering the editor's room, where I chanced to be the only person present except Mr. Mark Lemon himself, he dashed it on the table with startling vehemence, and exclaimed, 'There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance. Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!'"

On another occasion he said to me with mingled sadness and magnanimity, that seemed to me to be both noble and pathetic. "I am played out. All I can do now is to bring out my old puppets, and put new bits of riband upon them. But, if he live to be ninety, Dickens will still be creating new characters. In his art that man is marvellous."

I know him to have spoken to other persons in the same strain and almost in the same words about the novelist whom he admired so greatly.—J 2.

The death of Thackeray, December 24, 1863, caused universal distress. The day of his burial at Kensal Green cemetery (December 30) was beautiful, and a large throng surrounded his grave. . . . Nearly every literary man in London was present. I particularly remarked the emotion of Charles Dickens.

After the funeral I walked away with Robert Browning, and we were presently joined by Dickens, to whom the poet introduced me. Dickens warmly admired Browning, and I was told he once said to a friend that he would rather have written "*Colombe's Birthday*" than any of his novels. As my road lay in another direction, I mounted an omnibus and sat beside the driver, who inquired if Charles Dickens had been at the funeral, adding, "I

would just like to see that man." When I told him Dickens had passed on ahead he lashed his horses, but Dickens had disappeared, and Browning was with Tom Taylor. But the driver was partly consoled by seeing the author of his favourite play, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*.

Dickens was a wonder. The more I saw of London the more I loved and honoured the London Dante who had invested it with romance, and peopled its streets and alleys with spirits, so that the huge city could never more be seen without his types and shadows. He had his limitations, no doubt; had he been born in France, where genius is free to deal with every side of human life, Dickens might have been greater. To me he remained the chief marvel of his time. I felt some satisfaction in telling him that Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and other children of his had been far back in the forties our beloved friends in a Virginian village of which he had never heard; that I had myself lost my position as a model school-boy and been flogged for jumping out of the school window and playing truant in order to see him alight from the stage-coach in Fredericksburg; and that his description of the fearful roads by which he journeyed thither hastened the building of a railway.—Moncure D. Conway. C 3.

The estrangement between Dickens and Thackeray, rising out of the Garrick battle, ended in the hall of the Athenæum, where Sir Theodore Martin was the witness of his going after Dickens when he had passed him one day, and saying at the foot of the stairs some words to the effect that he could not bear to be on any but the old terms. He insisted on shaking hands; and Dickens did. "The next time I saw Dickens" (it was not long after), Sir Theodore writes to me, "he was looking down into the grave of his great rival, in Kensal Green. How he must have rejoiced, I thought, that they had so shaken hands." Sir Theodore, whose bond with him was nothing if not literary, thought Thackeray curiously free from literary jealousy; and certainly nothing bears this out more entirely than his casual remarks on Dickens in the Brookfield letters, such as "Get *David Copperfield*; by Jingo, it's beautiful; it beats the yellow chap of this month" (*Pendennis*) "hollow." Or this, which illustrates at the same time his careful spirit of criticism and proper estimate of his own work:

"Have you read Dickens? Oh! it is charming. 'Brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens's touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place, it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the O.A.'s works, has been copying the O.A., and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer, and *David Copperfield* will be improved by taking a lesson from *Vanity Fair*.'"—Herman Merivale. M 3.

Mark Lemon told me the story about Edmund Yates, Thackeray,

Dickens, and the Garrick Club, and I was sorry for everyone mixed up in that affair, especially for Thackeray, who, I rather fancy, was not absolutely satisfied with the line he had taken, although he could not subsequently retract. *Tantaene coelestibus irae!* My notion of it, in my Gospel "according to Mark," is that Edmund Yates was wrong to begin with, that Thackeray was wrong to go on with, and that Charles Dickens acted impulsively and rather more hastily than he would otherwise have done, had it been against anyone except Thackeray. To paraphrase Mr. Mantalini's summing up, "None were right and all were wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"—Sir Francis Burnand. B 3.

Paxton (afterwards Sir Joseph Paxton, once head gardener of Chatsworth) became intimate with a group of literary men, including Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Douglas Jerrold, and joined in starting the *Daily News*. The Duke consequently struck up a friendship with them, and at one time saw a good deal of them. This resulted in a play written by Douglas Jerrold being acted by these authors at Devonshire House.

I once missed meeting Dickens at Chatsworth, who left on the day of my arrival. Thackeray came that same afternoon, and was anxious to hear about Dickens's visit. He wondered whether he had toadied the Duke very much. My impression is that, though professing to be friends, these two great novelists did not care much for one another. I once met Dickens at a large dinner at Mr. Motley's (the American Minister and historian), but did not get introduced to him. Thackeray I often met, both in society and at the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was always with great pleasure, for, besides being an admirable writer, he was a brilliant conversationalist. If I were asked which of these two novelists I preferred I should consider it a difficult question to answer, their merits being so distinct. But if pressed I should perhaps say that Dickens is the most humorous, but that Thackeray gives us a truer representation of life.—Hon. F. Leveson-Gower. G.

THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

As is well known the author of *Rab and His Friends* was an enthusiastic admirer of Thackeray, but he did not relish the writings of Dickens. In early life Dr. Brown spent a year as an assistant surgeon at Chatham. Long after he met Charles Dickens for the first and only time. The conversation turned on nationalities, and Dickens said that he had been cured of any cockney prejudice against Scotsmen which he might have had by the heroic conduct of a young Scotch surgeon which he had witnessed at Chatham during the cholera time. Strange to say this young surgeon was none other than the friend to whom he was telling the story.—*Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The glimpses we get of Jerrold at home and among his friends almost all exhibit him in an amiable light. His son describes an



DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" AT 58 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1844

From the drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

afternoon in the garden of West Lodge, Putney, when grave editors and contributors, after basting one another with knotted handkerchiefs, wound up the afternoon's play by romping and turning heels over head among the haycocks in the orchard. And on another occasion, after a dinner-party in the garden tent, all the guests, including Dickens, Maclise, Macready, and John Forster, indulged in a most hilarious game at leap-frog.—*F* 8.

"Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined each with his own separate party, in the 'Stranger's Room' of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, 'For God's sake, let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this.'" I am grateful to Mr. Dickens for this frank and tender revelation. It is a powerful answer to the writers who have perseveringly endeavoured to present the subject of this memoir to the world as a bitter cynic.—*J* 3.

On the morning of the funeral of Douglas Jerrold I had a letter from Dickens, asking me to dine at the Garrick, as he wanted to talk to me on a matter of business. I went, and found Albert and Arthur Smith of the party. They had all been to the ceremony at Norwood in the morning, and Dickens spoke very strongly of the fuss and flourish with which it had been conducted. The mourners, it seemed, wore bands of crape with the initials "D. J." round their arms, and there was a funeral-car, of which Dickens declared he heard one old woman in the crowd say to another that it was "just like the late Dook o' Wellington's." After dinner we had pens, ink, and paper, and Dickens unfolded his scheme, which was to raise a fund for the benefit of Jerrold's widow and family.

It was to be done in the most delicate manner, and all would assist. Thackeray would lecture, so would W. H. Russell; Dickens would give a reading; there would be a performance of *Black-eyed Susan* at the Adelphi, with the veteran T. P. Cooke in his original character; a performance of the Dickens troupe of amateurs in *The Frozen Deep*, etc. One great point was to let the public know what was intended instantly, whilst Jerrold's death was fresh in their minds; another, not to spend too much money in advertising. With the view of combining these *desiderata*, Dickens drew up a short memorandum for the committee, which he asked me to take round that night to the editors of the principal journals, requesting them to publish it in the morning, with a few introductory lines of their own. The programme was carried out, in its entirety, with great success, the sum raised being, I think, over two thousand pounds.—*Y*.

THOMAS HOOD.

“DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Monday [? May 1844].

“MY DEAR DICKENS,—I cannot say how delighted I was to learn from my friend Ward that you had promised me a little ‘bit o’ writin’ to help me to launch afloat again. It has been a cruel business, and I really wanted help in it, or I should not have announced it, knowing how much you have to do. I am certainly a lucky man and an unlucky man too—for S—— is far better than the promise of ——.

“By the bye, I have heard one or two persons doubt the reality of a Pecksniff—or the possibility—but I have lately met two samples of the breed. —— is most decidedly a Pecksniffian; as Ward says, he is so ‘confoundedly virtuous.’—Yours very truly,

“THOS. HOOD.”

The literary help mentioned above was promptly afforded by Mr. Dickens, in spite of his own multifarious engagements. It consisted of a “Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood, from an elderly gentleman, by the favour of Charles Dickens, Esq.” About this time Tom Thumb was the rage in London, and at Windsor, and the letter was a clever satire on the folly of this childish admiration of “the abridgement of all that is pleasant in man.”

(In a letter from the same address, but dated simply “Tuesday,” Hood remarks on the above “Letter”: “Your paper is capital. I had been revolted myself by the royal running after the American mite, and the small-mindedness of being so fond of an unmagnified man or child. I cannot understand the wish to see a dwarf twice.”)—*Memorials of Thomas Hood*, by his son and daughter.

MARK LEMON.

A serious quarrel broke out between Dickens and the *Punch* men, publishers and editor alike—a quarrel wholly on Dickens’s side. So great had been his intimacy and his influence that he could cause the insertion of a cartoon and even bring about the alteration of the Dinner day. But now, on the unhappy differences between himself and his wife, trouble arose between old friends. Mark Lemon had naturally leaned towards the wife, from chivalry and sense of right, and the publishers preferred to take no share in a quarrel in which they certainly had no concern. On May 28, 1859, the whole of the back page of *Punch* was given to an advertisement of *Once a Week*, which was to follow *Household Words*, and to an explanation of the position of affairs between “Mr. Charles Dickens and his late publishers.” . . . So this foolish estrangement went on until, years afterwards, Clarkson Stanfield on his death-bed besought Dickens to resume his friendship with the man with whom, after all, he had had no cause of quarrel. So Dickens sent to Lemon (whom he doubtless suspected of having written the publishers’

damaging defence just quoted) a kindly letter when "Uncle Mark" appeared as Falstaff before the public, and when Stanfield was buried the two men clasped hands over his open grave; and, later on, when Dickens died, some of the most touching and beautiful verses which ever appeared in *Punch* were devoted to his memory.—S 3.

On March 20, 1849, at the Marylebone Police Court, to quote the faithful record of *The Times* of the following day: "Mr. Charles Dickens ('Boz') and Mr. Mark Lemon attended at this court—the latter for the purpose of preferring a charge of attempted robbery against Cornelius Hearne, age nineteen, and the former as a witness in the case.

"Mr. Lemon, on being sworn, said, last evening, about nine o'clock, as I was walking with my friend Mr. Dickens along the Edgware Road, I felt a hand in my coat pocket, and on turning round saw the prisoner draw his hand therefrom. I gave him a rap with my stick, when he abused me and ran away. I and Mr. Dickens ran after him, and he was shortly afterwards taken. He was extremely violent, and he kicked me very severely on the knee.

"Mr. Broughton: Did you miss anything from your pocket?

"Mr. Lemon: I did not, sir.

"Mr. Charles Dickens: I was with Mr. Lemon, and saw him turn suddenly round upon the prisoner, who speedily ran away. We pursued him, and when he was taken he was most violent: he is a very desperate fellow, and he kicked about in all directions. There was a mob of low fellows close by when he tried Mr. Lemon's pocket, and we were determined that he should not effect his escape if we could prevent it.

"Police-Constable 229 D: I was on duty last night in plain clothes, and saw the prisoner running, with two gentlemen in pursuit of him, and he was at length captured.

"Beckley, another officer of the D Division, deposed to his having known the prisoner for years as a reputed thief. He had been tried, and also summarily convicted at this and other police courts.

"Prisoner: I was walking along quietly when the gentlemen suddenly stopped, and I came against one of them; they turned round and struck me, and I said, 'What do you do that for?' when they laid into me again. I got away, and they called 'Stop thief.'

"Mr. Dickens: When at the station I said I thought I knew the prisoner, and that I had seen him at the House of Correction.

"Prisoner: Now, your Worship, he must have been in quod there himself, or he couldn't have seen me. I know these two gentlemen well; they're no better than swell mob-mon, and get their living by buying stolen goods. (Laughter.) That one (pointing to Mr. Dickens) keeps a 'fence,' and I recollect him at the prison, where he was put in for six months, while I was only there for two.

"Both the literary gentlemen seemed to enjoy amazingly the honour which the prisoner had with such unblushing effrontery conferred upon them, but, as may be readily imagined, neither of them confessed to having any connection whatever with that

‘highly respectable’ body, the swell mob, or to obtaining a livelihood by dealing in stolen goods. Mr. Broughton, after remarking upon the consummate impudence of the prisoner, committed him to hard labour in the House of Correction for three months.”

This inexpert young thief, with his talent for imaginative abuse, might almost have stepped out of the pages of *Oliver Twist*.—A correspondent in the *Yorkshire Post*, April 13, 1909.

JOHN LEECH.

Leech, it seemed, could be as humorous as he pleased, and as whimsical. . . . He made merciless fun of sea-sickness . . . one would almost be led to believe that Leech shared the immunity of the robust scoffers whom one usually sees behind a big cigar on board the yacht or steamboat. Yet when he crossed to Boulogne on a visit to Dickens, and was received with uproarious applause from what Americans call the “side-walk committee,” by reason of his superior greenness and more abject misery, he was quite pleased, and said with the utmost gratification that he felt he had made a great hit. His companionship with Dickens was frequent; and when, in 1848, he was overthrown by a wave while bathing at Bonchurch, and received a slight concussion of the brain, the novelist rendered him the greatest medical service.—*S* 3.

Soon after the death of John Leech, I communicated to Charles Dickens a wish which had been expressed by some mutual friends, that I should write a biography of the artist, and I received the following reply :

“GAD’S HILL, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Tuesday, December 20, 1864.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much interested in your letter, for the love of our departed friend, for the promise it holds out of a good record of his life and work, and for the remembrance of a very pathetic voice, which I heard at his grave.

“There is not in my possession one single note of his writing. A year or two ago, shocked by the misuse of the private letters of public men, which I constantly observed, I destroyed a very large and very rare mass of correspondence. It was not done without pain, you may believe, but, the first reluctance conquered, I have steadily abided by my determination to keep no letters by me, and to consign all such papers to the fire. I therefore fear that I can render you no help at all. All that I could tell you of Leech you know, even (probably) to the circumstance that for several years we always went to the seaside together in the autumn, and lived, through the autumn months, in constant daily association.

“Your reference to my books is truly gratifying to me, and I hope this sad occasion may be the means of bringing us into personal relationship, which may not lessen your pleasure in them.—Believe me, dear sir, very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.”

His kind wish was followed by more definite invitations to his house in London and to Gad's Hill, and I lost no time in availing myself of the privilege which he proposed. John Leech was, of course, the chief subject of our conversation. Dickens loved the man as much as he admired the artist. He was one of many who maintained that Leech should have been a Royal Academician, seeing that his works would outlive a very large proportion of those which were exhibited at Burlington House. He said very much the same which Mr. Forster reports in his life: that Leech was the first artist who had combined beauty with humorous art.—*H* 3.

DANIEL MACLISE.

In 1847, Charles Dickens having gone to Paris, Maclise had arranged to join him there with their common friend, John Forster; but his heavy engagements forbade the execution of this pleasant project, and he wrote to the latter a metrical farewell, which happily illustrates his gay and sportive humour—

“Go where pleasure waits thee,
But while it elates thee,
Oh! remember me.

When by the Seine thou rovest,
With the friend thou lovest,
Oh! still remember me.

When through the Louvre gazing
On those works amazing,
(Especially) *then* remember me.

When Dumas thou meetest,
And Jules Janin thou greetest,
Even then remember me.

If Sue or Victor Hugo,
George Sand, or Kock, to you go,
Still, still remember me.

If Horace Paul or Ary
You meet, oh! still be wary;
Forget not Mac—and me.

In P^{re} la Chaise while walking,
O'er Montmartre while stalking,
Be sure remember me.

While you hear the Peers debating,
While you hear the Commons prating,
Even then remember me.

On top of Vendôme column,
On July's pillar solemn,
Even then remember me.

On Notre-Dame's high towers,
Versailles and Saint Cloud's bowers,
Still, still remember me.

When with Dickens thou art dining,
Think of him at fourteen pining,
Oh! *do* then think of me.

When with him Lafitte drinking,
Let not your spirits sinking,
On Lincoln's Inn then thinking,
A tear bedew your e'e.

Be not such foolish asses,
But while the bottle passes,
Fill, fill your sparkling glasses,
And *then* remember me."

—*The Maclise Portrait Gallery.*

Mr. Maclise often told how that he, John Forster, and Charles Dickens used to meet at Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead Heath, and there Dickens would read to them that which he had written during the week; and this done, the rest of the time would be passed in a pleasant commingling of good cheer and genial criticism. "But this," the great artist would add, "was in the good old days gone by, when we were all young, and had the world before us."—*H 4.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

Residence in Camberwell, in 1833, rendered night engagements often impracticable; but nevertheless he (Browning) managed to mix a good deal in congenial society. It is not commonly known that he was familiar to these early associates as a musician and artist rather than as a poet. Among them, and they comprised many well-known workers in the several arts, were Charles Dickens and "Ion" Talfourd.—*S 6.*

The publication of "Paracelsus" did not gain for Browning a large audience, but it brought him friends and acquaintances, who gave his life a delightful expansion in its social relations. John Forster, the critic, biographer and historian, then unknown to him, reviewed the poem in the *Examiner* with full recognition of its power and promise. Browning gratefully commemorated a lifelong friendship with Forster, nearly a score of years later, in the dedication of the 1863 edition of his poetical works. Mrs. Orr recites the names of Carlyle, Talfourd, R. Hengist Horne, Leigh Hunt, Procter, Monckton Milnes, Dickens, Wordsworth, Landor, among those of distinguished persons who became known to Browning at this period.—Edward Dowden, in *Robert Browning.*

This tragedy of young love and death ["A Blot in the 'Scutcheon"] was written hastily—in four or five days—for Macready. . . . Forster read the tragedy aloud from the manuscript for Dickens,

who wrote of it with unmeasured enthusiasm in a letter, known to Browning only when printed after the lapse of some thirty years : "Browning's play has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. . . . I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception like it."—*Ibid.*

It is with diffidence I take so radically distinct a standpoint from that of Dickens, who declared he knew no love like that of Mildred and Mertoun, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception, like it ; who, further, at a later date, affirmed that he would rather have written this play than any work of modern times.—*S* 6.

MARTIN TUPPER.

He [Tupper's agent on his reading tours] has told me some curious anecdotes about eminent *artistes* whom he has chaperoned. . . . Dickens, though with crowded audiences, was not liked, nor nearly so good as Mr. — expected : he carried about with him a sort of show-box, set round with lights and covered with purple cloth, in the midst of which he appeared in full evening costume with bouquet in buttonhole, and, as Mr. — said, "very stiff."

Dickens I have met several times, and he gave me good hints on my first American visit ; a man full of impulsive kindness and sincerely one's friend. His son Charles also I have occasionally met, the worthy successor to his illustrious father : I may here state that many of the articles and poems in *Household Words* are from the pen of my youngest daughter.—Martin Tupper, in *My Life as an Author*.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To this date [about October 1841] I assign a very interesting unpublished letter of FitzGerald's, which refers to a drive with Dickens—the only occasion, apparently, on which FitzGerald and Dickens ever met. It is written to Browne (H. K. Browne), and commences, "Dear Stubby." After remarks that need not be quoted, it proceeds : . . . "I went on Thursday with Alfred (Tennyson) and Thackeray to drive with 'Boz.' He is like Elliott (Robert Elliott, brother of the young lady who became Browne's wife), only rather on a smaller scale—unaffected and hospitable. You never would remark him for appearance. A certain acute cut of the upper eyelid is all I can find to denote his powers, but you would doubtless see much more than I do."—Thomas Wright, in *The Life of Edward FitzGerald*.

THE CARLYLES.

Friday, 17 (1860). . . . The other day, Mrs. Carlyle, in company with Barlow, met Dickens coming out of Burlington Arcade. "God bless my soul, you here !" says Dickens, in such a droll way as has made Mrs. Carlyle laugh ever since ; such an arch face and tone of voice he has, sharp as a needle. She asked Dickens to come

and see them ; Dickens said he would, one day next week. " And bring "—the girls, Mrs. Carlyle was going to say ; then, thinking that would be too formal, said, " one of the girls." " Yes, I'll bring *one* of the girls ! " responds Dickens.

Mr. Carlyle likes Dickens personally very much, though he never reads his books.—*Anne Gilchrist*, edited by H. H. Gilchrist.

Forster was a frequent visitor of the Carlyles, and they were frequent guests of his at Lincoln's Inn Fields, always the more willingly on Carlyle's part when he was to meet Dickens, for whom in his notes to Forster he professed a genuine affection, though in conversation he was given to talk contemptuously of " Dickens and his squad."—*E*.

Carlyle seldom troubled himself about conventionalities. What he felt, that he said ; and as he felt it ; and it did not matter whether he sat in his own room or in a public hall. At one of Dickens's readings he has been known to burst out in irrepressible, long-continued, stentorian laughter that amounted almost to a convulsion ; swinging his hat in the air meanwhile. He had an unbounded admiration for Dickens. The most conspicuous books in his dining-room were a set of Dickens's in red cloth, which had grown dark with constant use. All his books had the same appearance of much handling. . . . I once asked him if he often read novels. " Not often," was the answer ; " but when I do I have a debauch."—*S* 4.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

Between Charles Whitehead (who edited *The Library of Fiction* for Messrs. Chapman & Hall) and Dickens there was certainly some congeniality of tastes and sense of humour, but Whitehead drifted with the stream. He was the leading spirit at the old [Bohemian] tavern, The Grotto, until his best friends could find but little place in his time. The balance for culture and refinement of literary tastes was on his side, and he had the further advantage over Dickens of eight years' seniority in ripened judgment ; yet it was Whitehead who produced the coarser work. His *Richard Savage, a Romance*, published in 1842, after having run serially in *Bentley's Miscellany*, was a great success ; but although it appears to be a brilliant historical study, it is in much only that which any life may once create, the story of itself so far as autobiographical feeling is concerned.

Full of humour and wit, he was the heart of any company into which he entered. But gradually his dissipations dulled his spirits ; at last he was moody and quarrelsome ; then, conscious of having misspent his best, shattered in body and mind, he emigrated to Melbourne in 1857. There his wife died. This much-tried wife did much towards keeping her wayward, and not always kind-tempered, husband in as much check as can be known by those who will by no means put check upon themselves.

Whitehead would at any time have been unfitted for colonial

life, where the spirit is of youth and enterprise, and demands literature and entertainment akin to it; for his historical romances and melancholy poetry it had no place; and meanwhile he drifted further. Even then, his gifts and personal traits won him one who would have been his true friend, one who sought no "case," who took the irresolute, broken-down Bohemian to his own home and care. This friend was a medical and literary citizen of Melbourne. But this chance also Whitehead abandoned, disappearing no one knew whither. The next scene of the pitiable, sordid drama was in the streets of Melbourne, where Whitehead was picked up in a state of exhaustion, and taken to the hospital. There he died. The last scene of all is a pauper's grave; therein Charles Whitehead was laid in July 1862. And of him it could only be recorded by the local press that he "had been engaged on newspapers."—*T.P.'s Weekly*, December 25, 1908.

Perhaps there may be a few of your readers who are unaware that Charles Whitehead was the man "who might have written *Pickwick*." "He was offered," says the writer in the *Dickensian*, November 1908, "a commission to co-operate with Seymour in producing monthly the "Cockney Sporting Sketches," and declined the offer on the ground that he was not equal to the task of producing the monthly numbers with regularity. But he happened to know a young man who had recently written a series of sketches of London life, whose name was Dickens, and he recommended the young author for the task which he could not trust himself to undertake."

What resulted from this recommendation is now known throughout the civilised world. Those of us who have studied Dickens, the man, will know him too well to think he did not appreciate this sacrifice on the part of Whitehead, but the writer in the *Dickensian* goes on to say: ". . . The habit of intemperance had laid hold of him, and eventually, we are told, for that cause alone, Dickens was gradually compelled to cease to hold intercourse with him." But if there was one man whom Dickens had in mind when he created Sydney Carton that man was Charles Whitehead. If it is right to assume a connection between Sydney Carton and Charles Whitehead, we ought at times to read *Pickwick* with a heavy heart, and not forget Charles Whitehead in doing so.—Geo. Stevenson, in *T.P.'s Weekly*, January 8, 1909.

JAMES PAYN.

It was in 1856 that I first made the personal acquaintance of Charles Dickens—a circumstance which to me was an epoch in my existence. Like all young persons devoted to literature, I had had my idols. As a boy I used to have visions of untold wealth, with the power of laying it at the feet of this or that writer, sometimes to be used for the amelioration of the human race (I had often given Thomas Carlyle a million or two, in trust, for that purpose), and sometimes for their benefit. Tennyson I had thus enriched beyond the dreams of avarice; Browning I had made exceedingly

comfortable ; but the chief figure in my literary Pantheon had been always Dickens. . . . My late friend Calverley, the C.S.C. of *Poems and Translations* and *Fly Leaves*, when lecturer of Christ's College, issued a paper on *Pickwick* after the model of the usual classical examination papers, containing the most out-of-the-way details, and forming a crucial test of scholarship.

The prizes were a "first edition" of *Pickwick*, and it will be interesting to many to learn that the two prizemen were Walter Besant and Professor Skeat. If *Pickwick* were to-day made a text-book for "exams." in general, the replies would no doubt be satisfactory, for there is now a concordance for the whole of Dickens ; but in 1857 there was no need of cramming, for everyone knew the book and quoted it. I have the vanity to believe, had I been qualified as a candidate, I should have gained a prize : at all events, I had my Dickens at my finger-ends, and the notion of feeling him there in the flesh—of shaking hands with him—was positively intoxicating.—P 4.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

There [at the St. James's Theatre] I first saw, as a very young and eminently handsome man, Charles Dickens. His unsurpassed works of fiction are, I hope and believe, as widely read in these days as they were in 1837-8 ; but the present generation, I should say, can scarcely form an idea of the absolute *furor* of excitement which reigned in reading England during the time that the monthly parts of the novels in the green covers were in progress of publication. We have all heard the story of the invalid whose doctor gravely told him that he feared that he, the sick man, could not possibly survive for another month ; but who, as the physician was leaving the room, was heard to mutter to himself, "Well, at all events, the next number of *Pickwick* will be out in a fortnight ;" and there is another not quite so well known anecdote, related many years since by a writer in *Blackwood*, setting forth how, when he, the writer in question, was a schoolboy, there suddenly occurred to him, one Sunday in church and in the middle of a very dull sermon, the memory of an exceptionally comic episode in *Pickwick*, that impelled him to burst out in a prolonged and uncontrollable burst of laughter ; which act of irreverent hilarity led to his being at once, and ignominiously, removed by the beadle—there were beadles in those days—from the sacred edifice.

Stories of this kind were as plentiful as blackberries in the early days of what people used to call the "Bozomania." Dogs and cats used to be named "Sam" and "Jingle," and "Mrs. Bardell" and "Job Trotter." A penny cigar, presumably of British make, was christened "The *Pickwick*." Gutter-blood publishers pirated the masterpiece of farcical fiction which was astonishing the English-speaking world ; and we had the "Penny *Pickwick*" and the "Posthumous Memoirs of the Pic-Nic Club" in weekly numbers. Even the more respectable class of cheap periodicals, *Olios*, *Parterres*, *Mirrors*, and the like, were not ashamed to print extracts, sometimes

three or four pages at a time, from each monthly part published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. As for ourselves—I mean my own family in King Street, St. James's, where we lived on the first floor of a house right opposite the theatre—my brother Albert, my sister Augusta, and myself, were content in the course of a couple of years to get the *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist* by heart. Then we used to “play at” Dickens, and dramatise his novels on our own private account. Many a time have I enacted Bill Sikes and murdered Nancy—otherwise my sister, in the back bedroom. Then we set to work copying as well as we could George Cruikshank's illustrations to *Oliver*, and Phiz's etchings to *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*; and, unless I am mistaken, my lamented friend Edmund Yates had a little old scrap-book of mine full of imitations in pen-and-ink of the etchings aforesaid. Across one of them, an exceptionally vile one—but this may not be in the book I gave Edmund—is written in a large bold hand, “This is not by G. A. S.”—S 2.

I quarrelled with Dickens. When, fourteen years afterwards, he died, I wrote a notice of him in the *Daily Telegraph*; and shortly afterwards this notice, considerably expanded, was republished by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, of the Broadway, Ludgate Hill. It was a shilling booklet, which had an immense sale, and it is now—so the booksellers' catalogues tell me—scarce, and somewhat costly. Now in this trifle I made a passing allusion to my misunderstanding with Dickens early in 1857; and, moved by, I hope, a not ungenerous impulse, I added that in this feud I had been in the wrong.

I revered the writer, and I loved the man. But at a time when the grave had scarcely closed over him I disdained to say that he had been as much in the wrong as I. A spiteful (and, of course, anonymous) critic in an evening paper, for which I have too much contempt to name it, went out of his way, while professing to review a work of mine entitled *Things I Have Seen and People I Have Known*, to say that Dickens was very kind to me, and that it was at his expense that I went to Russia. Charles Dickens was kind to many more youthful authors besides myself; and he was for five years exceptionally kind to me, for the reason that he had known me in my early youth. But, confound it! I gave him malt for his meal. In the course of those five years I wrote nearly three hundred articles for *Household Words*; and I was such a dullard, so maladroït, so blind to my own interest, that between 1851 and my return from St. Petersburg, I never sought his permission to republish one of those papers. As to the statement of the spiteful critic, that I went to Russia at Dickens's expense, there is in it a suppression of truth which is more than a suggestion of falsehood. In the last letter which he wrote me before he went away, he said, “You should have the means of travelling in comfort and respectability.” I drew a certain sum to defray my expenses to St. Petersburg; and there I found, at Messrs. Stieglitz', a monthly credit of forty pounds. In all, between April and November, I received the sum of two hundred and forty pounds, eight-tenths of which I spent in subsistence and

travelling outlay; and I landed in England, as I have said, with two pounds in my pocket. It logically follows that if I went to Russia at Dickens's expense I wrote the *Journey Due North* entirely on my own.

Where I was to blame in the matter was as follows: About half a dozen papers remained to be written to complete the plan of my *Journey*. I was dissatisfied with what I considered to be the ungenerous treatment which I had received. I found that I could earn at least ten pounds a week by working for Henry Vizetelly, and the delivery of the last half-dozen chapters of the *Journey* hung fire. Then came a coolness between myself and Mr. Wills (nominally sub-editor, but practically editor of *Household Words*), and then an open rupture. I demanded payment for my travelling expenses; and I was referred to one Mr. Smith, a solicitor, in Golden Square, who informed me that I had received the sum of two hundred and forty pounds, as aforesaid, as full remuneration for my services; that I owed the proprietors of *Household Words* nothing, and that they owed me nothing. But now I come to the cruellest part of the business. I asked Dickens's permission to republish the *Journey Due North* and the other essays which I had contributed to *Household Words*. That permission—although he had already advised me to haste and republish—he positively refused to grant. So away into the darkest of nonentities went the two hundred and fifty pounds which Messrs. Routledge, Warne, & Routledge were to pay me.

It appeared that, as the law of copyright then stood, I had absolutely no remedy. . . . I might, perhaps, have fought the matter, since Dickens knew perfectly well that I was in treaty with Routledge, Warne, & Routledge. But I was indignant and mortified to the stage of disgust; and so gave the whole thing up. . . . Time hath its revenges, and mine came, in the matter of the *Journey Due North*, and my other embargoed articles in *Household Words*, swiftly and comically enough. Perhaps I err in calling it a revenge at all; for I never was vindictive; I loved and admired Dickens with all my heart; and at this distance of time I feel convinced that having had no experience of the Special Correspondent, who in 1857 was almost a novel personage, he failed to see that I had any claim to travelling expenses. I had charged him none when I repeatedly sent him articles from Paris, from the north of England, and from Ireland. Why should I be paid, so he may have reasoned, for travelling a couple of thousand miles? . . . My reconciliation with Dickens was due neither to the interposition of "mutual friends" nor to the interchange of explanatory correspondence. It was mainly due, I should say, to a certain leading article written by me in the *Daily Telegraph*; but what that leader was about is, at this time of day, absolutely of no importance. "La vie," writes Honoré de Balzac, "est impossible sans de grands oublis." At all events, Dickens took the embargo off the *Journey Due North* and my remaining papers in *Household Words*; and the deadlock was at an end. This was in the summer of 1858; and I enjoyed the

renewed friendship of Dickens and worked for him in the columns of *All the Year Round* until his death in 1870.—S 2.

G. A. STOREY.

The first name that occurs to me in this recollective mood is one that is a household word, one that is dear to every right-minded reader of the English language—it is the name of Charles Dickens. Not only was his *Cricket on the Hearth* one of the first books that I became possessed of, but its author was the first great man whom I was introduced to, and this is how it happened.

Some friend of the family had seen scribbblings of mine on half-sheets of notepaper which were considered wonderful, both by him and the family. This friend, Mr. Stultz, a rich, prosperous man, who had made a fortune by tailoring, was building some almshouses in Kentish Town for the sheltering of a certain number of the less successful of his calling, and it was only right and proper that a bust of the kind founder should be put up as a memorial of his charity. To this end, he was sitting to Behnès, the sculptor, in Osnaburgh Street, and it struck him that an introduction to that gentleman might be a means of bringing out the latent talent of little Adolphus, who was then nine years old. I remember he took me with him in his carriage and introduced me into the strangest of strange places, as it seemed to me then, a sculptor's studio. . . . Mr. Behnès, the presiding genius of the place, received me very kindly—said I could go there whenever I liked to draw from the casts or make models from them. He gave me buns to eat, and a great lump of clay, which I was to fashion into a horse's head, or, if I preferred, I could turn it into the enormous toes of the Farnese Hercules.

One day, as I was engaged in the latter effort, a bright, lively young man, good looking, and with dark flowing locks, entered the studio, accompanied by Behnès, and took his seat in a comfortable arm-chair on a revolving platform. He, too, seemed amused at the scene—and very much so when he caught sight of a small boy sitting in front of a foot almost as big as himself, with a bun on one side, and a large lump of clay on the other, which he was trying to thumb into shape. I was the little boy, and the lively young man with dark flowing locks was Charles Dickens. He came and looked over me, patted me on the head, and said some kind things, but I did not know who he was till afterwards.

The sitting over, he took his departure, accompanied by Behnès, but they were no sooner gone than the men in blouses, with shades over their eyes, came stealthily in to see the master's work and to criticise the clay features and the clay curls of the great novelist. And then they came up to me and asked me all about him and what he had talked about, and said, "Don't you know who he is?" And then they told me that he was the author of *Pickwick*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist*, and *Sketches by Boz*, and *Master Humphrey's Clock*, etc. ; and I was delighted, for I had copied the portrait of Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Weller with his pipe, and Sam, and others,

and it was through these very copies, which had been considered so wonderful, that I found myself in Behnès' studio, beginning almost in play an art career, which I had no idea then would have developed into a reality.

Although I cannot remember what Charles Dickens said to me, I can remember that during the sitting he was very animated and talkative, and spoke of an accident he had been in, and that a wheel was within two inches of his head as he lay on the ground, but that he escaped uninjured.

Here, then, was the bust in embryo of Charles Dickens, for it was all lumps and finger holes ; and just behind it was the bust of Mr. Stultz. . . . And where are the other busts I have mentioned ? Does anyone know anything about the one of Dickens ?—*S* 5.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

In the March of 1838 Mrs. Trollope for the first time met Charles Dickens, for whose genius she always had a high admiration. In the letter mentioning this circumstance, she uses a phrase which shows how *Pickwick* had already furnished many words and sayings that had entered into our common parlance.

"Cecilia, Irene, and I passed the soirée (I don't mean that we passed by, or in any way neglected, a leg of mutton !) on Thursday with Mrs. Bartley, where we met 'Boz,' who desired to be presented to me. I had a good deal of talk with him. He is extremely lively and intelligent, has the appearance of being *very* young, and although called excessively shy, seemed not at all averse from conversation."

Perhaps I may be forgiven for suggesting that he found *her* also "lively and intelligent"; and that nothing so readily overcomes shyness, as the sense that your interlocutor is a genuine person, speaking sincerely the thought that is in him. The least suspicion of humbug, or of a sneer, makes shyness retire into itself and stay there.—Frances Eleanor Trollope, in *Frances Trollope*.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL.

I first knew Charles Dickens in the year 1826, when no "shadow before" had heralded the "coming" of fame. It seems but yesterday—though it is more than half a century ago—since I first saw him, then a handsome lad, gleaming intelligence in the byways of the metropolis—taking in rapidly that he might, thereafter, lavishly give out. From his boyhood he had to provide for himself ; from the age of thirteen years it was his happy lot not to abstract from, but to augment, the income that supported his home. On both sides, his family lived by severe, though honourable toil—the toil of the better classes, however, for Charles Dickens was born a gentleman ; and if, until an after period, he was not rich, there is no one of his "kith and kin" who cannot, to some extent, give the why and wherefore that it was so. He was never one who thought so much of his public as to neglect his private duties ; but his generousities were by no means so limited : if with him charity began at home, assuredly it did not end there.

Yes, it seems but yesterday, at his then residence in Doughty Street, we were present at the christening of his first-born child ! . . . His many works have delighted, and—what is of far greater moment—instructed, millions ; and the impress he has left on the page of literary history will endure for centuries to come—as long as the language in which his books are written : a language that is now read and spoken by hundreds of millions, and which probably will be, at no very distant period, the common tongue of the half of humankind.

The death—if the term must be applied to one who can never die—of this largely gifted and large hearted man carried deep grief into every circle, not alone of the kingdom, but of the world : the highest and the lowest of society alike felt that they had lost a friend—one who not only ministered, and always rightly, to their intellectual enjoyments, but was ever the firm yet genial advocate of Humanity. His sympathies were mainly, but by no means exclusively, with the humbler classes ; he was ever on the side of all who suffered wrong—ever the enemy of those by whom it was inflicted. His satire—and he was often a keen satirist—was never personal, either as regarded himself or the vices and follies he assailed : of him may be truly said what the poet said of Sheridan—in “ the combat ” his wit

“ Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

And it is no exaggeration to apply to Charles Dickens the line that was applied to William Shakespeare —

“ He was not for an age, but for all time.”—*H* 1.

MISS LAURA HAIN FRISWELL.

My father was very fond of taking me out and about with him, so that at a very early age I became acquainted with authors, publishers, and printers. On one occasion we were walking down Wellington Street, Strand, and just passing the office of *Household Words*, when a hansom cab stopped, and out stepped a gaily dressed gentleman ; his bright green waistcoat, vivid scarlet tie, and pale lavender trousers would have been noticed by anyone, but the size of the nosegay in his buttonhole riveted my attention, for it was a regular flower garden. My father stopped and introduced me, and I, who had only seen engravings of the Maclise portrait, and a very handsome head in my mother’s photograph album, was astonished to find myself shaking hands with the great novelist, Charles Dickens. His manner was so exceedingly pleasant and kind to a young nobody like me that I was very much taken with him ; and I was moreover very anxious to like the man who had created Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, and Little Nell and her grandfather.

When I was ill—and in those days I was very, very often laid up and confined to my bed—I used to read, or get my mother to read to me, *The Old Curiosity Shop*. My grandmother had a first edition

of the book, and I read it till I almost knew it by heart. I admired Dick Swiveller very much, disliked Sampson Brass and his sister, hated Quilp, pitied the Marchioness, and adored Little Nell and her grandfather. My father told Dickens something of this, and the great novelist smiled, and said, "She is not unlike Little Nell, herself."

I felt this was the very greatest compliment anyone could pay me, for if there was one person I wished to resemble, it was Little Nell. She was such a very good girl. I felt I could never be like her, however much I tried. The fact was, I only thought of her when I was ill, and forgot my good resolutions when I was up and about; I was half a mind to confess this to Mr. Dickens, but instead I looked up and blushed with pleasure, and he smiled very kindly as he again shook hands. I turned away in a great state of elation, but my father I am sure had not appreciated the compliment, for he said one or two rather uncomplimentary things about Little Nell. I fancy he thought I should grow morbid, and he told me that when I was older and had read some of Mr. Dickens's other novels I should no longer admire *The Old Curiosity Shop* so much—"parts of it are inimitable, but Little Nell is unnatural and too sentimental," he said emphatically, "and when you are older you will see it." This was of course true; but my ardour was very much damped, and I soon ceased to wish to be like Little Nell.

The next time I saw Dickens was about a year after, at a farewell dinner given to him by many of the best-known men of the day, on the occasion of his second visit to America.

The hall was quite new, and might have been built for the occasion. The half-moons arching the twenty mural compartments contained, in letters of gold, the names of all Dickens's novels, *Pickwick* being the one selected for the place of honour at the end of the room behind the President's chair. Below it were the initials C. D., surrounded by a wreath, and beneath that another scroll, bearing the words, *All the Year Round*. The English and American flags indicated the international character of the entertainment.

The band suddenly ceased, and Charles Dickens entered, accompanied by Lord Lytton, who was President; as they passed down the room, followed by Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Houghton, and several others, the whole room rose and broke into loud and continuous applause, which lasted till they had taken their places.

We had a very good view of Dickens, and I can see him now, standing smiling and bowing, a flush upon his face. I even fancy I can hear, in this quiet room, the echo of that wonderful applause—and yet how many, many years it is ago, and how very few of all that brilliant company there are left! Dickens looked very well and very much moved and gratified. As he was in evening dress, he could not indulge his taste for colour; but my eyes flew to his buttonhole—it was a camellia, surrounded by a ring of violets; I wished some little bird had whispered to him to have chosen either one or the other.

We ladies went into a room, and had a cold supper, or collation, as it was called; then we returned to the gallery in time for the speeches, and when we returned the band had gone. The toast of the evening: "A Prosperous Voyage and Long Life to our Illustrious Guest and Countryman, Charles Dickens!" was drunk with all honours, and one cheer more; and Dickens must have been more than human if he could have looked round and not have been thrilled and stirred by the presence, and not only the presence, but the enthusiasm, of so many brother artists. But Dickens is very human in his writings, and was in himself, for his eyes filled and his voice trembled and shook, and I clasped my hands and was so excited, I could have cried if I had not been determined to hear and see all I could.—*F 5.*

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

In those days, and down to those days (1846 or 1847) Cruikshank was convivial—sometimes to excess. It was not for nothing that Maclise had drawn him seated upon a beer barrel. . . . Later, when Dickens knew him, he would fall away occasionally from his new and more dignified friends (who were not ascetics), and run a wild career for a night in his old haunts. Dickens used to describe one wonderful day—among others—he had passed with "the inimitable George."

Dickens was living in Devonshire Place, and was just setting to work one morning in his library, when Cruikshank, unwashed and "smelling of tobacco, beer, and sawdust," as Dickens described him, burst into the room. He said he had been up all night; he was afraid to go home, and begged for some breakfast. While he was breakfasting, Dickens did his utmost to persuade him to go to bed. But George resolutely set his face against it. He said he dared not even think of Islington. Seeing the state of affairs, Dickens closed his desk, and proposed to accompany his friend to face the domestic storm with him. But Cruikshank would only consent to a walk—the farther from Islington the better.

Dickens, under such circumstances, was an admirable friend. His cheery talk and wise counsel had great weight with Cruikshank; but each time he artfully turned the truant's face east, he drew back with a—"No, no, Charley—not that way."

And so they walked about the streets for hours, strolling in the course of the day into the famous aviary of the Pantheon in Oxford Street. Here Cruikshank came suddenly face to face with one of Mrs. Cruikshank's intimate friends. The scene which ensued, Dickens used to say, was one exquisitely farcical. And the manner in which he set forth the episodes of the long day in the streets, with Cruikshank's droppings into various hosteleries, and his final dejected departure homewards, utterly worn out, and having exhausted his faithful friend, was in his happiest vein.—*J 4*

In a whimsical account of an amateur strolling excursion, in which Cruikshank was one of the company (1847), supposed to be

written by Mrs. Gamp, Dickens has vividly described the illustrator of *Oliver Twist* :

"I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in the railways office that morning, with my bundle on my arm, and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a feather, far less porkmangers which was a-lumping against me, continual and sewere all round. I was drove about like a brute animal and almost worritted into fits, when a gentleman with a large shirt-collar, and a hook nose, and a eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipe's hawks, and long locks of hair, and wiskers that I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a-turning round a corner, for any sum of money you could offer me, says, laughing, 'Halloa, Mrs. Gamp, what are *you* up to ?' I didn't know him from a man (except by his clothes); but I says faintly, 'If you're a Christian man, show me where to get a second-class ticket for Manjester, and have me put in a carriage, or I shall drop.' Which he kindly did, in a cheerful kind of way, skipping about in the strangest manner as ever I see, making all kinds of actions, and looking and vinking at me from under the brim of his hat (which was a good deal turned up) to that extent, that I should have thought he meant something, but for being so flurried as not to have no thoughts at all until I was put in a carriage along with an individgle—the politest as ever I see—in a shepherd's plaid suit with a long gold watch-guard hanging round his neck, and his hand a-trembling through nervousness worse than a aspien leaf." Presently they fell into conversation.

"'P'raps,' he says, 'if you're not of the party, you don't know who it was that assisted you into this carriage ?'

"'No, sir,' I says, 'I don't indeed.'

"'Why, ma'am,' he says, a-wisperin', 'that was George, ma'am.'

"'What George, sir ? I don't know no George,' says I.

"'The great George, ma'am,' says he. 'The Crookshanks.'

"If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head, and see the very man a-making pictures of me on his thumb nail, at the winder ! While another of 'em—a tall, slim, melancolly gent, with dark hair, and a bage vice—looks over his shoulder, with his head on one side, as if he understood the subject, and coolly says, 'I've draw'd her several times—in *Punch*,' he says too ! The owdacious wretch !"

The melancholy gent with the "bage vice" was Leech.—*J* 4.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In the middle of June 1847, Andersen quitted Rotterdam for London in the night-packet, *Batavian*. It is thus that he describes his first impression of the Thames :

"Presently there were traces of the ebb-tide, the miry, slimy bottom appeared near the banks ; I thought of Quilp in Dickens's 'Nelly and his (*sic*) Grandfather' ; I thought of Marryat's sketches of life by the river here. . . ."

At Lady Blessington's, whither he was taken by his friend Jerdan, he met the man he most desired to see, Charles Dickens, whose

novels he knew well, and greatly admired. The meeting must be told in Andersen's own words—

"I was yesterday at Lady Blessington's. . . . And can you guess now who was my neighbour at table? Wellington's eldest son? Before we sat down to eat, Lady Blessington gave me the English edition of *Das Märchen meines Lebens*, and bade me write my name in it. Just as I was writing, a man came into the room, just like the portrait we have all seen, a man who had come to town for my sake, and had written, 'I must see Andersen!' He had no sooner saluted the company than I left the writing-desk, and rushed towards him; we took each other by the hand, looked into each other's eyes, and laughed for joy; we knew each other so well, although this was our first meeting—it was Charles Dickens. He quite comes up to my highest expectation of what he would be like. Outside the house is a pretty verandah which runs along its whole length. . . . here we stood for a long time and talked—talked in English, but he understood me, and I him."

Dickens talked, among other things, about "The Little Mermaid," which Lady Duff Gordon had just translated in *Bentley's Magazine*, and praised "A Poet's Bazaar" and "The Improvisatore," which he had also read. He also drank Andersen's health at table, and the Marquis of Douro followed his example. Dickens came up to London a second time on purpose to see Andersen, and on this occasion brought him a beautifully bound edition of his works, in every volume of which he had written, "To Hans Christian Andersen, from his friend and admirer, Charles Dickens."—*B I*.

Andersen paid a second five weeks' visit to England in 1857, during the whole of which time he was the guest of Dickens at Gad's Hill. At first, indeed, he had been very doubtful whether he should accept Dickens's invitation.

"There is one thing you will observe at once when we meet," he writes. "I talk English very badly, yes, even worse than when I was in your family circle last time, for then I had been nearly three months in England, but now I have not been there for ten years, have no practice in speaking English at home, and shall come straight from my Danish Fatherland over to you." Finally, he declared that he would not come to England at all, unless he were sure of finding Dickens there. "My visit is to you alone," he says, "and unless I hear from you I shall go to Switzerland."

But Dickens was not to be put off, and sent, by return of post, a reply brimming over with cordiality.

"I hope," he writes, "that my answer will at once decide you to make your summer visit to us. . . . We shall be at a little country house I have. . . . You shall have a pleasant room there with a charming view, and shall live as quiet and wholesome as in Copenhagen itself. If you should want at any time you are with us to pass the night in London, this house (Tavistock House) from the roof to the cellar, will be at your disposal. . . . So pray make up your mind to come to England. We have children of all sizes, and they all love you. You will find yourself in a house full of admiring

and affectionate friends varying from three feet high to five feet nine. Mind, you must not think any more of going to Switzerland. You must come to us."

This letter removed Andersen's last scruples. In the beginning of June he appeared at Gad's Hill Place, and was received literally with open arms. Looking back upon this visit, he used to say it was the happiest period of his life. He did not feel in the least as if he were in a foreign land; it was just like being at home, he said. In a letter to the Queen Dowager of Denmark, he describes Dickens as the most amiable man he had ever known, with a heart equal to his mind. Nay, with his usual affectionate exaggeration, he was inclined to place Dickens above everyone in everything; declared seriously that he preferred his acting to the acting of Ristori, and was very indignant when his host's benevolent efforts to raise a subscription for Douglas Jerrold's widow were put down to base or petty motives.

The Dickenses certainly did their very utmost to make his visit a happy one, and throughout his stay he did exactly what he liked.

In the middle of July he quitted England, which he was never to see again. His parting with the Dickens family was heartrending, and he was so full of the memories of English hospitality that Paris, whither he went next, seemed quite strange and dismal by contrast. . . . Andersen always preserved a grateful recollection of Charles Dickens (he sent a full account of his visit to Dickens to the *Berlinske Tidende* of Copenhagen, 1860), and advertised his works largely in Denmark; but the enthusiasm he felt for him in 1857 was too perfervid to last very long, and Dickens's very natural hesitation to forgather indiscriminately with all the Danes whom he was in the habit of sending from time to time with letters of introduction, seems at last to have somewhat offended Andersen; anyhow, during the last fifteen years of his life we meet with no mention whatever of Dickens in his correspondence.—B 1.

Dresden, during his (Hans C. Andersen's) visit there, seems to have been suffering from a plague of authoresses, "who swarmed in and out of the houses like so many flies;" . . . one gifted lady talked learnedly to him about the resemblance between the English and Danish languages; and, by the time she had finished, it became perfectly plain to him that she knew very little about either. "The difficulty about the English is the pronunciation," she said in conclusion, "for the words are written one way and pronounced another, so that you have no clue at all. Thus you spell the name of the celebrated English novelist D-i-c-k-e-n-s, but you pronounce it 'B-o-z'."—B 1.

JULIUS MAYHEW.

Julius Mayhew possessed in an eminent degree the art of saying ridiculous things with an unconscious air. . . . On another occasion, when among a few intimate friends (most of them writers), he had been expressing his dislike of literature and its professors.

"Can you see nothing in Dickens to admire?" called out one of them. "Has Macaulay no attractions for you?"

"I never met Dickens but once," replied Julius, "and I thought him very offensive. He did nothing but talk, and always about himself. As for Caulay," he added, "I never till now heard of him."—H. Sutherland Edwards, in *Personal Recollections*.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

The only very distinguished literary person that I have seen of late (March 1851) for the first time is Dickens. I met him last week at a dinner at John Forster's. I had never even seen him before, for he never goes now into fashionable company. He looks about the age of Longfellow. His hair is not much grizzled and is thick, although the crown of his head is getting bald. His features are good, the nose rather high, the eyes largish, greyish, and very expressive. He wears a moustache and beard, and dresses at dinner in exactly the same uniform which every man in London or the civilised world is bound to wear, as much as the inmates of a penitentiary are restricted to theirs. I mention this because I had heard that he was odd and extravagant in his costume. I liked him exceedingly. We sat next each other at table, and I found him genial, sympathetic, agreeable, unaffected, with plenty of light, easy talk and touch-and-go fun without any effort or humbug of any kind. He spoke with great interest of many of his Boston friends, particularly of Longfellow, Wendell Holmes, Felton, Sumner, and Tom Appleton.—C 5.

SIR JOSEPH CROWE.

Hunt and Wills were the two men of our newspaper set with whom I most consorted. To Wills I went with pleasure, because I particularly enjoyed the society of his wife, one of the most charming and excellent women whom I ever met, who never failed to keep her friends attached to her, so full was she of kindness, archness, and humour, made especially winning by a Scotch dryness, accompanied by a delightful Scotch accent. At her house parties and balls were often given, where all the literary celebrities of the day, except, perhaps, Thackeray, were to be met. Here were to be seen the Rowland Hills; Mrs. Crowe, my namesake, authoress of the *Night Side of Nature*; Kenny Meadows, the illustrator of books; the genial and delightful John Leech of *Punch*, and a whole bevy of ladies of the Chambers family, one of whom became Mrs. Lehmann, another the grand and handsome wife of Dr. Priestley. Horace Mayhew also enlivened these evenings with his jokes, which he sowed broadcast, preparatory to selecting the best for *Punch*; then came Mark Lemon with his portly figure, Shirley Brooks, Albert Smith, and Douglas Jerrold with his wife and sons, companions of Laman Blanchard and myself, and last, not least, Charles Dickens with his wife and her sister, Miss Hogarth.—C 6.

LORD DARNLEY.

The Lord Darnley of that day was a great friend of his, and was ever eager to show his appreciation of his distinguished and interesting neighbour; and Dickens on his side, as I noted, relaxed the sort of indifference he felt for what are called "nobs"—"swells" and persons of title. There was no radical feeling in the matter, but he always disdained being patronised or "encouraged." Lord Darnley was ever kindly to him. He and his family used often to dine at Cobham. As is well known, Fechter's chalet, which used to stand on "Boz's" little property across the road, was given by the family to the Darnleys, and it is now set up in their grounds.—*F 2.*

BRET HARTE (FRIEND WHOM HE NEVER SAW).

Bret Harte told me the little history of that ever-green poem ["Dicker's Camp"], of how it was written on the day that the news of the death of Dickens reached him at San Rafael, California, while the last sheets of the *July Overland*, already edited by him, were going to press. After stifling the emotion that he felt (for he dearly loved his "Boz"), he hurriedly sent his first and only draft of the verses, which were destined to live so long, to the office at San Francisco. They were written in two or three hours, and at his urgent request the publication of the magazine was held back until they could appear.

On the day when, amidst "a rain of tears and flowers"—many flowers brought by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes—Charles Dickens was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, a letter in his handwriting (the magic handwriting that brought and still brings merriment and comfort to millions), addressed to Bret Harte, was on its way across the Atlantic. It was a letter in his usual hearty, breezy style, telling the young author how highly he thought of his work, asking him to contribute to *All the Year Round* (of which he was then editor), and bidding him, when he came to England, which he was "certain soon to do," to visit him at his delightful home at Gad's Hill—"a spot with which you are no doubt already familiar in connection with one William Shakespeare and a certain Sir John Falstaff."

Bret Harte's first visit to London was perforce a short one. There he found his old friend Joaquin Miller, who concerning it made this record:

"He came to me in London late in the seventies, on his way to the Consulate at Crefeld. . . . He could not rest until he stood by the grave of Dickens. But I drove him here and I drove him there to see the living. The dead would keep. But at last, one twilight, I led him by the hand to where some plain letters, in a broad, flat stone, just below the bust of Thackeray, read 'Charles Dickens.'

"Bret Harte is dead now, and it will not hurt him in politics, where they seem to want hard and heartless men for high places—not hurt him in politics or in anything anywhere—to tell the plain

truth, how he tried to speak, but choked up, how tears ran down and fell on the stone as he bowed his bare head very low ; how his hand trembled as I led him away."

Bret Harte was, indeed, a true believer in the genius of Charles Dickens. His knowledge of his books was unrivalled, and he could not only enjoy his humour, but appreciate to the utmost his pathos. He could have passed Charles Calverley's famous *Pickwick Examination Paper* with honours.—*P* 1.

DISRAELI.

We spoke of Dickens. I mentioned that Dickens had told me of his meeting Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) at dinner ; this was only a few weeks before Dickens's death. I told Lord Beaconsfield that, in mentioning the circumstance to me, Dickens had said, "What a delightful man he is! What an extraordinary pity it is that he should ever have given up literature for politics!" This, as I expected, seemed to amuse Lord Beaconsfield very much. He said, "I remember the occasion perfectly ; it was at Lord Stanhope's. I was one day mentioning to him my regret at having seen so little of Mr. Dickens, and he said, 'He is coming to dine here next week ; come and meet him.' I went, and sat next to Dickens."

Lord Beaconsfield spoke of the charm of Dickens's conversation, his brightness, and his humour ; and I remarked I had always held that Dickens was an exception to the general rule of authors being so much less interesting than their books.—*Y*.

LANDSEER.

It happened that on one occasion when Landseer was engaged to dine at my father's house, all the company had assembled in the drawing-room with the exception of the painter. My father, who had invited him earlier than his other guests knowing that he would probably arrive the last of all, grew impatient ; but, drawing out his watch, determined to wait for him another quarter of an hour. After that time had elapsed, no Landseer appearing he decided upon going downstairs with his friends, and dinner was well-nigh half over before Landseer walked in. My father received him rather coldly, thinking that his affectation was becoming intolerable and deserved a slight punishment ; but my aunt, who sat near to where Landseer was placed, noticed that he was very pale and that his hands and face were twitching nervously. He became more composed as the dinner proceeded, and after it was over, took my father aside and told him that he had left his studio early enough to reach Devonshire Terrace in good time for dinner, and was anxious to be in time, as he knew my father's punctual habits, but that, as his foot almost touched the doorstep of the house, one of those terrible fits of nervousness and shyness to which he was subject came upon him, and he was obliged to walk up and down the street for a long time before he could summon up courage

to ring at the bell. I can imagine how the severity of my father's manner softened at this confession, and how eagerly and affectionately he must have assured his friend of his warm sympathy.—Mrs. Kate Perugini, in the *Magazine of Art*, February 1903.

GEORGE DOLBY.

George Dolby, once Charles Dickens's trusted secretary and successful "reading" manager, died a few days ago in Fulham Infirmary, penniless and unkempt. Dolby's career was remarkable.

The *Daily News* gives an interesting sketch of the doings of Dolby when he and Dickens were on tour in England and America—Dickens reading his works to wildly enthusiastic audiences, Dolby diverting into coffers the stream of gold which the readings produced.

"The history of Dolby is the history of the readings. He was always in difficulties. So fierce was the demand to hear the reader that Dolby, not being Procrustes, could never accommodate the hall to the public. But enthusiastic crowds used to fill them to the roofs, and hundreds used to be turned away nightly. Their only resource was to 'pitch into Dolby.'

"'In Dublin,' says Dickens, 'people are besieging Dolby to put chairs anywhere; in doorways, on my platform, in any sort of hole and corner. This was in Dublin. In Liverpool the police intimate officially that three thousand people were turned away—they carried in the outer doors and pitched into Dolby.'

"It was Dolby who used to administer to the distinguished reader the oysters and champagne, and other fillips, between the 'acts' in the dressing-room. It was Dolby who used to amuse him in the harassing railway journeys between the towns and cities. It was Dolby who, bubbling over with joy, used to bring him the evidence of his amazing popularity, as judged by the heavy bags of money jingling in his hand. And sometimes Dolby used to come with hair dishevelled and garments torn and tattered, after a fight with an enraged and disappointed crowd."

It was Dolby who fought the speculators in seats in America and made £1300 a week for Dickens. Three-quarters of a mile of people would wait outside Dolby's office for tickets, and many of them slept the night before on mattresses in the streets. Dolby was the buffer between Dickens and his raving American friends. And it was Dolby who watched over Dickens as if he were a child, "as tender as a woman and as watchful as a doctor."

Dickens made £20,000 by the American tour, and the tour killed him. Dolby's share was £3000, and he died penniless through drink.—*Daily Mail*, October 16, 1900.

A TOUCHING COMPLIMENT.

Of the personal esteem, the affection even, that was felt for Dickens in his lifetime by people who were strangers to him, here is an anecdote told by his son, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, the distinguished K.C. As readers of Forster's biography know, Dickens used to

take an interest in the sports of the young men in the neighbourhood of his Kentish home, played cricket with them, and acted as president of their club. As he was sitting in the tent one afternoon keeping the score, a sergeant of the line came in and, making a bow, said—

“Is Mr. Charles Dickens here?”

“Yes,” said Dickens, “here I am.”

The soldier waited a moment and said, “I ask your pardon, sir, but may I look at you for a little while so as to get your features in my mind?”

“Oh, certainly,” replied Dickens; “I will go on with my score.”

The soldier waited a minute or two and then said, “It would be a great honour, sir, if I might shake your hand.”

“There’s my hand,” said Dickens, “and all the luck in the world to you.”

“Good-bye, sir, and God bless you,” was the reply; “I’m going to India this week.”

Dickens said that no other compliment ever touched him as that did.—*R 2.*

HIS WORK FOR HIS BROTHER AUTHORS.

On 29th July 1865, an event took place which was deeply interesting to those connected with literature, namely, the opening of what was called the Guild of Literature at Stevenage, near Knebworth. It was the desire of the founders to erect a number of houses, on sites presented by Sir Edward Lytton, which might either be given or let cheaply to authors. The opening day was celebrated at Knebworth itself by a great luncheon. Many of the guests were writers of mark. Mr. Charles Dickens was there with his family and Mr. John Forster, editor of the *Examiner*, an old and constant friend both of Sir Edward Lytton and of his son. There were many of Sir Edward Lytton’s acquaintances present, literary as well as others. Mr. Dickens made a remarkable speech which created a great impression.—Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, in *Rambling Recollections*.

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Forster has told us how the Guild of Literature and Art took shape out of a scheme for benefiting two authors in distressed circumstances by giving a number of amateur performances at different provincial centres. That unfortunate Guild of Literature and Art! What a text it would make for a sermon on the vanity of human wishes! It was, Dickens declared, to change the status of the literary man in England, and to make a revolution in his position which no Government could affect. In the present year of grace it is as though the Guild had never had a corporate or any other existence, but all honour to the great man of letters who worked so nobly in establishing it! Dickens slaved for it as few men ever slaved in a good cause, and communicated his enthusiasm to

others. It was only seven years ago that the Guild was dissolved and its remaining property divided between the Literary Fund and the Artists' Benevolent Institution, but the conviction was early forced upon its promoters that it was a failure. Needy literary men we have always with us, but they will not bury themselves in a little out-of-the-way place in Hertfordshire. A genuine applicant with unimpeachable testimonials would have been taken to the bosom of the Guild and fêted as never prodigal was fêted in this world. But he was not to be found.—*R* 2.

*BYRON'S FLUTE.

It is by no means easy to think of any possible combination of circumstances which should link Lord Byron and Charles Dickens with the late George Manville Fenn. But there is such a link in existence, and one of a very interesting character. Among the curiosities treasured up for years by Mr. Fenn is a letter in Dickens's autograph upon a sheet of old-fashioned, blue, wire-woven note-paper. It remained for years before Mr. Fenn received it upon the bill-file of the tradesman to whom it was sent, with the result that it is pierced by three rough holes where the wire passed through the original folds of the time-stained paper. The letter relates to Lord Byron's flute.

Dated in the older novelist's characteristic way, "Devonshire Terrace, Twentieth June, 1848," the document reads:

"Mr. Charles Dickens is much obliged to Mr. Claridge for the offer of Lord Byron's flute. But, as Mr. Dickens cannot play that instrument himself, and has nobody in his house who can, he begs to decline the purchase, with thanks."

As Mr. Fenn used to say, in showing the relic to his friends, "You cannot see a smile upon the paper, but there seems to be one playing among the words." One thinks of the melancholy young gentleman at Todgers's and the flute serenade, and of Dick Swiveller's mournful nocturnal performances on the same instrument when Sophy Wackles had been lost to him for ever.—*Westminster Gazette*, September 6, 1909.

MEMENTOES.

Some interesting mementoes of the late Charles Dickens were to be seen, in August 1909, at the New Dudley Gallery, at the third annual Dickens Exhibition. One of the most notable additions was the gun used by the novelist on the somewhat rare occasions when he went shooting. No doubt can be entertained as to the authenticity of the weapon, for it bears his name on the butt, together with that of his biographer, Mr. John Forster, who presented it to him. There is no special feature about it, beyond its connection with Dickens, but that will be quite sufficient attraction for the admirers of the great novelist.

Among the other relics was a very rare and finely preserved copy of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, in its original binding, lent by Mr.

Frank T. Sabin. The copy acquires additional interest from the fact that it was presented by the author to Mr. J. P. Harley, who acted in the character of "The Strange Gentleman." From Mr. Harley the volume passed into the possession of the late Mr. J. L. Toole, whose name it also bears.

Another interesting volume was a copy of *Bleak House*, containing a presentation inscription in the handwriting of Dickens, by whom it was given to his friend Emile de la Rue. With it there is a long autograph letter, referring to the curiously opposite subjects of the war in the Crimea and spirit rapping. There was also a set of diamond, pearl, and turquoise studs, upon the back of each of which is engraved "C. D. to F. B.," the set having been presented to Mr. Francesco Berger, as a memento of the performance of *The Frozen Deep*, for which Mr. Berger composed the music.—*Daily Chronicle*, August 9, 1909.

X

AS A SOCIAL REFORMER

MR. FITZGERALD'S SUMMING-UP.

Let us now see in detail the reforms and ameliorations for which his countrymen are so indebted to Dickens. By his *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* he succeeded in abolishing the dreadful horrors and oppression of IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT. Within a few years the prisons were closed, and the Fleet Prison levelled to the ground. I myself have given lectures to the Dickens Fellowship in the great Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, which is built on the site, and it was a strange feeling to walk on the ground where Mr. Pickwick had walked.

THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS—his pictures of these institutions for "boy-farming" were so vividly and appallingly described in *Nickleby* that their destruction followed almost at once.

THE WORKHOUSE SYSTEM branded and reformed by his *Oliver Twist*.

The life of the CRIMINAL CLASS exposed to view in the same story, with a plea for indulgence to the wretched Nancys and others who were associated with that life.

THE HYPOCRITE and his methods exposed in *Chuzzlewit* as well as the nefarious system of company swindling.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM made odious in *Barnaby Rudge* and in the portraits of Stiggins, Chadband, Honeythunder, and others.

The low-class "shark" SOLICITOR held up in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

The terrible LAW'S DELAY shown with scathing satire in *Bleak House*.

MONEY-LENDERS and their grinding tyranny were exhibited in *Nickleby* and *Our Mutual Friend*.

The system of the PUBLIC OFFICES devised to flout and baffle all inquiries and complaints was lashed in *Little Dorrit* under the form of "Circumlocution."

STRIKES and their abuses, with the unfeeling tyranny of the masters, exhibited in *Hard Times*.

THE PATENT LAWS exposed. Also the pedantic system of SCHOOL TEACHING. WORKHOUSE OPPRESSION with the abuse of "settlement" were dealt with in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Also the hardships on the poor of the existing MARRIAGE LAW.

TYRANNY OF MAGISTRATES AND JUDGES help up to scorn and reprobation in *The Chimes*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Pickwick*; and the treatment of the miserable STREET WAIF exposed in the most powerful fashion by the example of Joe in *Bleak House* and of the boy in *The Haunted Man*. Besides many more instances of a trifling kind, but used with potent effect. In all these cases there was no "missing fire." The stroke told at once; the remedy followed.—F 2.

I regard Dickens as the greatest social reformer in England I have ever known outside politics. His works have tended to revolutionise for the better our law courts, our prisons, our hospitals, our schools, our workhouses, our government offices, etc. He was a fearless exposé of cant in every direction—religious, social, and political.—M 2.

ON PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

In November 1850 Dickens witnessed the execution of Mrs. Manning at Horsemonger Lane Gaol. . . . The whole scene, inexpressibly odious and ghastly in its details, impressed him so strongly by its absolute offensiveness that he was induced to offer, in a letter to the *Times*, his opinions respecting public executions and their demoralising effect upon the minds of callous observers. "I am solemnly convinced," he said, "that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be done in this city, in the same compass of time, could work such ruin as one public execution, and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits." He wrote a second letter suggesting that executions should be carried out inside the prison walls, and these suggestions have been adopted almost exactly as prescribed—an improved condition of affairs with the initiation of which Dickens may justly be credited.—K 1.

AN ADMINISTRATIVE REFORMER.

At the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on 27th June 1855, Dickens spoke on behalf of the Administrative Reform Association which was started after the Crimean disclosures. In the course of his speech he said: "In my sphere of action I have tried to understand the heavier social grievances, and to help to set them right. When the *Times* newspaper proved its then almost incredible case in reference to the ghastly absurdity of that vast labyrinth of misplaced men and misdirected things, which had made England unable to find on the face of the earth an enemy one-twentieth part as potent to effect the misery and ruin of her noble defenders as she has been herself, I believe that the gloomy silence into which the country fell was by far the darkest aspect in which a great people had been exhibited for many years. With shame and indignation lowering among all classes of society, and this new element of discord piled on the heaving basis of ignorance, poverty, and crime, which is always below us—with little adequate expression of the

general mind, or apparent understanding of the general mind, in Parliament—with the machinery of Government and the legislature going round and round, and the people fallen from it and standing aloof, as if they left it to its last remaining function of destroying itself, when it had achieved the destruction of so much that was dear to them—I did and do believe that the only wholesome turn affairs so menacing could possibly take, was the awaking of the people, the outspokening of the people, the uniting of the people in all patriotism and loyalty to effect a great peaceful constitutional change in the administration of their own affairs. I think we may reasonably remark that all obstinate adherence to rubbish which the time has long outlived, is certain to have in the soul of it more or less that is pernicious and destructive; and that will some day set fire to something or other; which, if given boldly to the winds, would have been harmless; but which, obstinately retained, is ruinous. I believe myself that when Administrative Reform goes up it will be idle to hope to put it down, on this or that particular instance. The great, broad, and true cause that our public progress is far behind our private progress, and that we are not more remarkable for our private wisdom and success in matters of business than we are for our public folly and failure, I take to be as clearly established as the sun, moon, and stars. In this old country, with its seething hard-worked millions, its heavy taxes, its swarms of ignorant, its crowds of poor, and its crowds of wicked, woe the day when the dangerous man shall find a day for himself, because the head of the Government failed in his duty in not anticipating it by a brighter and a better one!”—S 1.

A SOCIAL REFORMER.

At Birmingham, on the 30th December 1853, Dickens read the *Christmas Carol* to a large assemblage of work-people, for whom, at his special request, the major part of the vast edifice was reserved. Before commencing the tale, Mr. Dickens said: “If there ever was a time when any class could of itself do much for its own good, and for the welfare of society—which I greatly doubt—that time is unquestionably past. It is in the fusion of different classes, without confusion; in the bringing together of employers and employed; in the creating of a better common understanding among those whose interests are identical, who depend upon each other, who are vitally essential to each other, and who can never be in unnatural antagonism without deplorable results, that one of the chief principles of a Mechanics’ Institution should consist. In this world a great deal of the bitterness among us arises from an imperfect understanding of one another. Erect in Birmingham a great Educational Institution, properly educational; educational of the feelings as well as of the reason; to which all orders of Birmingham men contribute; in which all orders of Birmingham men meet; wherein all orders of Birmingham men are faithfully represented—and you will erect a Temple of Concord here which will be a model edifice to the whole of England.”—S 1.

Social Reform also formed the subject of a speech by Dickens on 10th May 1851 at a dinner of the Metropolitan Sanitary Association. "There are," he observed, "very few words for me to say upon the needfulness of sanitary reform, or the consequent usefulness of the Board of Health. That no man can estimate the amount of mischief grown in dirt, that no man can say the evil stops here or stops there, either in its moral or physical effects, or can deny that it begins in the cradle and is not at rest in the miserable grave, is as certain as it is that the air from Gin Lane will be carried by an easterly wind into Mayfair, or that the furious pestilence raging in St. Giles's no mortal list of lady patronesses can keep out of Almack's. Fifteen years ago some of the valuable reports of Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith, strengthening and much enlarging my knowledge, made me earnest in this cause in my own sphere; and I can honestly declare that the use I have since that time made of my eyes and nose have only strengthened the conviction that certain sanitary reforms must precede all other social remedies, and that neither education nor religion can do anything useful until the way has been paved for their ministrations by cleanliness and decency."—S 1.

DEFENCE OF THE WEAK.

The thought of any injustice done by the strong to the weak made, if we may borrow the words of Macaulay as applied to Burke, the blood of Charles Dickens boil in his veins. There was nothing wild about his philanthropy or his political opinions. He was not for rushing to extremes. He was not even for too much of demonstration with band and banner, and what Carlyle called "hip-hip-hip and three cheers." He was too earnest and too energetic to be satisfied with the mere sweetness and light of Matthew Arnold, but he was an eager champion of the genuine and authentic rights of his fellow-man. His teachers, as Ebenezer Elliott, the poet, said of himself, were "the torn heart's wail—the tyrant and the slave; the street, the factory, the jail; the palace, and the grave." But, like Ebenezer Elliott, too, his mind and his common sense revolted against extravagance, because he could see that extravagance only leads to reaction and revulsion.—*Daily News*, January 21, 1896.

His letters to the *Daily News* under the title of "Crime and Education," furnish a striking instance of the youthful novelist's enthusiasm for social reform. His views, it appears, on these subjects were too bold and liberal for the *Edinburgh Review*, which stately organ in 1843 declined his offer to contribute an article on Ragged Schools. His impassioned condemnation of Capital punishment [see *Daily News*, March 9, 13, and 16, 1846] and vigorous description of the degradation and the horror of a public execution, together with his scarce little pamphlet against Sabbatarian fanaticism are further examples. Even a notice written by him of a remarkable American Panorama exhibited at

the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, affords him an opportunity for urging the claims of the poor ; it ends with the words :

"It would be well to have a panorama, three miles long, of England. There might be places in it worth looking at, a little closer than we see them now ; and worth the thinking of, a little more profoundly. It would be hopeful, too, to see some things in England, part and parcel of a *moving* panorama : and not of one that stood still, or had a disposition to go backward."—*Daily News*, February 14, 1898.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF CHARITY.

I suppose most readers of popular fiction form an idea—erroneous sometimes, no doubt—of the author's private character. In Dickens's writings, sympathy with the suffering is in such overwhelming evidence, that it would be strange indeed if the mainspring were not to be found in the writer's own nature, and it would also be strange if attempts were not made to take advantage of such evident kindness of heart in furtherance of unworthy objects. Dickens has told of some of those attacks upon the heart and purse in print, and with the delightful humour peculiar to him ; but he has not told—because it was not for him to tell—of any of the instances in which he has stretched out a helping hand to real distress. I venture to present my readers with a single illustration, in which Dickens and I "went partners," as we used to say at school, and appropriately, as those benefited were the wife and children of an artist. In the letter which follows, I have only suppressed names :

"Thus the case stands : if anybody sends money to Mrs. —, I know no more of it ; neither does anybody else. But if anybody sends money for the family's benefit to the — fund at —, I can answer for the moneys being forthcoming, simply because I have made the account payable to my draft only. Of course I have done this as a temporary measure, and I have from the first taken it for granted that you and the third gentleman, whose name I forget (but it was attached to the prospectus with our names), will accept the administration of the money with me, or with any others whom we may join with us. There is the account open at —, and Mrs. — has no power over it ; consequently, the object of the subscribers cannot be abused.—F 7.

A FRIEND OF THE SLUM CHILD.

The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, was founded on a small scale by Charles Dickens and a few others fifty-eight years ago, and was the first hospital ever established in this country for children. It has been well called "The Mother of Children's Hospitals," and has been the model for all other similar institutions. Here is an extract from Dickens's speech at the anniversary dinner on 9th February 1858. After some reference to the spoilt children of the richer classes he went on to say :

“The spoilt children whom I must show you are the spoilt children of the poor in this great city. The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves. Of the annual deaths in this great town, their unnatural deaths form more than one-third. I should not ask you, according to the custom as to the other class—I should not ask you on behalf of these children to observe how good they are, how pretty they are, how clever they are, how promising they are, whose beauty they most resemble—I should only ask you to observe how weak they are, and how like death they are! And I should ask you, by the remembrance of everything that lies between your own infancy and that so mis-called second childhood when the child’s graces are gone, and nothing but its helplessness remains; I should ask you to turn your thoughts to *these* spoilt children in the sacred names of Pity and Compassion. Within a quarter of a mile of this place where I speak, stands a courtly old house, where once, no doubt, blooming children were born, and grew up to be men and women, and married, and brought their own blooming children back to patter up the old oak staircase which stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak carvings on the chimneypieces. In the airy wards into which the old state drawing-rooms and family bedchambers of that house are now converted are such little patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed good giantesses, and the kind medical practitioner like an amiable Christian ogre. Grouped about the little low tables in the centre of the rooms are such tiny convalescents that they seem to be playing at having been ill. On the dolls’ beds are such diminutive creatures that each poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys; and, looking round, you may see how the little, tired, flushed cheek has toppled over half the brute creation on its way into the ark; or how one little dimpled arm has mowed down (as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright, childish pictures. At the beds’ heads are pictures of the figure which is the universal embodiment of all mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a child Himself, and a poor one. Besides these little creatures on the beds, you may learn in that place that the number of small out-patients brought to that house for relief is no fewer than ten thousand in the compass of one single year. This is the pathetic case which I have to put to you; not only on behalf of the thousands of children who annually die in this great city, but also on behalf of the thousands of children who live half-developed, racked with preventable pain, shorn of their natural capacity for health and enjoyment. If these innocent creatures cannot move you for themselves, how can I possibly hope to move you in their name? The most delightful paper, the most charming essay, which the tender imagination of Charles Lamb conceived, represents him as sitting by his fireside on a winter night telling stories to his own dear children and delighting in their society, until he suddenly comes to

his old, solitary, bachelor self, and finds that they are but dream-children who might have been, but never were. 'We are nothing,' they say to him, 'less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and we must wait upon the tedious shore of Lethe, millions of ages, before we have existence and a name.' 'And immediately awaking,' he says, 'I found myself in my arm-chair.' The dream-children whom I would now raise, if I could, before every one of you, according to your various circumstances, should be the dear child you love, the dearer child you have lost, the child you might have had, the child you certainly have been. Each of these dream-children should hold in its powerful hand one of the little children now lying in the Children's Hospital, or now shut out of it to perish. Each of these dream-children should say to you, 'Oh, help this little suppliant in my name; oh, help it for my sake!' Well!—And immediately awaking, you should find yourself in the Freemasons' Hall, happily arrived at the end of a rather long speech, drinking 'Prosperity to the Hospital for Sick Children,' and thoroughly resolved that it should flourish."—*S* 1.

AS EDUCATIONAL REFORMER.

Mr. J. L. Hughes, inspector of public schools in Toronto, writes in the February *Century* on "What Charles Dickens did for Children: His work in Education." He begins by declaring, "Froebel and Dickens are the best interpreters of Christ's ideals of childhood. The philosophy of Froebel and the stories of Dickens are in perfect harmony." Dickens "was the greatest destructive educational critic, but he was also a most advanced, positive, constructive educator. There is no great ideal of the 'new education' which is not revealed by Dickens in his novels or his miscellaneous writings." He was, it seems, "the first Englishman of note to advocate the kindergarten." This he did in *Household Words*, July 1855. In his writings generally—"every element of purity and strength in the new education is revealed. The reverent sympathy for childhood; the spirit of true motherhood; the full recognition of selfhood; the influence of nature in revealing conceptions of life, evolution, and God; the development of body, mind, and spirit through play; the need of training the entire being as a unity; the culture of originative and executive power; the necessity for perfect freedom in order to attain full growth; and the fundamental process of creative self-activity—all were clear to the great absorptive and reproductive mind of Dickens." He aroused the world in two ways: he pictured both the bad and the good ways of training. Squeers, Dr. Blimber, Gradgrind, and Mr. Creakle were examples of the wrong methods; Dr. Strong, in *David Copperfield*, was "a type of every high modern ideal of education." No man could have written *Hard Times* who was not an advanced and thoughtful educator. Mr. Hughes concludes by asking—"Did Dickens deliberately aim to improve educational systems and reveal the principles of educational philosophy? The answer is easily found. He was the first great English student of Froebel. He deals with

nineteen different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of childhood than any other novelist, or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national control of education, even in private schools, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed fourteen types of coercion, and did more than anyone else to lead Christian men and women to treat children humanely. Every book he wrote except two is rich in educational thought. He took the most advanced position on every phase of modern educational thought, except manual training. When he is thoroughly understood he will be recognised as the Froebel of England."—*Review of Reviews*, February 1899.

Presiding at the fourth anniversary dinner of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, on 5th November 1857, Dickens referred at some length to schools in general. First of all he spoke of the sorts of schools he did not like. He found them, on consideration, to be rather numerous. He proceeded to sketch the other sort of school he did like.

"It is," he said, "a school established by the members of an industrious and useful order, which supplies the comforts and graces of life at every familiar turning in the road of our existence; it is a school established by them for the orphan and necessitous children of their own brethren and sisterhood; it is a place giving an education worthy of them—an education by them invented, by them conducted, by them watched over; it is a place of education where, while the beautiful history of the Christian religion is daily taught, and while the life of that Divine Teacher who Himself took little children on His knees is daily studied, no sectarian ill-will nor narrow human dogma is permitted to darken the face of the clear heaven which they disclose. It is a children's school, which is at the same time no less a children's home, a home not to be confided to the care of cold or ignorant strangers, nor, by the nature of its foundation, in the course of ages to pass into hands that have as much natural right to deal with it as with the peaks of the highest mountains or with the depths of the sea, but to be from generation to generation administered by men living in precisely such homes as those poor children have lost; by men always bent upon making that replacement such a home as their own dear children might find a happy refuge in if they themselves were taken early away. And I fearlessly ask you, is this a design which has any claim to your sympathy? Is this a sort of school which is deserving of your support?"—*S* 1.

In an address on 3rd December 1858, before the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire, held in the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester, Dickens dealt eloquently with the pursuit of knowledge, not by men like himself, the business of whose life is with writing and with books, but by men the business of whose life is with tools and with machinery.

"Of the advantages of knowledge, I have said, and I shall say,

nothing. Of the certainty with which the man who grasps it under difficulties rises in his own respect and in usefulness to the community, I have said, and I shall say, nothing. In the city of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, both of them remarkable for self-taught men, that were superfluous indeed. For the same reason I rigidly abstain from putting together any of the shattered fragments of that poor clay image of a parrot, which was once always saying, without knowing why, or what it meant, that knowledge was a dangerous thing. Do not let us, in the midst of the visible objects of nature, whose workings we can tell of in figures, surrounded by machines that can be made to the thousandth part of an inch, acquiring every day knowledge which can be proved upon a slate or demonstrated by a microscope—do not let us, in the laudable pursuit of the facts that surround us, neglect the fancy and the imagination which equally surround us as a part of the great scheme. Let the child have its fables; let the man or woman into which it changes, always remember those fables tenderly. Let numerous graces and ornaments that cannot be weighed and measured, and that seem at first sight idle enough, continue to have their places about us, be we never so wise. The hardest head may co-exist with the softest heart. The union and just balance of those two is always a blessing to the possessor, and always a blessing to mankind. Knowledge, as all followers of it must know, has a very limited power indeed, when it informs the head alone; but when it informs the head and the heart too, it has a power over life and death, the body and the soul, and dominates the universe.”—S 1.

A CORN LAW REFORMER.

About the time that the agitation against the Corn Laws was at its height (14th January 1846) young Robinson was present at a meeting held in the village of Bremhill, in Wiltshire, to protest against the taxation of the people's food. It was on a moonlight night, for the working people could only meet after the day's toil was done, and young Robinson stood near a waggon under a tree, facing a crowd of agricultural labourers, men and women. Bread was fearfully dear and wages were frightfully low. The poor fellows knew nothing of political economy, but they had heard the cry of “cheap bread,” and they braved their masters' anger and met round that tree to petition Parliament to let the corn ships in the offing discharge their golden freight without a tax.

A poor woman stood up in the waggon and she said with intense energy, “They say we be purtected. If we be purtected, we be starved.” Her name was Lucy Simpkins. The woman's words and manner struck the young listener under the tree, and it occurred to him that some account of the scene would be of interest. He therefore posted a descriptive paragraph to the London *Daily News*, which had recently been started under the editorship of Charles Dickens. The paragraph duly appeared and attracted the attention of Dickens, who thereupon wrote some stirring

verses on the subject which appeared in the issue of that paper for 14th February 1846.—R 2.

[The verses will be found on page 82, under the heading of "Dickens as a Poet."]

AGAINST SLAVERY.

Dickens was very strongly against slavery, and once, on his first visit to America in 1842, a hard-looking, unprepossessing individual ventured to remind him that it was not the interest of a man to ill-use his slaves; to which the novelist quietly replied "that it was not a man's interest to get drunk, or to steal, or to game, or to indulge in any other vice, but he *did* indulge in it for all that. That cruelty and the abuse of irresponsible power were two of the bad passions of human nature, with the gratification of which, considerations of interest or of ruin had nothing whatever to do; and that, while every candid man must admit that even a slave might be happy enough with a good master, all human beings know that bad masters, and masters who disgraced the form they bore, were matters of experience and history, whose existence was as undisputed as that of the slaves themselves."—K 1.

AGAINST "STIGGINSISM."

A small brochure, entitled *Sunday under Three Heads; As it is: As Sabbath Bills would make it: As it might be made*, belongs to this date [1836], and was written under the pseudonym of "Timothy Sparks," with illustrations by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). It constituted a strong plea for the poor, with direct reference to a Bill "for the Better Observance of the Sabbath," which the House of Commons had then recently thrown out by a small majority. Sir Andrew Agnew, M.P., brought about an agitation advocating the enforcement of more rigid laws respecting Sunday observance, and Dickens, believing that such legislation would press more heavily on the poor than on the rich, pleaded for the encouragement of excursions and other harmless amusements on the Sabbath, as likely to counteract the tendency towards certain forms of dissipation which plebeian Londoners might favour in the absence of innocent recreation. Thanks to the National Sunday League and kindred bodies, that which Dickens so warmly advocated in 1836 has been in a measure realised, such as the opening of museums and picture-galleries on the Lord's Day. A copy of *Sunday under Three Heads* (now exceedingly scarce) has realised as much as £15 by auction.—K 1.

XI

HIS HOMES AND HAUNTS

A GENERAL SURVEY.

The story of the homes and haunts of Charles Dickens begins really at Gad's Hill and ends there. The house was the most prominent recollection of his early childhood. It is true that, born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, he left his birthplace when he was two years old, and always said that he remembered it and the nurse watching him through the kitchen window as he trotted about the small front garden, but his recollections of boyhood were more intimately associated with Chatham, Rochester, and London ; and it was his wish that he might be buried in the little graveyard under the wall of Rochester Castle, or rather Keep. There is a brass tablet to his memory in Rochester Cathedral, which reads :

CHARLES DICKENS,

Born at Portsmouth, 7th of February, 1812.

Died at Gad's Hill Place, by Rochester, 9th of June, 1870.

Buried in Westminster Abbey.

To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighbourhood, which extended over all his life, this tablet, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, is placed by his executors.

The tablet is placed just under that of Richard Watts, a sixteenth-century worthy who established a house where "six poor travellers, not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis for one night lodging, entertainment, and four pence each." Dickensians will not need to be reminded of the association of this charity with the Christmas number of *Household Words* for 1854, "The Seven Poor Travellers."

From Chatham the Dickens family went to Bayham Street, Camden Town, thence to 4 Gower Street North, and a small tenement in Johnson Street, Somers Town. These were the bitter days of the blacking factory in the Strand, of the Marshalsea, Lant Street, and Little College Street. When the cloud lifted there came his

experiences in the attorney's office, the grappling with shorthand as a means of distinction, the reportership which he held for two years in Doctors' Commons—the old ecclesiastical and probate court—the Reporters' Gallery at Westminster, the spare hours of self-improvement in the Reading Room at the British Museum.

It has been already pointed out that as a newspaper reporter Dickens travelled all over the country. A year ago there was still to be seen at Bath the old screen which used to stand in the hall of the White Hart Hotel at that place. It contained the rules and regulations relating to passengers and luggage, and was dated 1st September 1830. The coaches by which the passengers travelled were owned by the firm of Moses Pickwick & Co., and it was thence that Dickens took the name of his most famous book. A photograph of the old screen was given in the *Car*, of 4th December 1907.

During the year preceding the production of the first number of *The Pickwick Papers*, 1835, Dickens resided in Furnival's Inn. And it was at 15 Furnival's Inn that, following his marriage to Miss Hogarth on 2nd April 1836, Dickens and his bride began house-keeping. From Furnival's Inn Mr. and Mrs. Dickens removed in the spring of 1837 to 48 Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square, where *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were written. The success of these works made it possible for the young author and his wife to leave their little home in Doughty Street for 1 Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, a handsome structure with a large walled garden. This was at the close of 1839. At Devonshire House Dickens lived for twelve years, and here many of his early friends came to know him, and much of his best work was written, including portions of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*. It was here, too, that "he realised in his own life some of David Copperfield's disenchantment in the contrast between what he had expected in his married life and what he experienced." When the idea of *The Old Curiosity Shop* came to him Dickens was, with his wife, staying at 35 St. James's Square, Bath. They were visiting Landor, who, it is said, always declared that he intended to purchase the house in which his friends had lodged, and burn it to the ground, that no mean associations should ever desecrate the birthplace of Little Nell. But, as Anna Leach has pointed out in a charmingly illustrated paper in *Munsey's Magazine*, Dickens wrote most of *The Old Curiosity Shop* at Broadstairs, "making several journeys to London to hunt up places where he could put his characters. He went one day to that curiously-named City street, Bevis Marks, specially to look up a house for Sampson Brass. 'I got mingled up with the Jews of Houndsditch,' he said, 'and came home in a cab!' but he had created Miss Sally Brass on the way." Dickens lived at two houses in Broadstairs, Lawn Villa and Fort House.

In the autumn of 1851, Dickens removed from Devonshire Terrace to Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, where *Bleak House* was completed, whence *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and *A Tale of*

Two Cities were given to the world, and where many of those plays which have become so famous were presented by the Dickens family and their friends. Gad's Hill Place was purchased in 1855, but it was not till 1859 that Tavistock House was sold and a transfer was made of the last of the books and furniture to the new home of which Dickens had dreamed as a boy.

Concerning what was written on the Continent authorities differ, but some part of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *The Chimes* seems to have been produced at the Palazzo Peschiere, in Genoa, and it was in the garden of this Italian beauty spot that *Martin Chuzzlewit* was conceived, and that *The Cricket on the Hearth* was framed. Then *The Battle of Life*, *Dombey and Son*, and parts of *Bleak House* and *David Copperfield* were written amid the scenery of the lovely Rhone Valley—in Lausanne, Geneva, and Vevey. It remains to be added that Dickens spent three summers in Boulogne. But wherever he was humanity interested him above all else. Everywhere he went he "gathered up people for his books." But, as Miss Leach observes, "it is a little singular that he should have chosen to immortalise so many of the people and the haunts which he knew in the days of his abject misery, when he was a sickly, uncared-for child."

DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE.

The house in which the master novelist of the nineteenth century first saw the light is now 387 Commercial Road, Landport, Portsea, formerly known as Mile End Terrace. Dickens came into the world on Friday, 7th February 1812, and the boy's name was registered "Charles John Huffham Dickens." Readers of *David Copperfield* will remember the autobiographer writing: "If it should appear, from anything I may set down in this narrative, that I was a child of strong observation, or that as a man I have a strong memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly lay claim to both of these characteristics." He told Forster in the early days of their friendship that "he well remembered the small front garden in the house at Portsea, from which he was taken away when two years old." Dickens recollected being watched by a nurse through a low kitchen window as he strolled about with something to eat, a little elder sister alongside him. The novelist, in company with Forster, when treading again the infantine localities, often pointed out places first known in childish days, which were never effaced from memory.—*Household Words*, March 26, 1904.

NO. 4 GOWER STREET NORTH.

A house was taken at No. 4 Gower Street North, whither the family removed in 1823. This and the adjoining houses had only just been built. The rate-book shows that No 4 was taken in the name of Mrs. Dickens, at an annual rental of £50, and that it was in the occupation of the Dickens family from Michaelmas 1823 to Lady Day 1824, they having apparently left Bayham Street at



DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH

From a water-colour by Paul Braddon

Christmas of the former year. The house, known in recent times as No. 147 Gower Street, was demolished about 1895, and an extension of Messrs. Maples premises now occupies the site. The Dickens residence had six small rooms, with kitchen in basement, each front room having two windows—altogether a fairly comfortable abode, but minus a garden.—K 3.

SOMERS TOWN.

In 1825 the elder Dickens removed to a small tenement in Johnson Street, Somers Town, a poverty-stricken neighbourhood even in those days. Johnson Street was then the last street in Somers Town, and adjoined the fields between it and Camden Town. It runs east from the north end of Seymour Street, and the house occupied by the Dickens family (including Charles, who had, of course, left his Lant Street "paradise") was No. 13, at the east end of the north side, if we may rely upon the evidence afforded by the rate-book. At that time the house was numbered 29, and rated at £20, the numbering being changed to 13 at Christmas 1825. In July of that year the name of the tenant is entered in the rate-book as Caroline Dickens, and so remains until January 1829, after which the house is marked "Empty."—K 3.

THE ADELPHI.

It will be remembered that David Copperfield, during his bachelor days, occupied apartments at Mrs. Crupps', in Buckingham Street, Adelphi; we learn, on the authority of Charles Dickens, the younger, that the author actually rented rooms here before he lived in Furnival's Inn, and that these rooms were at the top of one of the end houses, overlooking the Thames. "Charles Dickens," writes the novelist's son, "if he lived in David Copperfield's rooms—as I have no doubt he did—must have kept house on the top floor of No. 15 on the east side, the house which displays a tablet commemorating its one-time tenancy by Peter the Great."—K 1.

FURNIVAL'S INN.

Furnival's Inn consisted of two courts of very considerable extent. The street front, erected about the time of Charles II., was a very fine brick building, adorned with pilasters, mouldings, and various other ornaments, and was attributed to Inigo Jones. This was pulled down and rebuilt in 1820, and it was in this new building that Charles Dickens was living when the *Pickwick Papers* were published. Except for this incident, few will regret the recent destruction of the "new building." The Gothic Hall, a still older structure than the front, was a plain brick building, with a small turret and two large projecting bow windows at the west end.—B 2.

THE STRAND.

When Charles Dickens first became acquainted with Mr. Vincent Dowling, editor of *Bell's Life*—or *Sleepless Life*, as he facetiously

termed it, from its Latin heading, "*Nunquam Dormio*" ("wide awake")—he would generally stop at old Tom Goodwin's oyster and refreshment rooms, opposite the office, in the Strand. On one occasion, Mr. Dowling, not knowing who had called, desired that the gentleman would leave his name, to be sent over to the office, whereupon young Dickens wrote—

CHARLES DICKENS,

RESURRECTIONIST,

In search of a subject.

Some recent cases of body-snatching had then made the matter a general topic for public discussion, and Goodwin pasted up the strange address-card for the amusement of the medical students who patronised his oysters. It was still upon his wall when *Pickwick* had made Dickens famous, and the old man was never tired of pointing it out to those whom he was pleased to call his "bivalve-demolishers!"—H 4.

The "Early Closing Act" of 1872 not only put an end to places of so-called "entertainment" in the Metropolis as were of no sort of benefit to anyone save the proprietors and their employes, but also closed the doors of Evans's Supper Rooms where admirably performed old English glees, and good songs by professional choristers, provided a concert lasting from nine until past one, which was a delight to those who, after dining at their club or *en garçon* at the Piazza Coffee-House, The Cock Tavern, Simpson's in the Strand, or elsewhere within easy distance of Covent Garden, preferred spending an evening after the fashion of King Cole with their tobacco, their glass, and a Welsh rarebit to finish with, to patronising any theatrical or other "show" that attracted so many. . . . Here, occasionally, came Thackeray, though more often he patronised the Cider Cellars, or remained in the smoking-room of the Garrick close at hand; here came, now and again, Charles Dickens;* and on a Wednesday night a majority of the *Punch* staff, with Mark Lemon, would gather about the table in the corner, just to the right of the platform, on which the piano stood. I am now describing the old room as I first knew it during my Eton holidays and during the earlier part of my Cambridge days.—B 3.

Almost facing the Lyceum portico, in Wellington Street, there stood for forty years and more a rather gracious-looking, bow-windowed little structure, prominent yet half-retiring, of good architectural proportion in its modest way, and having a cosy, inviting air. Beside it was the stage entrance of the Gaiety Theatre, with a flaunting canvas transparency overhead, for which its little neighbour became a sort of Naboth's vineyard. Not very long ago scaffoldings were reared about it, and the windows were

bricked up. It passed away unnoticed, and was absorbed into its garish neighbour without remark; yet no London "Old Mortality" could see its condition without a pang; for it was once the old, original "Office of *Household Words*," that favourite "weekly," read by all as the inspired utterance of the gifted editor. . . . The little office has associations yet more interesting, from its connection with the cheeriest and most buoyant portion of Dickens's life. From 30th March 1850, the day he founded his journal, to 1859, when he extinguished it, the place became the scene of a very joyous, inspiring portion of his life. Never was he so gaily exuberant, so full of vivacity, or so fertile in schemes. Here he planned, wrote, and saw his friends and contributors; and here, too, he had many a little supper after the play.—F 3.

DOUGHTY STREET.

Yates, in his *Recollections and Experiences*, recalls the Doughty Street of his day (and of Dickens's) as a "broad, airy, wholesome street; none of your common thoroughfares, to be rattled through by vulgar cabs and earth-shaking Pickford vans, but a self-included property, with a gate at each end, and a lodge with a porter in a gold-laced hat and the Doughty arms on the buttons of his mulberry-coloured coat, to prevent anyone, except with a mission to one of the houses, from intruding on the exclusive territory." The lodges and gates have been removed since this was written, and the porter in official garb disappeared with that exclusiveness and quietude which doubtless attracted Dickens to the spot more than sixty years ago.

No. 48 Doughty Street (where his daughters Mary and Kate were born) is situated on the east side of the street, and contains twelve rooms—a single-fronted, three-storied house, with a railed-in area in front and a small garden at the rear. A tiny room on the ground-floor, facing the garden, is believed to have been the novelist's study, in which he wrote the latter portion of *Pickwick*, practically the whole of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.—K 3.

Life in lodgings, especially in a great city, and with young children, is not a very exhilarating state of existence, and it was not long, therefore, before Sydney Smith established himself in a small house, No. 8 Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square. It is interesting to know that Charles Dickens, a generation later, also lived in this street at the period when *Pickwick* was finished, and *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* took the world by storm. Sydney Smith, always quick to recognise genius, was one of the first to admit the extraordinary fidelity and humour which distinguished the portraits which Dickens drew from life. In his published correspondence there are several kindly letters addressed to the young novelist, and the earliest of them was written to the inventor of Mr. Pickwick, when he was living in Doughty Street, not many doors off the house where, thirty-five years before, had been the home of the man who made the English people acquainted with

the adventures of Dame Partington and the opinions of Peter Plymley. In that letter, Sydney Smith states that the Miss Berrys have commissioned him to invite Mr. Dickens to dinner at Richmond, in order that he may meet "a Canon of St. Paul's, the Rector of Combe-Florey, and the Vicar of Halberton—all equally well known to you."—*R* 1.

ELM COTTAGE, PETERSHAM.

At Elm Cottage (later called Elm Lodge), Petersham, a pretty little rural retreat rented by Dickens in the summer of 1839, he frequently enjoyed the society of his friends—Maclise, Landseer, Ainsworth, Talfourd, and the rest—many of whom joined in athletic competitions organised by their energetic host in the extensive grounds, among other frivolities being a balloon club for children, of which Forster was elected president on condition that he supplied all the balloons.—*K* 3.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE.

Dickens's favourite home was No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, High Street, Marylebone, where, when in town, he lived for twelve years. He came here from 48 Doughty Street, at the end of 1839. He was then newly married, and in the heyday of the success which *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist* had brought him. Here it was that his many friends among the distinguished men of the day were wont to gather—Macready, Clarkson Stanfield, Sir Edwin Landseer, Harrison Ainsworth, Talfourd, and Bulwer were all frequent and welcome guests at Devonshire Terrace. Here Dickens produced much of his best work, as the following items will show: 1840-1, *Master Humphrey's Clock*; 1842, *American Notes*; 1843-4, *Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the *Christmas Carol*; 1844, *The Chimes*; 1845, *The Cricket on the Hearth*; 1846-52, *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation*; 1849-50, *Personal History of David Copperfield*. In November 1851, Dickens moved to Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, which had previously been the residence of Frank Stone, A.R.A., the father of Marcus Stone the Academician. Years later he said of his affection for his old home: "I seem as if I had plucked myself out of my proper soil when I left Devonshire Terrace, and could take root no more until I return to it."—*Westminster Gazette*, September 16, 1896.

Miss Dickens recalled her father's study as "a pretty room, with steps leading directly into the garden from it, and with one extra baize door to keep out all sounds and noise."—*K* 1.

Concerning Dickens's studies, his eldest daughter tells us that they "were always cheery, pleasant rooms, and always, like himself, the personification of neatness and tidiness. On the shelf of his writing-table were many dainty and useful ornaments—gifts from his friends or members of his family—and always a vase of bright and fresh flowers."—*K* 3.

A contemporary drawing of the house by Daniel Maclise, R.A., represents it as detached and standing in its own grounds, with a wrought-iron entrance-gate surmounted by a lamp-bracket; the building consisted of a basement, two storeys, and an attic. There are only three houses in the Terrace, and immediately beyond is the burial-ground of St. Marylebone Church. No. 1 Devonshire Terrace is now semi-detached, having a line of taller residential structures on the southern side, while a portion of the high brick wall on the Terrace side has been replaced by an iron railing. The house itself has been structurally changed since Dickens's days, and has undergone enlargement.—W. R. Hughes, in *A Week's Tramp in Dickens Land*.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE.

Tavistock House was for many years the residence of James Perry (editor of Dickens's old paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, in its best days), and was then noted for its reunions of men of political and literary distinction. Eliza Cook, the poetess, also lived in Tavistock House when she left Greenhithe, Kent, and Mary Russell Mitford (authoress of *Our Village*) became an honoured guest there in 1818. The house was afterwards divided, and the moiety, which still retained the name of Tavistock, became the home of Frank Stone. Dickens held the lease from the Duke of Bedford at a "peppercorn" ground-rent.

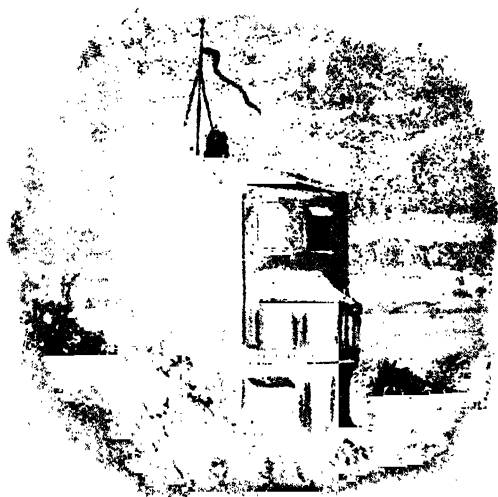
Tavistock House, with Russell House and Bedford House adjoining (all the property of the Duke of Bedford and all demolished), stood at the north-east corner of the private, secluded Tavistock Square (named after the Marquis of Tavistock, father of the celebrated William, Lord Russell), a short distance south of Euston Road, about midway between Euston Square and the aristocratic Russell Square, and railed off from Upper Woburn Place.

The exterior of Tavistock House (pulled down in 1901) presented a plain brick structure of two storeys in height above the ground-floor, with attics in the roof, an open portico or porch being added by a later tenant; it contained no less than eighteen rooms, including a drawing-room capable of holding more than three hundred persons. On the garden side, at the rear, the house had a bowed front somewhat resembling that at Devonshire Terrace. . . . Dickens's eldest daughter, in recalling her father's study at Tavistock House, remembered it as being larger and more ornate than his previous sanctum, and describes it as "a fine large room, opening into the drawing-room by means of sliding doors. When the rooms were thrown together," she adds, "they gave my father a promenade of considerable length for the constant indoor walking which formed a favourite recreation for him after a hard day's writing." Here were written, wholly or partly—*Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations*, his labours being agreeably diversified by private theatricals. . . . In 1885 and subsequently Tavistock House was occupied as a Jewish College.

Tavistock House, with its neighbours Bedford House and Russell House, were razed to the ground about four years ago.—K 3.

FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS.

Fort House, to which were attached pleasure grounds of about an acre in extent, was approached by a carriage drive, and the rental value in 1883 was £100 a year. This "airy nest" (as he described his Broadstairs home) formed a conspicuous landmark in the locality, and proved a constant source of attraction to visitors by reason of its associations. Edmund Yates thus describes it as seen by him at a subsequent period: "It is a small house without any large



FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS

A favourite seaside resort of the novelist's, popularly but erroneously known as "Bleak House."

rooms, but such a place as a man of moderate means, with an immoderate family of small children, might choose for a summer retreat. The sands immediately below afford a splendid playground; there is an abundant supply of never-failing ozone; there is a good lawn, surrounded by borders well-stocked with delicious-smelling common English flowers, and there is, or was in those days, I imagine, ample opportunity for necessary seclusion. The room in which Dickens worked is on the first floor, a small, three-cornered slip, 'about the size of a warm bath,' as he would have said, but with a large expansive window commanding a magnificent sea-view. His love for the place, and his gratitude for the good it always did him, are recorded in a hundred letters."—K 3.

FOLKESTONE.

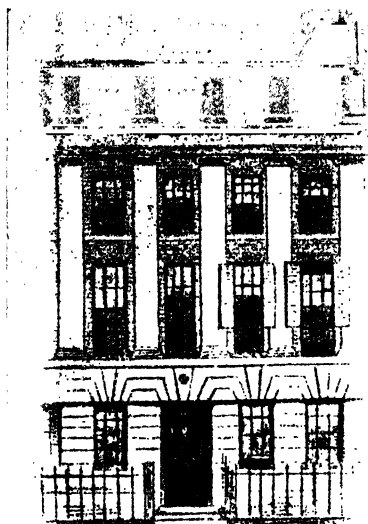
"Boz," who at the time he wrote his sketch "Out of Town" lived close to the South-Eastern line—his station was at Higham . . . was frequently tempted to run down to the Pavilion, or pass through it, making a little flight to Paris. . . . The Pavilion Hotel being on the line to Paris, and hospitably at hand after stormy passages, "Boz" naturally had a tender interest in the place which had received him so kindly and bound up his wounds. It was one of the incidents of his high position and reputation, that at every hostelry he was made much of, with extra attention, accommodation, cookery, etc.—though I imagine that these attentions often found their way into the bills. But apart from this, he was deeply interested in the establishment—chiefly, as I have said, because it was associated with so much that was agreeable.—*F* 2.

BOULOGNE.

News reaches us that the house in Boulogne in which Dickens wrote *Little Dorrit* has been pulled down. Dickens thought that this house had the most delightful of all the gardens attached to any house that he had inhabited on the Continent. These grounds still remain, and little English and French children are playing in them to-day—the pupils of the nuns known as the Ladies of Nazareth. They have built their chapel on the site of the house in which the author who loved little children lived and wrote. In another little habitation in the same neighbourhood Dickens stayed one summer, and should you visit Boulogne you will have shown you the dressing-room in which he finished *Bleak House*. The neighbours, by the way, thought Dickens every inch a Frenchman until he opened his mouth. You cannot pass through Boulogne without stumbling over a pile of Dickens's reminiscences.—*The Bookman* (New York), vol. ix.

"Boz's" sketch of "Our French Watering-Place," an account of his residence at Boulogne, is one of his most charming efforts. He was there in the years 1853 and 1856. The old "High Town" had for him an extraordinary attraction—as, indeed, it must have for anyone with a feeling for the old world. He pitched his camp, not by the bustling port, but high up on the very crest of the hill, on the downs, well beyond the Old Town, and in one of those pleasant French country-houses so complementarily styled "châteaux."

Last year [1904], being in Boulogne, I set forth to see if I could find this pleasant retreat; but no one knew of it, or even that Dickens had been in any way associated with the place. This is not surprising, as it was nigh half a century ago. I had even heard that it had been partially levelled or rebuilt. But a friendly English bookseller, living high up, in the Grande Rue, knew all about the matter, and put me on the right track. I took my way, accordingly, to the left of the Old Town, struck out of the Boulevard Mariette, past the coquettish little dancing-garden known as the Tintilleries, went on higher and yet higher, until I reached the



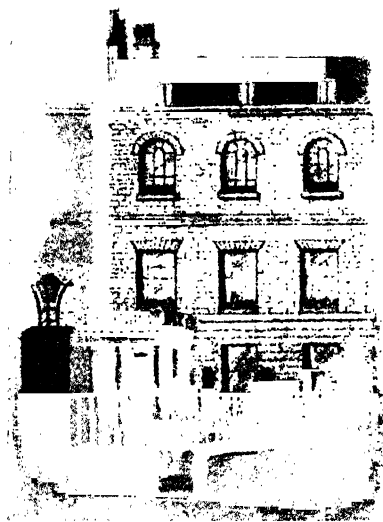
THE HOUSE, FURNIVAL'S INN

The earliest home of the novelist after quitting his father's, 1833-36. Here *Sketches by Boz* and most of *Pickwick* were written



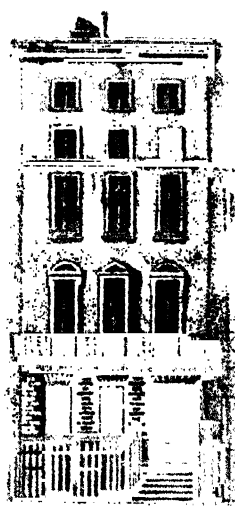
NO. 18 DOUGHTY STREET

First house after marriage. Concluding numbers of *Pickwick*, *Twist*, and *Nickelby* written here, 1837-40



TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE

Dickens lived here from 1850 till 1860. *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and *A Tale of Two Cities* were written here



NO. 5 HYDE PARK PLACE

The last temporary residence, Nov. 1869-May 1870, in London, where most of *Edwin Drood* was written

Rue Beaurepaire, where I was told I would assuredly find the château. Before me was a rude stone wall, built of cobbles, and within the stone wall was "the property" of M. Beaucourt, "Boz's" landlord, and whom he has described so humorously. But the château itself, where was it? There were two châteaux, both occupied by Dickens at different visits, and bearing different names. The first was gone. Instead, here was a huge monastic building, with an imposing church or chapel in front, of a Gothic kind, whose windows were filled with stained glass. Now it seemed all silent, dusty, and deserted—"shut up," in fact; and so it was, as a little mean advertisement affixed to the wall told us—"Maison à Vendre ou à Louer." The late Law of Suppression had been at work here, and the good nuns and their protégées had been ejected. The building seemed of recent erection, and must have cost much. But, again, where was the château? The convent "stood in its own grounds." There was a large growth of trees rich in foliage at the back, on the rising hill, planted over fifty years ago, before "Boz's" tenancy. But at the corner, nestling among them, I noted a modest, unpretending building—large villa rather than château—yellow all over, with a triangular pediment, its windows, three in a row, garnished with green "jalousies." All the ground about it, a large field of a couple of acres, sloping to the road, formed "the property" or estate of which the admirable Beaucourt ("M. Loyal" in the sketch) was so proud.—F 2.

GENOA.

Early in August 1844 [during his stay in Italy], Dickens had rented rooms in the Palazzo Peschiere for his winter residence; it being the largest palace in Genoa on hire, standing on elevated ground in the outskirts of the town and surrounded by its own gardens, and to this "Palace of the Fish-Ponds" he transferred himself and his belongings at the end of September.—K 1. [See section "On the Continent."]

GAD'S HILL.

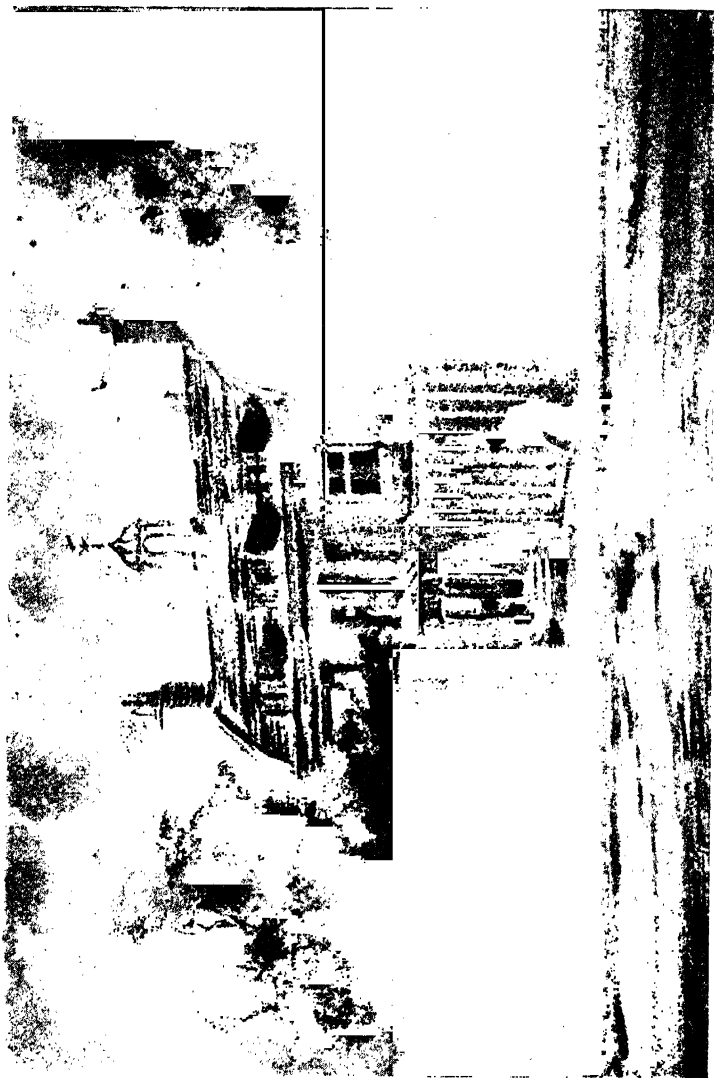
We come now to note Dickens's change of residence from Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, to Gad's Hill Place, Kent, or, as the great man himself always wrote it, with that amplitude and unmistakable clearness which made him write, not only the day of the month, but the day of the week, in full at the head of his letters—*Gad's Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester, Kent*. How he came to live here is pleasantly told by a friend (*Daily News*, 15th June 1870):

"Though not born at Rochester, Mr. Dickens spent some portion of his boyhood there; and was wont to tell how his father, the late Mr. John Dickens, in the course of a country ramble, pointed out to him as a child the house at Gad's Hill Place, saying, 'There, my boy, if you work and mind your book, you will, perhaps, one day live in a house like that.' This speech sunk deep, and in after-

years, and in the course of his many long pedestrian rambles through the lanes and roads of the pleasant Kentish country, Mr. Dickens came to regard this Gad's Hill House lovingly, and to wish himself its possessor. This seemed an impossibility. The property was so held that there was no likelihood of its ever coming into the market ; and so Gad's Hill came to be alluded to jocularly, as representing a fancy which was pleasant enough in dreamland, but would never be realised.

"Meanwhile the years rolled on, and Gad's Hill became almost forgotten. Then a further lapse of time, and Mr. Dickens felt a strong wish to settle in the country, and determined to let Tavistock House. About this time, and by the strangest coincidences, his intimate friend and close ally, Mr. W. H. Wills, chanced to sit next to a lady at a London dinner-party, who remarked, in the course of conversation, that a house and grounds had come into her possession of which she wanted to dispose. The reader will guess the rest. The house was in Kent, was not far from Rochester, had this and that distinguishing feature which made it like Gad's Hill and like no other place ; and the upshot of Mr. Wills's dinner-table chit-chat with a lady whom he had never met before was, that Charles Dickens realised the dream of his youth and became the possessor of Gad's Hill." The purchase was made in the spring of 1856.—*H* 4.

Dickens paid the purchase-money for Gad's Hill Place on 14th March 1856 ; it was a Friday, and, handing the cheque to Wills, he observed : " Now, isn't it an extraordinary thing—look at the day—Friday ! I have been nearly drawing it half a dozen times, when the lawyers have not been ready, and here it comes round upon a Friday as a matter of course." He frequently remarked that all the important events of his life happened to him on a Friday. Referring to this transaction, Mrs. Lynn Linton, in *My Literary Life* says : " We sold it cheap, £1700, and we asked £40 for the ornamental timber. To this Dickens and his agent made an objection ; so we had an arbitrator, who awarded us £70, which was in the nature of a triumph." The property comprised eleven acres of land, a considerable portion of which Dickens subsequently acquired through private negotiations with the respective owners. Not many weeks had elapsed after the death of Dickens when Gad's Hill Place was disposed of by public auction. The house, with eight acres of meadow land, was virtually bought in by Charles Dickens, the younger, at the much-enhanced price of £7500. For a time the novelist's eldest son made it his home. After being a considerable time on the market, the property was purchased in 1879 by Captain (afterwards Major) Austin F. Budden, then of the 12th Kent Artillery Volunteers, and Mayor of Rochester from that year until 1881. In 1889 Gad's Hill Place narrowly escaped destruction by fire. It is the old story—a leakage of gas, a naked light, and an explosion ; happily, Major Budden's supply of hand-grenades did their duty and saved the building. Shortly afterwards the house and accompanying land were again in the market,



GAD'S HILL HOUSE, HIGHAM, ROCHESTER
From a water-colour by Paul Braddon

and in 1890 a purchaser was found in the Hon. Francis Law Latham, Advocate-General at Bombay.—K 3.

Gad's Hill was notorious for robbers in Shakespeare's time. The allusion here is to the incident recorded in *King Henry IV.*, Act I. Scene 2, where Poins says, addressing Falstaff, Prince Henry, and the others—

"But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four o'clock early, at Gad's Hill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses; I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves."

At Dickens's request, this quotation was handsomely illuminated by Owen Jones, and placed in the entrance hall at Gad's Hill.—K 1.

I have just returned from a pilgrimage (many a pilgrim has gone to a shrine with a far less reverent joy) to Gad's Hill Place. The present owner, Mr. Latham, has greatly improved, without altering the general appearance of, the home of Dickens. He has introduced more light and air both into the house and grounds, developing the capabilities of the place, after the example of those who preceded him; but there is no material change. The dear old study remains as it was [1897], with the dummy books on the door and on part of the walls, bearing the quaint titles which Dickens invented for them:

Kant's Eminent Humbugs, 10 vols. *The Gunpowder Magazine*. *Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing*. *Lady Godiva, on her Horse*. *Evidences of Christianity*, by King Henry the Eighth. *Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep*. *Strutt's Walk*. *Malthus' Nursery Songs*. *Cats' Lives*, in 9 volumes. *History of the Middling Ages*. *Five Minutes in China*. *Swallows, on Emigration*. *History of a Short Chancery Suit*, in 19 volumes. *A. Carpenter's Bench of Bishops*. *Butcher's Suctonius*. *Cribb's edition of Miller*.

In the garden is the tiny grave, tombstone, and epitaph of "Dick," a beloved canary—

This is the Grave of

DICK,

THE BEST OF BIRDS,

Born at Broadstairs, Midsummer, 1851.

Died at Gad's Hill Place, October 14, 1866.

--H 3.

ROCHESTER.

Longfellow, Dickens, and Forster are associated with Rochester Castle by an odd and awkward incident. Both were about to show their poet friend the old building, when, as Forster says, in his best oracular way, "they were met by one of those prohibitions which are the wonder of visitors and the shame of Englishmen. We overleaped gates and barriers, and, setting at defiance repeated threats of all the terrors of the law coarsely expressed to us by the custodian of the place, explored minutely the Castle ruins." The

only explanation would seem to be that charges for admission were made.—F 2.

The evening of a summer's day is the best time to enter Rochester. At such times a golden haze spreads over the city and the river, and renders both a dream of beauty. The gilt ship on the Guildhall blazes like molten metal; the "moon-faced clock" of the Corn Exchange is correspondingly calm; and the wide, hospitable entrance halls of the older inns begin to glow with light. You should have walked a good fifteen miles or more on the day of your first coming into Rochester, and then you will appreciate aright the mellow comforts of its old inns. But not at once will the connoisseur of antiquity and first impressions who thus enters the old city repair him to his inn. He will turn into the Cathedral precincts, underneath the archway of Chertsey's Gate, and I hope he will not already have read *Edwin Drood*, because an acquaintance with that tale quite spoils one's Rochester, and leaves an ineffaceable mark of a modern, sordid tragedy upon the hoary stones of Cathedral, Castle, and Close. It is as though one had come to the place after reading the unrelieved brutality of a newspaper report. Rochester demands a romance of the *Ivanhoe* type; chivalry or necessities of State should have ennobled slaughter here; a tale of secret murder for private ends vulgarises and tarnishes the place, especially when it is told with all the wealth of local allusion that Dickens, who knew it so well, employs.

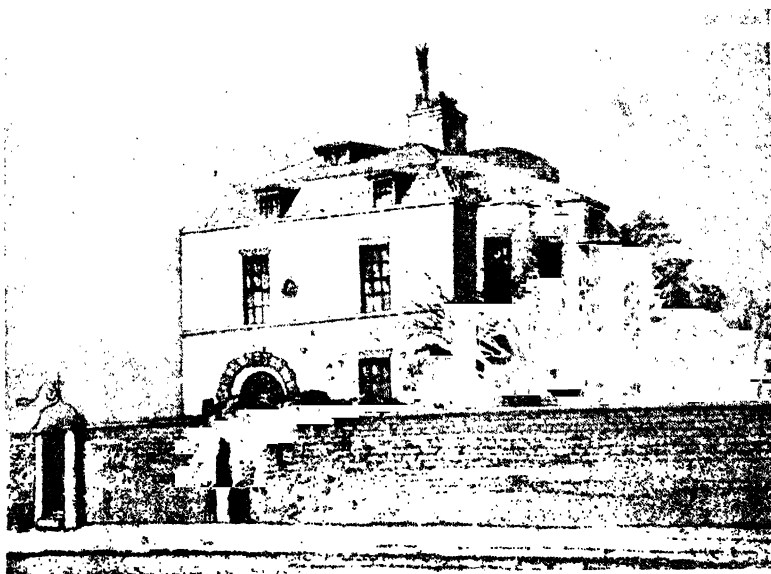
If, therefore, the traveller of whom I have spoken comes to Rochester without first having read *Edwin Drood*, his will be a visit singularly fortunate, and unprejudiced by the sordid mysteries of that unworthy story. But should he have delved deep into the mystery, the sham Gothic sentiment and maudlin love-making of that unfinished work, the beauty and charm of Rochester will be to him, if not a sealed book, at least a smirched page. The stranger who comes to Rochester and knows it already from Dickens's ultimate story; who adventures into the Close, and from the open west door of the Cathedral peers up the fine perspective of the nave, feels that those holy stones have been done a wrong, that they have witnessed a crime, and that this Cathedral Church of Saint Andrew should be reconsecrated. This is no belittling of Dickens or his works. The hand of the master had not lost its cunning when he wrought upon the manuscript in his study at Gad's Hill Place on the other side of the river, at the back of beyond. But he, no less than other great men, had his limitations. His province was large; he could harp upon the domestic affections, and the suburbs wept copiously when he willed it so; but though his frontiers were so far-reaching, and his following so whole-heartedly with him, he could not successfully overpass them into the smaller and more exclusive states wherein men wrote from hard-won knowledge of the Liberal Arts.

That one should feel so strongly on the subject of coupling Rochester with *Edwin Drood* need be no offence to hero-worshippers, of whom Dickens has still a goodly store. It will be but this much



GAD'S HILL HOUSE

From a photograph



NO. 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE

London residence of Charles Dickens, from 1839 to 1851

From a drawing by D. Maclise, R.A.

to many—a tribute to those descriptive and narrative powers he wielded, that clothe his characters with so great an air of reality that their deeds or misdeeds can even cast a lasting smirch upon so fair a city, or ennoble a spot the most sordid and common-place. But it is singularly unfortunate for those who prefer murders decently old and historical that the great novelist should have thus brought the atmosphere of the police-court into the grave and reverend calm of this ancient city.

My traveller, happily unversed in all this, will gaze upon the Cathedral and the Castle Keep, where the rooks are circling to rest, and coming again into the High Street will turn to his inn, where appetite, sharpened by pedestrianism and fresh air, may be as well appeased now as in those days of heavy eating and no less heavy drinking, when seventy-two coaches passed through Rochester daily, and the trains that thunder across the Medway were undreamed of. The inns of Rochester receive, as may well be supposed, many pilgrims who, for love of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Dickens, come hither, not alone from all parts of England, but from America and all the foreign-speaking countries of the earth.—William Owen, in *Architecture*.

GRAVESEND.

The following unpublished letter from the pen of Charles Dickens to a one-time Mayor of Gravesend was only saved from the flames by a fortunate accident. Since then, for some forty years, it has lain almost forgotten until recently, when it was again brought into the light of day. The paper on which it is written is in excellent condition, and the writing, in the familiar blue ink, is still perfectly legible, except that in some words the finer lines have faded. The latter is dated from—

“TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
“*Monday, twenty-fourth October 1859.*”

“DEAR SIR,—As I have to be at Oxford to-morrow I cannot possibly have the pleasure of receiving you, and the gentleman associated with you, at the time you propose. If you will do me the favour to address a note to me at Gad’s Hill on Saturday, making me acquainted with the nature of the business on which you wish to see me, I will promptly reply to it. Referring to a request made to me from Gravesend some time ago, I think it not improbable that you may contemplate asking me to read there. Should this be so, I am bound to inform you at once that it is wholly out of the question, and that my compliance is not in any reason possible. I receive so many similar requests that even to answer them, however briefly, is often, I assure you, a serious interference with the pursuits of my life.—Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

“E. Gregory, Esquire.”

The delicate sarcasm and the carefully chosen phrases, capable of so many interpretations, make the letter of the greatest interest

to Dickensians, even if it did not throw considerable light on the antipathy that is generally believed to have existed between Dickens and the town and townsmen of Gravesend. When this antipathy started, or what first gave rise to it, or, in other words, who first gave the cause for offence, it is impossible to say; but there does not appear to be much room for doubt that some more or less defined ill-feeling existed.

Dickens was perfectly familiar with Gravesend, and when going to London he invariably walked or drove from Gad's Hill to Gravesend Central Station. Yet, strangely enough, the town scarcely appears by name in the novels, and when it does it is with the merest mention. This may have been regarded, even in 1859, as an offence by the Gravesenders of the time; or the scarcely veiled caricature of the town as Muggleton—Dickens was living at Chalk at the time he wrote—may have had still more to do with it. But to those who know the circumstances there appears little doubt that this refusal of a favour before it was asked threw the novelist himself, though not necessarily his works, into disfavour in Gravesend. And probably the "feeling" engendered was increased by the knowledge that Dickens's guess was a correct one, as no record is available of any further correspondence on the subject.

The friendly and masked raillery of the early chapters of *Pickwick* were regarded as ill-natured. Quite likely the streets of the town were disappointing. They were not the "streets" Dickens craved for so consistently. At that time they were narrow and dirty, and the town was filled with day-trippers, who, judging from the early guide-books, left the interest of the city behind them without acquiring that of the country. Some of the characters in *Pickwick*, in *Great Expectations*, and in others of the novels are taken from life around Gravesend, but they do not enter the town itself—in fact, they never get nearer to it than Chalk, then cut off by nearly a mile of fields.—*Daily Chronicle*, July 31, 1909.

XII

DICKENS'S LONDON

To map out Dickens's country would be inordinately to map out London; and for that literary-geographical task a directory and not a magazine article would be requisite. If one could depict the London scenes associated with Dickens's offspring, one would have a Topographical Survey that would vie with the masterpieces of the Ordnance Department. One might start with Captain Sim Tappertit, from Paper Buildings, and go north, west, south, and east, finding hardly a street or square or court untrodden once of the clan of Dickens. One may hear much good and ill of Furnival's Inn; but has it any chronicle better than that here (in the first months of his married life) Dickens wrote most of *Pickwick*? Hungerford Stairs may now be forgotten in Charing Cross Station. But the name is in the sure keeping of *David Copperfield*. Rumour has it that Lincoln's Inn Fields is no longer what it was; but the pilgrim will not forget No. 58, where Forster lived, and where Dickens read the MS. of *The Chimes* to Carlyle, Maclise, and others, and where, too, Mr. Tulkinghorn, of *Bleak House*, had his abode. Much minor poetry has been written at or near Fountain Court, but none so enduring as the unversified episode of Tom Pinch and Ruth. The Wooden Midshipman may be hard to find, but the thirsty explorer in the City may mention Captain Cuttle and perchance be guided to the Minorities. In fact, anywhere, from Clerkenwell Green, where the Artful Dodger educated Oliver Twist in the way his right hand should go, to the Spaniards' Inn at Hampstead, where Mr. Pickwick enjoyed tea; from Bow Bells, where to-day another Dombey and Son succeed without a Mr. Carker as manager, to that far suburban west that may almost be said to reach to Stoke Pogis, where not alone lies Gray, but also (in the pious wish of many) Wilkins Micawber, who sighed, on one occasion, to be laid with the rude forefathers of that particular hamlet—anywhere, I repeat, one might wander, with surety of being in Dickens-land, of coming upon some house, court, street, square, or locality associated with the personages of that marvellous tragic-comedy, the "world" of Dickens.—S 7.

Many places of London have gained an altogether undeserved reputation as scenes of Dickens incidents. The real difficulties

of taking a tour through Dickens's London are many. First, some of the most famous scenes of the novels have no originals. In other cases the originals have been swept away, leaving no traces of their existence behind. Thirdly, amalgamations of several existing places were taken to form a composite picture for the novel, or the originals were altered to fit the exigencies of the story. But last, and of greater importance, are those places which remain and are easily distinguishable as genuine originals of scenes in Dickens's London.

In Lincoln's Inn, at the east side of New Square, we find Chichester Rents, running into Chancery Lane, which is to be identified as the court in which, in the house nearest Lincoln's Inn, on the south side, Krook kept his rag and bottle shop. Chichester Rents has recently been rebuilt, but while it stood it was impossible to mistake Krook's house, so closely did its position tally with the description in the book. Soho Square, where Esther and Caddy Jellyby met to talk, is still a quiet place in the neighbourhood of Newman Street. But Thavies Inn is a vastly different place from the dwelling-place of the Jellyby family. Bell Yard, too, now a thoroughfare running down by the Law Courts, is completely altered from the narrow alley where "Charley" kept a home for her little brother and sister, and where she was found by Mr. Jarndyce. There is one other scene from *Bleak House* which can be identified, though now altered beyond recognition. This is the burial-ground where Captain Hawdon was buried, and at the gates of which Lady Dedlock died. It opened out of Russell Court, which ran between Catherine Street and Drury Lane. These have now been pulled down and their place taken by a broad thoroughfare.

If London associations in *Chuzzlewit* be few, there is one site which stands out with a wonderful prominence, and that is Fountain Court in the Temple. Coming to *David Copperfield*, there are certain places which stand out as absolutely identified, many that are uncertain, and several that have entirely disappeared. Gone are the King's Bench Prison, Hungerford Market, and Hungerford Stairs, the market being below where is now Charing Cross. In Hungerford Market dwelt Mr. Dick during Miss Trotwood's stay in David's chambers, and here Mr. Peggotty kept a room until such time as his dream should come true. Hungerford Stairs—now completely vanished, banished by the Embankment and Bridge—saw the departure of the Micawbers. In Gray's Inn—Gray's Inn Coffee-House, by the way, is gone—lived Traddles with "the dearest girl," at No. 2 Holborn Court. David Copperfield's chambers in Buckingham Street, Strand, are still unaltered. They consisted of a little half-blind entry where you could see hardly anything, a little stone-blind pantry where you could see nothing at all, a sitting-room, and a bedroom.

One of the most prominent places in *Little Dorrit* has disappeared—I mean the Marshalsea Prison, which has gone the way of the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons. Even now, however, anybody

going down the High Street, Borough, and seeking Angel Place will find the spot where Little Dorrit was born and lived for many years, the Marshalsea Wall being still in existence. Another place to be identified is Little Dorrit's church—St. George the Martyr—also in the Borough High Street, in the vestry of which she slept on a bed of cushions, with a book of registers for her pillow, when shut out of prison for the night.—Charles W. Dickens, in *Munsey's Magazine*, September 1902.

Reading Mr. Hughes's *Tramp in Dickens Land* the other day I noted that its author observes that he failed to locate several of the places made use of by Dickens in his *Bleak House*, especially, as I understood him, the home of Snagsby. With your permission I will relate what I recollect of the matter. Of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of the tradition; but I give it for what it is worth.

Bleak House was published in 1853; and about 1857 or 1858 (and for some ten years afterwards) I was employed at the *Athenæum* office in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. (Dickens calls it Cook's Court, but he often altered a letter.) There is, however, no doubt about the locality of the court where Chadband took tea with Mrs. Snagsby, for Dickens describes the house as being situated on the east side of Chancery Lane, in a court running northwards out of Cursitor Street. At the time that I am alluding to it was a common tradition in Took's Court that No. 18, on the eastern side, was the identical house which Dickens had in his mind's eye. It was inhabited by a law stationer and writer, who was then believed by some to be the "original" of the Mr. Snagsby of *Bleak House*.

About four doors from the south-western corner of Took's Court was the "Sponging-House," or lock-up for debtors, called by Dickens "Coavinses"—I think that the name of the proprietor was Sloman. The long garden of the house was covered over by an iron trellis-work, forming a sort of cage in which the debtors could take exercise without escaping from the custody of the bumbailiff. At least, so I understood it at the time. The site of Coavinses is now covered by the Imperial Club. Snagsby's house is very old, and is likely soon to be demolished.

The original of Miss Flite could often be seen in Chancery Lane, playfully tapping the white-wigged gentlemen on the back with her walking-stick. This was, of course, before the Law Courts were built in the Strand, and when the Chancery Courts were a couple of hovels built on the vacant space to be seen immediately you walked through the gateway into Lincoln's Inn (western side of Chancery Lane).—W. J. Fitzsimmons, in the *Times*, October 23, 1895.

The clearances that have been in progress during the last three years in that inconceivably dirty and overcrowded quarter of Central London—Clare Market—are presently to be pushed forward with greater rapidity. A great number of crazy tenements, old, but of little interest, have already disappeared, and just lately the

last of the old bulk-shops was closed. This was a tottering and cavernous old place in Gilbert's Passage, leading from Portugal Street directly into Clare Market, and was occupied at the last by a poulterer. The "bulk" which gave these shops their distinctive name was a fixed board, or bench running along the frontage, outside the shutters, accompanied by an overhanging pent. The nearest resemblance to a bulk to be seen in modern shops is the slab seen projecting from the frontage of a fishmonger's. That, however, is generally of marble. On the hard and unpliant beds afforded by the wooden bulks were wont to sleep the authors, poets, and journalists of the "good old times," when Grub Street hacks earned barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Not that genius was a stranger to the bulk as a bed, for Richard Savage often couched on one for the night, to be rudely awakened by indignant shopkeepers in the early morn and damned for a dissipated rogue, and Nat Lee passed from a drunken sleep to death on a bulk in Clare Market—perhaps on this very spot.

Close by, and shortly to be removed in the course of these improvements, is that "Old Curiosity Shop," to which every ardent soul learned in Dickens lore has made pilgrimage. Although it has been said this tumble-down tenement is not actually the one Dickens had in his mind, yet the tradition is indestructible, and some years ago, when it was in imminent danger of suddenly collapsing like a pack of cards, Mr. Bruce Smith, the eminent scene-painter, was called in at Christmas time to exercise his skill in carpentry on it, for no other reason than that of preserving a Dickens landmark.¹—*Daily News*, December 1, 1896.

In his admirable little book, *Rambles in Dickens Land* (S. T. Freemantle, 1899), Mr. Robert Allbut outlines a series of ten "rambles," five of which are in Dickens's London: (1) From Charing Cross to Lincoln's Inn Fields; (2) from Lincoln's Inn to the Mansion-House; (3) from Charing Cross to Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus; (4) from Holborn Circus to Tottenham Court Road; and (5) from the Bank of England to Her Majesty's Theatre (now His Majesty's Theatre). The book is cleverly illustrated by Helen M. James. We give an indication of the chief places of interest noted *en route*, omitting the inns, these being dealt with separately:

(1) In Craven Street, Strand, was the residence of Mr. Brownlow, the benevolent friend of *Oliver Twist*. Near by was Hungerford Stairs, where stood the famous blacking factory. In Hungerford Market, on the site of which Charing Cross Station is built, was the chandler's shop over which Mr. Peggotty slept on the night of his first arrival in London. Bedfordbury was the locality of Tom-all-Alone's. Covent Garden Theatre was selected by David Copperfield as his initial place of entertainment in the great city. St. Martin's Hall, where Dickens gave his first series of paid readings,

¹ Steps were being taken in the spring of 1910 for the preservation of this old landmark; but its claim to be the original of the Old Curiosity Shop is quite unfounded.

was burnt down, supplanted by the Queen's Theatre, and this, in turn, was converted into the Clergy Co-operative Stores. Strand Lane is associated with David Copperfield's visits to the Old Roman Bath, in which he had "many a cold plunge." In Norfolk Street were the lodgings of Mrs. Lirriper, whilst near by, in the Church of St. Clement Danes, we have the scene of Mrs. Lirriper's wedding.

(2) In Lincoln's Inn Hall the case of "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*" dragged "its slow length along." In Old Square were the offices of Messrs. Kenge & Carboy. Breams Buildings mark the northern boundary of the former site of Symond's Inn, where Mr. Vholes had his chambers, and Richard Carstone and his young wife Ada resided. In Bell Yard lodged Gridley, "the man from Shropshire," and Neckett, the servitor of Coavinses. "Bell Yard" forms the heading of a touching and beautiful chapter (xv.) of *Bleak House*. Opposite Temple Bar was the old building of Child's Bank, the Tellson's Bank of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Fountain Court was the meeting-place of Tom Pinch and his sister Ruth, and in Garden Court, beyond, Mr. Pip and his friend Herbert Pocket had residence. In Pump Court were in all probability situated the chambers where Tom Pinch was installed as librarian by the mysterious Mr. Fips, and Martin Chuzzlewit gave the virtuous Mr. Pecksniff a "warm reception." In Paper Buildings Sir John Chester had his residential chambers, and in the vicinity were the chambers of Mr. Stryver, K.C. Goldsmith's Buildings probably overlook the "dismal churchyard" referred to in *Our Mutual Friend*. Into the retirement of Clifford's Inn Passage Mr. Rokesmith withdrew from the noise of Fleet Street, with Mr. Boffin, when offering that gentleman his services as secretary. Near St. Dunstan's Church was the pump at which Hugh, from The Maypole, sobered himself on one occasion prior to visiting Sir John Chester. Probably Toby Veck knew that pump. Bouverie Street is full of Dickens memories, containing as it does the offices of the *Daily News* and Messrs. Bradbury & Evans (now Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.). In Hanging Sword Alley Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher had his apartments. In Wine Office Court is the old inn where it is thought Charles Darnay, on his acquittal, was persuaded by Sydney Carton to dine in his company. In the days of *Barnaby Rudge* Farringdon Market was known as Fleet Market. The Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street stands on the site of the old Fleet Prison. La Belle Sauvage will be familiar to readers of *Pickwick*. At a tavern in Ludgate Hill Mr. Arthur Clennam rested on his arrival from Marseilles. By St. Paul's Ralph Nickleby corrected his watch on his way to the London Tavern. Dean's Court, formerly Doctors' Commons, is referred to by Sam Weller. The offices of Spenlow & Jorkins were in this locality. Wood Street, Cheapside, is associated with *Great Expectations*. The Bells of St. Mary-le-Bow are mentioned in *Dombey and Son*. In the City Court attached to the Guildhall was tried the memorable breach of promise case of "*Bardell v. Pickwick*."

(3) The situation of what was once Jacob's Island, a place associated with the adventures of *Oliver Twist*, may be easily reached from

the railway station in Spa Road, Bermondsey. At the end of Queen Street is the locality of Quilp's Wharf. Mr. Wilfer suggested the neighbourhood of Trinity House, Tower Hill, as a waiting-place for Bella on the occasion of their "innocent elopement" to Greenwich. In *Little Dorrit* Southwark Bridge is referred to as the Iron Bridge. Near to Bartholomew Close were the offices of Mr. Jaggers. Smithfield and the Old (now New) Bailey recall the first arrival in London of Mr. Pip. Newgate was the scene of Charles Darnay's trial in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Near Clerkenwell Green Oliver Twist became enlightened as to the business of Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger. In Hatton Yard was the police court where Oliver Twist was taken on a charge of theft. In Field Lane, now "improved" away, was the abode of Fagin the Jew. In Bleeding Hart Yard was the factory of Messrs. Doyce and Clennam, and here Mr. and Mrs. Plornish lived. Mrs. Jellyby and family lived in Thavies Inn.

(4) Mr. Pip lived with Herbert Pocket in Barnard's Inn. In Furnival's Inn Dickens had bachelor apartments and lived for a time after his marriage. Staple Inn was the favourite summer promenade of the meditative Mr. Snagsby, and Mr. Grewgious had chambers here. In South Square, Gray's Inn, may be found the upper chambers occupied by Mr. Traddles and his wife Sophy. The offices of Mr. Pickwick's legal adviser, Mr. Perker, were also in Gray's Inn. In Kingsgate Street "Poll" Sweedlepipe had his business location, and Mrs. Gamp had lodgings. In Southampton Street lodgings were taken by Mr. Grewgious, for Miss Twinkleton and Rosa, of the redoubtable Mrs. Billickin. [In Queen Square, Great Ormond Street, we come into touch with a foundation—the Children's Hospital—which Charles Dickens did so much to help. The novelist's homes in Doughty Street, Devonshire Terrace, and Tavistock Square have been dealt with at some length under the chapter on "Homes and Haunts," and the same remark may be made with reference to Gower Street, and his other London homes.] Mr. Merdle lived in Harley Street, and Mr. Dombey's dwelling was in Mansfield Street. In the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square, probably Wigmore Street, was Madame Mantalini's fashionable dressmaking establishment; while in Wimpole Street was the West End residence of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. Near by Silas Wegg kept his street-stall. In Welbeck Street was the London residence of Lord George Gordon, of "Riots" fame. Devonshire House is reminiscent of the first production by Dickens and his amateur troupe of *Not so Bad as We Seem*. In the Old St. James's Hall were given several of the great readings. In Piccadilly were formerly the offices of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the publishers of Dickens's novels; the firm quite a long time ago removed to Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. In Golden Square was the office of Mr. Ralph Nickleby. In Newman Street was situated Mr. Turveydrop's Dancing Academy. Doctor Manette and his daughter had lodgings not far from Soho Square; and a street leading from Charing Cross Road to Greek Street, Soho, is now called Manette Street.

(5) It will be remembered that the Bank of England was Dombey and Son's "magnificent neighbour." In St. Mary Axe Pubsey & Co. had their place of business. In Bevis Marks there once existed the house of Mr. Sampson Brass, where the Marchioness lived, or rather starved, as maid-of-all-work. Mincing Lane has been identified as the locality of Messrs. Chicksey, Veneering, & Stobbles. In King's Head Court, Fish Street Hill, once stood the Commercial Boarding-House of Mrs. Todgers. London Bridge was the scene of Nancy's interview with Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie; while Mrs. Rudge and her son Barnaby lived in a Southwark by-street. The Marshalsea Prison, long since passed away, stood in the Borough; it was here that Dickens's father was imprisoned for debt, and the place, with the adjoining St. George's Church, is intimately associated with the story of Little Dorrit and her family. In Lant Street Dickens lodged whilst his father was an inmate of the Marshalsea. Past Suffolk Street, one comes to the site of the old King's Bench Prison, in which Mr. Micawber was detained. At the east side of Newington Causeway is Union Road, late Horse-monger Lane, where stood the gaol, erected at the back of the Surrey Sessions House, where Dickens witnessed the execution of the Mannings, a sight that stimulated him to write the two letters to the *Times* on the demoralising effect of public executions. Mr. Chivery resided with his family in Horsemonger Lane. At the Surrey Theatre Fanny Dorrit was engaged as a dancer, whilst her Uncle Frederick played a clarionet in the orchestra. Bethlehem Hospital is mentioned in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, where the author implies the idea that the sane and the insane are at least equal in their dreams. Near Westminster Bridge is the site of Astley's Theatre, the scene of Kit's exploit in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. At Millbank David Copperfield and Mr. Peggotty saved poor Martha from a self-sought death. In Church Street lived little Jenny Wren. Passing the venerable Abbey where Dickens sleeps with his peers [and some others] we come to the Horse Guards, by whose old clock Mark Tapley regulated the period of the interview between Mary Graham and Martin Chuzzlewit in the park near by. At Her Majesty's Theatre, as reconstructed during the early years of the last century, Mrs. Nickleby attended, by special invitation of Sir Mulberry Hawk, when, by a prearranged coincidence, Kate and the Wititterlys occupied the adjoining box (vide *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch. xxvii.).

[Apropos to the prisons, we may note a little work, *In Jail with Dickens*, by Alfred Trumble, editor of the *American Collector*, printed in America but published in London in 1896 by Suckling & Galloway. Mr. Trumble describes Newgate, the Fleet, the Marshalsea, the King's Bench, the New York "Tombs," and Philadelphia's "Bastille," and seems to have followed Dickens's footsteps very closely. As a frontispiece is given a reproduction from an old (1780) print illustrating the destruction by the mob of the King's Bench Prison and House of Correction in St. George's Fields.]

XIII

THE INNS OF DICKENS

MR. ALLBUT, in his *Rambles in Dickens Land*, mentions the following inns, which we have arranged alphabetically for easy reference. Many of them, of course, are no longer in existence.

LONDON

Bell Tavern, at the corner of Carter Lane and Bell Yard. *Copperfield*.

Black Lion, Whitechapel. *Barnaby Rudge*.

Blue Bear, (?) Green Dragon, Leadenhall Market. *Pickwick*.

Boot Tavern, Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road. *Barnaby Rudge*.

Bull Inn, (?) Bull and Anchor, near Gray's Inn. *Chuzzlewit*.

Claridge's Hotel. *Little Dorrit*.

Cross Keys Inn, Wood Street, Cheapside. *Great Expectations*.

Crown Inn, corner of Beck Street and Upper James's Street. *Nickleby*.

Falcon Hotel, City. *Edwin Drood*.

Fox under the Hill, the site of which is now covered by the Hotel Cecil. *Sketches by Boz*, *Copperfield*, and (?) *Chuzzlewit*.

George and Vulture Inn, Castle Court. *Pickwick*.

Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross. *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*.

Horse and Groom, Portugal Street. *Pickwick*.

Hummums, The, Covent Garden. *Great Expectations*.

Magpie and Stump, (?) The Old George the Fourth, Clare Market. *Pickwick*.

Old Cheshire Cheese, Ye. *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Osborn's Hotel, now Adelphi Hotel. *Pickwick*.

Red Lion, Derby Street, Whitehall. *Copperfield*.

Red Lion, Bevis Marks. *Old Curiosity Shop*.

Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. *Nickleby*.

Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, Limehouse. *Our Mutual Friend*.

Sol's Arms, (?) Old Ship Tavern, Chichester Rents. *Bleak House*.

Spaniards Inn, Hampstead. *Pickwick*.

Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden. *Great Expectations*.

Three Cripples, Holborn. *Oliver Twist*.

White Hart Inn, Borough. *Pickwick*.

White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly. *Pickwick* and *Bleak House*.

Wooden Midshipman, Minorities. *Dombey*.
Woods' Hotel, Furnival's Inn. *Edwin Drood*.

CANTERBURY

Fleur de Lys Hotel, George and Dragon Inn, and Queen's Head Inn. *Copperfield*.

CHIGWELL

Maypole Inn, (?) The King's Head. *Barnaby Rudge*.

COBHAM

The Leather Bottle Inn. *Pickwick*.

DORKING

Marquis of Granby. *Pickwick*.

DOVER

The Royal George, (?) King's Head Hotel. *A Tale of Two Cities*.

GREENWICH

Quatermaine's Ship Tavern. *Our Mutual Friend*.

HENLEY

Red Lion Inn. *Our Mutual Friend*.

IPSWICH

White Horse Hotel. *Pickwick*.

ROCHESTER

Bull Hotel. *Pickwick*.

The Crozier Hotel, (?) The Crown Hotel. *Edwin Drood*.

YARMOUTH

Angel Hotel and Star Hotel. *Copperfield*.

THE BOOT.

In a street off Gray's Inn Road there stands an old Dickensian building, which is very popular with sight-seeing Americans. It occupies a site in Cromer Street, a dingy thoroughfare of comparatively modern buildings. It is a tavern called The Boot, and apart from its interesting associations with *Barnaby Rudge*, it is remarkable as having been in the possession of the same family for nearly one hundred and thirty years. The Boot was originally called the Boat-house, a tributary of the Fleet Ditch flowing past the very door; but in course of years it became known as The Boot. The present building dates from the year 1801, when the old tavern was rebuilt. In 1631 a man named Thomas Cleave left an income of £50 to be laid out in 13 penny loaves for distribution every week among the poor people in the district. The property charged with this annuity was The Boot, and the loaves are still given out every Sunday at St. Pancras Church, Euston Road.—*Daily Chronicle*, September 10, 1908.

THE BULL INN, ROCHESTER.

Situated on the south side of the High Street, within a short distance of Rochester Bridge, the Bull and Victoria Hotel (to give it its full designation) has an exceedingly unprepossessing frontage, its only decorative feature being the Royal Arms over the entrance. Why does the famous coaching-inn bear the double sign of the Bull and *Victoria*? It originated in this way: One stormy day at the end of November 1836, the late Queen Victoria (then Princess), with her mother the Duchess of Kent, stopped at the Bull; they were travelling to London from Dover, and the royal party, warned of the possibility of their carriage being upset in crossing the bridge, stayed at the hostelry all night, the apartment in which England's future Sovereign slept being the identical room previously allocated to Mr. Tupman in *Pickwick*.—K 3.

THE MITRE AND THE CROZIER.

The Mitre at Chatham is historically interesting by reason of the fact that Lord Nelson used to reside there when on duty at Chatham, a room he occupied being known as "Nelson's Cabin." In the eighteenth chapter of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* we find the place disguised as The Crozier—"the orthodox hotel" at Cloisterham (*i.e.* Rochester)—and in *The Holly-Tree* it is thus directly immortalised: "There was an inn in the cathedral town where I went to school, which had pleasanter recollections about it than any of these. . . . It was the inn where friends used to put up, and where we used to go and see parents, and to have salmon and fowls and be tipped. It had an ecclesiastical sign—the Mitre—and a bar that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so snug."—K 3.

THE FOX UNDER THE HILL.

On the southern side of the Strand I saw last week still remaining the entrance to a long and dismal lane, which forty years ago ran from the Strand to the river shore. The lane skirted the eastern side of the Adelphi Dark Arches, and led to an old-fashioned riverside public-house, The Fox under the Hill, described by Dickens in one of his *Sketches by Boz*. The house, I think, was on the shore, but in front was moored a barge with alcoves something like the old-fashioned tea-gardens. By the side of the public-house a rickety gangway led across moored barges to the pier of the "apenny boat," which plied between the Adelphi and London Bridge (the old-fashioned steamers which performed the service being called, I think, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, and *Endeavour* respectively). The building of the great hotels on the Thames Embankment is causing the disappearance of this and other old London landmarks. The curious may find the entrance to the passage on the south side of the Strand by the side of a restaurant nearly opposite the Adelphi Theatre.—W. J. Fitzsimmons, in the *Times*, October 23, 1895.

THE GEORGE AND VULTURE.

East of Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, toward the City, is to be found [1904] the George and Vulture, mentioned in *Pickwick*, existing to-day as "a very good old-fashioned and comfortable house." Its present name is Thomas' Chop-house, and he who would partake of the "real thing" in good English fare, served on pewter plates, with the brightest of steel knives and forks, would hardly fare better than in this ancient house in St. Michael's Alley.—*M* 2.

The George and Vulture was Mr. Pickwick's favourite house, after he had given up his Goswell Street apartments. We find him arriving in very good old-fashioned and comfortable "quarters," after his visit to Eatanswill—or rather to Ipswich. The old ruin is [1895] in a corner to the left. A little door leads at once into the coffee-room, as into a ship's cabin, and a little stair like a companion ladder, confronting you, helps this association. There are the old "boxes" and stalls, and the coats and hats hung up round, and the city clerks busy at their lunch, "forty feeding like one." A small archway leads into the street beyond. As regards the George and Vulture, "Boz" falls into a slight mistake. At one time he speaks of it as being situated in Sun Court; but this is on the opposite side of the street. At another time he describes it correctly as being in George Yard.—*F* 4.

THE GOLDEN CROSS HOTEL.

The Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross, is connected closely with the story of Little Em'ly, for here it was that David Copperfield met Steerforth on his way to look about him—a meeting which led to Steerforth's first visit to Yarmouth, with its disastrous results. I fear the present Golden Cross Hotel could not truthfully be described as "a mouldy sort of establishment in a close neighbourhood," for the house has been remodelled and the neighbourhood considerably cleared, but still there it is on the same site as it was when David was shown into a small bed-chamber, which smelt like a hackney coach and was shut up like a family vault; where he was still painfully conscious of his youth, for nobody stood in awe of him at all.—Charles W. Dickens, in *Munsey's Magazine*, September 1902.

KING'S HEAD, BARNARD CASTLE.

At the King's Head, Barnard Castle, Dickens made a brief stay, and observed across the way, the name of "Humphreys, clock-maker," over a shop door, this suggesting the title of his next work, *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The King's Head, in the Market Place, Barnard Castle, has been enlarged since 1838, but the older portion remains much as it was then.—*K* 3.

THE OLD LEATHER BOTTLE, COBHAM.

The inn is [1895] a welcome roadside place, with Mr. Pickwick himself hung up aloft for the sign. The rooms within, notably Mr.

Tupman's, are hung round with portraits, sketches, criticisms, all referring to the inn. People who find themselves anywhere near are bound to go and see it. What a contrast to the day when it was pointed out to the writer by the genial Charles himself, on a country walk! It was then no more than a common country "shebeen."—*F* 4.

THE MAGPIE AND STUMP.

With the disappearance of the last of the old bulk shops in Gilbert's passage, leading from Portugal Street into Clare Market, goes also the George the Fourth Tavern at the corner, and the Black Jack in Portsmouth Street, the St. Giles-in-the-Fields Board of Works having just resolved to carry out the long-contemplated widening of Portsmouth Street to 35 feet instead of the present 22 feet. When these works are taken in hand Black Jack Alley also will disappear from the *London Directory*—no great loss, perhaps, because not one Londoner in a hundred can ever have heard of its existence, and its fame as the residence of the real original Joe Miller, on whom all the best jokes of the past hundred years have been fathered, has long been overlaid with a newer stratum of literary interest.

Students of *Pickwick* will not need to be reminded that either the George the Fourth Tavern or the Black Jack was the original of the Magpie and Stump in whose parlour Mr. Pickwick was told the "Story of the Queer Client." The Magpie and Stump, according to Dickens, was "situated in a court, happy in the double advantage of being in the vicinity of Clare Market, and closely approximating to the back of New Inn." This description, supposing it to have been really founded on any particular building, more nearly fits the George the Fourth Tavern at the entrance to this sometime Walhalla of rogues and vagabonds, Clare Market, than the Black Jack, next door. It is a corner building, projecting over the narrow footway, and supported by posts that spring from the kerbstones, the very house above all others in the neighbourhood to have attracted the novelist's attention. The Black Jack, to the contrary, is a very ordinary building, although its grimy frontage and heavily-sashed windows become interesting when it is known that from one of its first-floor windows Jack Sheppard, the darling of penny dreadfuls, escaped by jumping into the street, with Jonathan Wild and his Bow Street runners in hot pursuit. It is, perhaps, not surprising that in thieving "circles" the house was afterwards known as "The Jump." The Black Jack, it may be necessary to add, does not owe its title to Sheppard; and although it sounds dramatic, its sense is the merest commonplace of old-time domestic currency, being derived from the black leathern jacks (by which you are to understand "bottle" to be meant) that preceded bottles made of glass. In many county museums these leathern jacks may still be seen, and there is a fine collection of them at the Hospital of Saint Cross, near Winchester.—*Daily News*, December 1, 1896.

THE MAYPOLE INN, CHIGWELL.

It is not difficult to identify, in the old King's Head at Chigwell, the original of the Maypole Inn of *Barnaby Rudge*, which, although bearing no resemblance to Cattermole's charming but fanciful drawing, is replete with those ancient features that attract both artist and archæologist.—K 1.

Of the actual Dickens inns, perhaps, none is more vividly impressed on the imagination than that of the Maypole, that fantastic structure of *Barnaby Rudge*, the original of which is the King's Head at Chigwell on the borders of Epping Forest. It was here that Mr. Willet sat in his accustomed place, "his eyes on the eternal boiler." "Before he had got his ideas into focus, he had stared at the plebeian utensil quite twenty minutes,"—all of which indicates the minutiae and precision of Dickens's observations. This actual copper, vouched for by several documents of attestation, with an old chair which formerly stood in the Chester Room of the Maypole, is to-day [1904] in the possession of Mr. Bransby Williams, of London, an ardent enthusiast of all matters in connection with Dickens and his stories.—M 2.

The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry VIII. There was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion, to wit in a certain oak-panelled room with a deep bay window; but that next morning, while standing on a mounting block before the door, with one foot in the stirrup, the virgin monarch had then and there boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty.—F 4.

THE RED LION INN, WHITEHALL.

This Dickens has given vitality to by the charming living sketch of a little boy going in to buy a glass of "stunning ale" as a treat in his days of penury. Who will forget the picture so exquisitely touched? "I see us all three"—the landlord had called his wife to look at the little fellow—and she, good woman, he says, "stooped down and gave him a motherly kiss and his little twopence back." The story struck "Boz" himself as being worthy to stand, and so he transferred it from his diary to his novel, hardly altering a word.—F 2.

THE SARACEN'S HEAD, SNOW HILL.

The Saracen's Head Hotel, Snow Hill, made memorable by Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*, was finally closed on Saturday. The hotel has been in existence for between three hundred and four hundred years. According to Dickens's story, Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, "an academy for young gentlemen," near Barnard Castle, Yorkshire, used to visit the Saracen's Head and there interview the students who were to be "accurately educated" at his school. In the days of mail coaches the hotel was of considerable

importance, being one of the recognised stopping-places. The coaches passed through an archway under the hotel into the spacious courtyard. Visitors at the hotel were in the habit of collecting on the balconies, which surrounded the courtyard, to watch the scenes connected with the arrival and departure of the coaches.

Lord Nelson, when he left his home as a youth to join the Navy, broke his journey at the Saracen's Head, and passed the night in the historic building.

In *Dick Tarlton's Jests* it is referred to as "The Saracen's Head without Newgate," and Stow calls it "a fair and large inn for receipt of travellers," which "bath to sign the Sarrazen's Head." There are various accounts of the origin of the sign of the Saracen's Head. One is that it was set up as a compliment to the mother of Thomas à Becket, who was the daughter of a Saracen. In Selden's *Table Talk* we read: "When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens . . . they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's Head is). . . ."—*Daily Chronicle*, July 5 and 7, 1909.

The Saracen's Head at Snow Hill—a real thing in Dickens's day—where the impetuous Squeers put up during his visits to London, has disappeared. It was pulled down when the Holborn Viaduct was built in 1869, and the existing house of the same name in no way merits the genial regard which is often bestowed upon it, in that it is but an ordinary London "pub" which does not even occupy the same site as its predecessor.—*M* 2.

THE SARACEN'S HEAD, TOWCESTER.

. . . Stop for the night at the Saracen's Head, Towcester—which is not far from Rugby. The inn was an old posting one—though the stables have since been altered, and indeed, rebuilt, to suit the requirements of hunting men. It was a snug, comfortable place, and as the Pickwickians descended and were shown into The Sun—these quaint names for rooms still linger in a few old houses—we feel tempted to envy the party at their cosy dinner. The name, however, has been changed, even before the date of "Boz's" description, for, as Superintendent Norman informs me, it has become the Pomfret Arms—as is shown by entries in a constable's old account book—the inn being described in the year 1830 as the Saracen's Head, and in the next year as the Pomfret Arms. "Boz," therefore, must have been trusting to his recollections of some seven or eight years before.—*F* 4.

THE SOL'S ARMS.

No doubt your readers have read in the papers that the original of The Sol's Arms can only be seen for a few days longer. I went to have a last look at it the other day—The Old Ship, at the corner of Chichester Rents (western side of Chancery Lane). Within a couple of doors Miss Flite may have lived in her garret with

her birds; possibly in Star Yard.—W. J. Fitzsimmons, in the *Times*, October 23, 1895.

THE SPANIARDS.

I have often wondered why it was that The Spaniard of Hampstead was introduced into *Pickwick*, not the Jack Straw's Castle which he knew so well. I fancy the reason was that The Spaniard was better adapted scenically to Mrs. Bardell's arrest than the Jack Straw's Castle, for there were the garden, arbours, alcoves, etc.; and further, The Spaniard—how and when has it become plural nowadays: Spaniards?—was more suited to Mrs. Bardell.—F 2.

THE TWO BREWERS.

A public-house in the neighbourhood of Limehouse Church, The Two Brewers, is supposed to be the original of that referred to by Dickens as The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, "a dropsical old house," as he called it, like so many old-world houses, all but falling down, if judged by appearances, but actually not in the least danger of it.—M 2.

THE UNICORN, BOWES.

The old coaching-house where this memorable interview [between John Browdie and Dickens—*The Yorkshire Tour*, 1838] is believed to have taken place was the still-existing Unicorn at Bowes.—K 3.

THE WHITE HART.

Between Mr. Weller, of Ramsgate, and Sam Weller, boots at the White Hart Inn, in the Borough, there is a great apparent gap, but it is bridged over by the circumstance that the famous hostelry, after a spell of life as a public-house, has been transformed into the "Sam Weller Social Club." The galleries above the outer courtyard—familiar in Hablot Browne's illustrations—have been removed, and the doorways which led on to them boarded up.

The kitchen at the top of the house is, almost to every board on the ceiling, as it was in the time of Dickens and Sam Weller. In one of the rooms there are the posts of an early Victorian bedstead, and these Mr. Kendall, in a strict utilitarian spirit, proposes to convert into sets of draughtsmen. To some members and visitors the most interesting curios of the club will be a series of six small oil paintings of Dickens's characters, which Mr. Kendall picked up cheap in a Borough shop and had framed. They are unsigned, and obviously the work of an amateur or an artist with slight training, but with a most delicate sense of colour.—*Daily Chronicle*, September 30, 1909.

The inn we regarded with most affection was the Old White Hart in the Borough. It used to be a Sunday's recreation with us to wander off into the Borough and call up old fancies. Everything

favoured. Many will recall the time, some twenty years since, when the street was full of the old galleried inns. We "mind the time" when the Tabard itself still stood.—F 4.

WHITE HORSE CELLARS.

A few years ago we still had our White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly. The familiar animal himself "ramped it"—like his brother at Ipswich—well over the pavement. There were steps up, and the sanded floor, and the crudely furnished rooms, one on each side of the door. Below these was the door leading to the subterranean regions. This was much its aspect in the old Pickwickian days; it was used as a parcel office. Then came the coach service, and up to some four or five years ago it was a cheerful sight towards six o'clock to see the coaches driving up, and hear the horns winding out afar off.—F 4.

WOODS' HOTEL.

Woods' Hotel, in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, has been demolished, the property having been acquired, it is understood, by the Prudential Assurance Company from the Society of Lincoln's Inn by purchase. The demolition extends to three houses in Greville Street at the rear, and one in Leather Lane, to which latter street a part of the hotel buildings also have a frontage. The inn and the hotel were built in 1818-19 by Henry Peto—whose statue (1830) is in the square—and in 1883-84 the hotel, of which Woods was proprietor during fifty years, was enlarged with additional rooms erected, after the designs of Messrs. Isaacs & Florence, on the site of two or three houses in Greville Street; three years afterwards the Assurance Company extended their premises by taking adjacent sites in Brooke and Greville Streets, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., being their architect. The old inn, excepting its hall, was pulled down and rebuilt *temp.* Charles I.; its Holborn front, of fine brickwork, with pilasters, has been attributed to Inigo Jones. The hall, which remained until 1818, had over its door, facing south, a tablet inscribed "E P C 1688." Stow mentions a Sir William Furnival, Knt., as seised of two messuages and thirteen shops in Holborn, in 6 Ric. II. That property passed to Thomas Nevill, younger brother of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, on his marriage with Joan, daughter of William, Lord Furnival. Their eldest daughter and co-heir Maud, married the redoubtable Sir John Talbot, who was summoned to Parliament in 1409 as "Johannes Talbot de Furnyvall," and was created, 1442, Earl of Shrewsbury. Their descendant, Francis, fifth Earl, sold it for £120, by a deed dated December 16, 1 Ed. vi., to Edward Gryffyn, Solicitor-General, and others, "to the use of the Society of Lincoln's Inn;" but Herbert tells us that Furnival's Inn is first noticed as a law seminary in its steward's account book, written *circa* 9 Henr. iv., and that Lincoln's Inn granted a lease at £3, 6s. 8d. yearly to the Principal and Fellows of Furnival's Inn. His volume contains

plates of the hall, interior and exterior, and of the main façade. Sir Thomas Moore was reader here for three years and longer. The arms of the Inn were, argent a bend between six martlets gules (Furnivall of Hertfordshire) within a border of the second. Charles Dickens lived for a while at No. 12; the rooms he occupied for some period after his marriage, and where Thackeray called upon him with a proposal to illustrate *Pickwick*, are at No. 15, on the third floor.—*Builder*, March 1895.

XIV

SCENES OF THE NOVELS AND STORIES

IN *The Real Dickens Land*, by Mr. and Mrs. H. Snowden Ward, the first chapter, dealing with Dickens's childhood (1812-23), gives us scenes in Portsmouth, London, Chatham, and first glimpses of Gad's Hill. The years 1823-31 are described as the boyhood and youth of Dickens in London, and a third period, 1831-36, deals with his newspaper work and *Sketches by Boz*, with scenes in London, Ipswich, Bath, etc. The writing of *Pickwick* occupied the years 1836-37, and again we have scenes in London, besides a great number of local allusions to Rochester, Ipswich, Bury, Bath, etc. For the next two years, 1837-39, Dickens was editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and writing *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

London, the Midlands, Tong, Chigwell, etc., and the writing of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge* are associated with the years 1840-41. Tong is usually understood to be the original of the village where Little Nell died. Dickens's first American tour, *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* fill up the next two years, 1842-44. Amesbury, and not Alderbury, is the village now assigned as the place of Mr. Pecksniff's practice.

"Anyone who really studies the story of Chuzzlewit, with ordnance map before him and a knowledge of the old coach routes, will find that Amesbury, some eight miles to the north of Salisbury, answers in every detail save that its church is described as having a spire (really it has a square tower), just as Dickens talks of the towers of Salisbury Cathedral coming into view, although he well knew that its single tall taper spire is its great characteristic. Though Amesbury has no Blue Dragon, it has a George Inn. The unsuitability of Amesbury for an architect's home is specially provided for by Dickens making Pecksniff a teacher, and distinctly stating that 'of his architectural doings, nothing was clearly known, except that he had never built or designed anything.'

"There are two or three coach-roads, as are necessitated by the story, one running from London to Salisbury without touching Amesbury; the other running right through Amesbury and over Salisbury Plain for the west country. Ignorance of this latter coach route has led some Dickens topographers into difficulties; but with it everything becomes clear. The turnpike house exists

at which Tom left his box, and the churen * at which he played the organ is a fine old structure, and though there is no walk through a wood from the house we have selected as Pecksniff's, there is a path through a little plantation which would make quite a short cut to the north-west corner of the churchyard. There is not a 'descent of two steps on the inside' of the bedroom behind the Dragon, but one of the rooms in the George has a descent of one step, quite enough to trip an unwary person."

In another chapter Mr. and Mrs. Ward deal with the Christmas books, *Pictures from Italy*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*, and these cover the years 1843-1850. "An old knocker on a door in Craven Street, Strand, is believed to be the one that suggested the fancy of Scrooge's knocker (in *A Christmas Carol*) changing into Marley's face; but we understand that the request of a photographer for permission to photograph the knocker led the lady of the house to have it removed, and stored in her banker's safe deposit." The home where Tiny Tim cried "God bless us, every one," cannot be identified. Other chapters deal with *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and the later works from 1850 onwards, and the localities alluded to in them.

THE DOVER ROAD.

Under the title of "Dickens and the Dover Road," Mr. Walter Dexter contributed to *Cassell's Magazine* (February 1904) a sort of Dickens Baedeker to the London Road, beginning with St. George's Church in the Borough, near the site of Marshalsea Prison, and running through Greenwich, Blackheath, Shooter's Hill, and Gravesend on to the cliffs. One spot curiously combining associations of the pathos and humour of Dickens may be mentioned:

"At the end of the village of Chalk, on the right-hand side of the Dover Road, is the cottage in which the young novelist spent his honeymoon, and often, in later years, when he had come to live at Gad's Hill Place, he would, Forster tells us, 'walk through the marshes to Gravesend, return by Chalk Church, and stop always to have greeting with a comical old monk who, for some incomprehensible reason, sits carved in stone, cross-legged, with a jovial pot, under the porch of that sacred edifice.'"

After taking the reader through Rochester and Canterbury, Mr. Dexter ends his journey at the cliffs of Dover.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

All down the Portsmouth road about Esher you see traces of Dickens's quiet notice of everything; in poor Smike's journey with Nicholas Nickleby; in the names of Weller, the Marquis of Granby, and the like; as in later years you could trace his names in the Hampstead Road, as Sol's Arms, in his long walks from Tavistock House round by Highgate and over Hampstead Heath back again.—Extract from William Howitt's memoranda, written in 1837, from *Mary Howitt: an Autobiography*.

IN HERTFORDSHIRE. *

The earliest allusion to this delightful English county in the writings of our favourite novelist is to be found in *Pickwick*. Although the identity is somewhat veiled, there can be no doubt that in the story of "The Goblin who stole the Sexton," which opens with the words, "In an old abbey town, down in this part of the country" (that is, the south), Dickens had St. Albans in his mind; while, to corroborate this contention, there is a fairly accurate representation of the famous Abbey Church in "Phiz's" illustration of the scene.

The first *direct* allusion to Hertfordshire is discoverable in the tragic story of *Oliver Twist*. It will be remembered that the unfortunate hero, escaping from the tyranny of his master (the undertaker, to whom he had been apprenticed), directed his flight to London. As Peterborough has been identified as the scene of Oliver's birth and early misfortunes, he would, starting from that point, necessarily pass through Hertfordshire (on his way to the metropolis) by the Great North Road, making his first acquaintance with the county at Royston, and then tramping through Baldock, Stevenage, Welwyn, and Hatfield. It was early on the seventh day that he "limped slowly into the little town of Barnet," where he found the window-shutters closed and the street empty, for "not a soul had awakened to the business of the day," the brightness of the morning only serving to remind the boy of his own lonely and desolate condition as, with bleeding feet and covered with dust, he rested upon a cold doorstep. It was here that Oliver was accosted by the Artful Dodger, who ingratiated himself by treating the hungry lad to "a fourpenny bran" (that is, a modicum of ham with bread) and a drink, after which they proceed to London together, *en route* for Fagin's "Academy."

We read in the same story that Bill Sikes also favoured Hertfordshire with his presence. After murdering the erring but faithful Nancy, that notorious ruffian endeavoured to evade the legal consequences of his act by escaping into the country, and, after much indecision, eventually shaped his course for Hatfield.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, an enthusiastic student of Dickens's writings, has endeavoured to trace the exact route taken by Little Nell and her Grandfather in the *Old Curiosity Shop*. In the tale this is merely hinted at, but there is sufficient internal evidence to justify Mr. Fitzgerald's conclusions that when the two pilgrims left London and its miseries behind them they wended their way northward, making somewhat indirectly for Warwick (with its racecourse), Coventry, Birmingham, etc. Thus they would traverse the western part of Hertfordshire. Mr. Fitzgerald has always fancied that the churchyard where Nell and her aged companion met the "Punch and Judy men" was that of Bushey, near Watford; the old church, when he first saw it, reminded him very much of one of Cattermole's illustrations in the story, and the novelist has exactly caught the tone and pleasant charm of Bushey itself.

In *Bleak House* Hertfordshire plays a conspicuous part, for the house whence this striking romance derives its title was located by



GENERAL VIEW OF PYRCROFT HOUSE—THE SCENE OF OLIVER TWIST'S ADVENTURE

Dickens in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Albans. Richard Carstone, Ada Clare, and Esther Summerson, on their way to the home of Mr. Jarndyce, travelled by postchaise *via* Barnet, where, while waiting for the horses to be fed, they "got a long fresh walk over a common and an old battlefield, before the carriage came up. These delays so protracted the journey that the short day was spent, and the long night had closed in, before we came to Saint Albans; near to which town Bleak House was, we knew."

So carefully minute is Dickens's presentment of Bleak House that one must fain believe such a place actually existed, and that all its structural peculiarities were quite familiar to the novelist. On the outskirts of St. Albans there stands a quaintly picturesque residence which, by no great stretch of the imagination, may be considered as the actual prototype: indeed, it has been rechristened "Bleak House" by the present owner. It may, of course, be reasonably argued that Dickens, assuming the right of a novelist, may have merely transferred to Hertfordshire the location of the building he had so elaborately portrayed.

We read in *David Copperfield* that one of Steerforth's Oxford friends lived near St. Albans, but there is no clue to the exact locality.

During a visit to Knebworth in 1861, Charles Dickens (accompanied by Mr. [afterwards Sir] Arthur Helps, some time the Queen's Secretary) called upon the Hermit of Hertfordshire—a most extraordinary character, locally known as "Mad Lucas," . . . immortalised by Dickens as Mr. Mopes, in the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1861, entitled "Tom Tiddler's Ground." . . . The Hertfordshire village so minutely described by Dickens in the early portion of this Christmas number is probably meant for Stevenage.—F. G. Kitton, in *Good Words*, March 1896.

ROCHESTER.

Rochester is to be found, under the name of Winglebury, in the *Sketches*. "Boz" describes it as being exactly forty-five miles and three-quarters from Hyde Park Corner. "It has a long, straggling, quiet High Street, with a great black and white clock at a small red Town Hall half-way up, a market-place, a cage, an Assembly Room, a church, a bridge, a chapel, a theatre, a library, an inn, a pump, and a post-office." Could anything be more accurate or recognisable? He pictures the inn of the place, The Winglebury Arms.—F 2.

PICKWICKIAN SCENES.

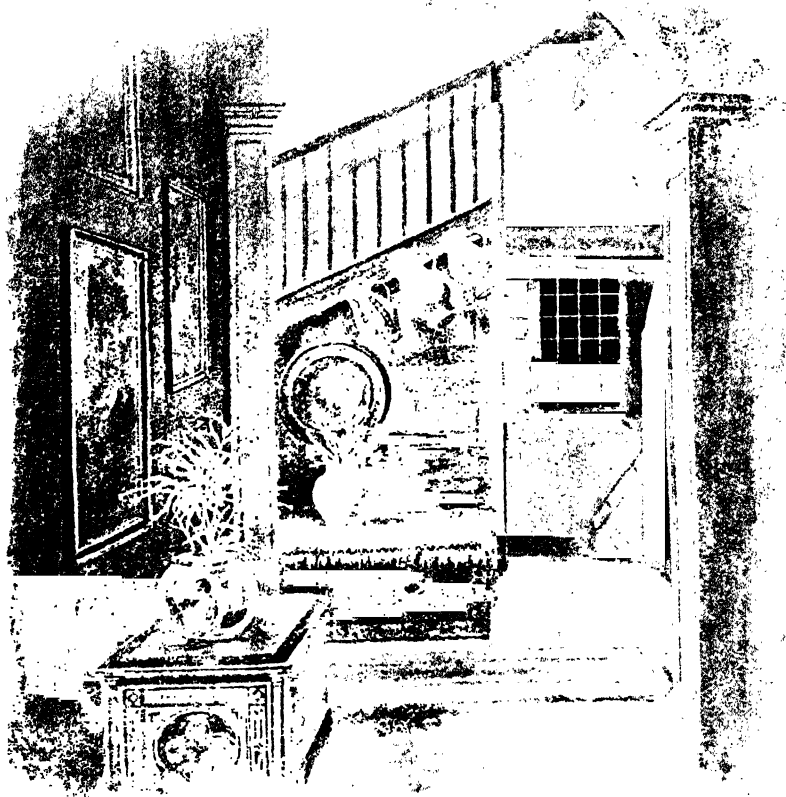
Much speculation has been exercised as to the locality of Eatanswill, and in the *History of Pickwick* I could not arrive at a clear and certain solution. I have, however, been assured by Mr. Alfred Morrison, the well-known collector, that Eatanswill was Ipswich, that his father was one of the candidates, and that Dickens was there in person. The writer makes a burlesque pretence of having searched the road-books for Eatanswill, and laments his want of

success; and, like Mr. Pickwick, he also seems to have "lined out" the word "Norwich." The Pickwickians arrived there "late in the evening," after a day's journey, in just about the time that would be taken to reach Ipswich by coach. Mr. Pickwick's journey from Eatanswill to Bury St. Edmunds, in chase of Captain Marshall, also shows that Ipswich was intended.—F' 4.

[Charles Dickens, the younger (*Pall Mall Magazine*, July 1896), speaks of Norwich as the original of Eatanswill.]

Christ Church Hall, Spitalfields, where a bazaar was held on 28th April 1909 in connection with Spitalfields Parish Church, is the hall in which Sam Weller and his venerable parent witnessed the remarkable meeting of the "Committee of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association." It was at this meeting that the tea-drinking propensities of the "Brick Lane Branch brothers and sisters" alarmed the elder Weller, who declared that he saw a young 'ooman "a-swellin' visibly before my werry eyes." Subsequently, on the popular arrival of the Reverend Mr. Stiggins, the elder Weller had a "small settlement" with that gentleman.

The late Mr. Hughes, treasurer of Birmingham, and my old friend, really discovered Manor Farm in the shape of Cob Tree, Sandling, not very far from Maidstone. The evidence for its identity is striking enough. If we compare it with the two sketches in *Pickwick* ("Mr. Pickwick Slides" and "The Arbour," which furnish both front and back views) we shall recognise the likeness. Both houses are two storeys high, have wings and gabled roofs. But what settles the point is that there is a pond exactly in front of Cob Tree, and also a rookery. In Dickens's time it would seem that the owners were a family of Spongs, and a modern commentator has contended that they were the originals of the hospitable Wardles. This may be so, and logically follows from the identification of Cob Tree with Dingley Dell. However, this may be assumed as a certainty, from the reality of "Boz's" description, that he himself was a guest at the Manor Farm Christmas festivities. The Spongs had also some connection with The Bull. "Boz's" knowledge of Kent in these days was certainly extraordinary. Even his most casual allusion is always correct, and he is constantly introducing something local, as a person in real life might do. Thus, the clergyman at Dingley Dell, when giving "The Madman's Story" to Mr. Pickwick, spoke of "our county lunatic asylum;" and, as Mr. Hammond Hall points out, the asylum is only a few miles from Cob Tree—a further point in the identity. Two of the best ghost stories that we have are to be found in *Pickwick*—that of Gabriel Grub, and of the spectral mail-coaches at the close of the book. An abbey, introduced into the picture at the front, has caused some difficulty and confusion, as it clearly represents that of St. Albans in Hertfordshire. Now, old Wardle speaks of an old abbey church "down here"—that is, in Kent. There was at the time, as Mr. Hammond Hall notes, some abbey near Maidstone, but this was an



"OLIVER TWIST'S WINDOW," AS SEEN FROM THE ENTRANCE HALL

abbey "in being." One might suggest the abbey church of Minster, though that is a good way off. There is also Mayfield.—F 2.

We are assured by the same authority (*Suffolk Times and Mercury*) that "Boz," then actually engaged on the opening chapters of *Pickwick*, stayed at The Great White Horse in Tavern Street for two or three weeks, and it has been reasonably surmised that the night adventure with "the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers," ascribed to Mr. Pickwick, was a veritable experience of the young author himself.—K 3.

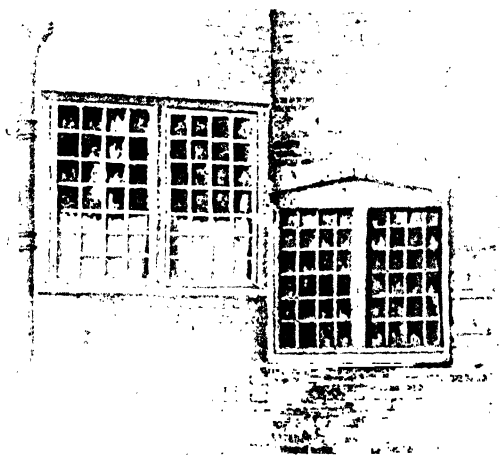
In the High Street, Rochester, is Eastgate House, which is enshrined in *Edwin Drood*. There is a shadowy image of this Eastgate House in *Pickwick*, where Mr. Pickwick, hurrying off to Bury on one of his quixotic expeditions, hides himself in the garden of the young ladies' boarding-school. This venerable mansion is an almost perfect and original specimen of the old English house. One might have hoped that when it was niched into *Edwin Drood*, and called so quaintly "The Nuns' House," a change might have come about its unhappy case. But no; it still mouldered on, until at last came the happy day when it occurred to the Rochester City Fathers that it was a treasure for their town. It has now, therefore, been thoroughly and judiciously repaired and set in order as the town museum. One or two rooms have been set apart and devoted to the memory of Dickens. Since Dickens's death—or some time before, I am not certain which—the house was actually a young ladies' school.—F 2.

PYRCROFT HOUSE, OF OLIVER TWIST.

Everyone has read the truly picturesque account in *Oliver Twist* of Sikes's burglarious adventure at Chertsey—the long night travel and the day's march, when the time seems to drag on wearily. They started at daylight—Sikes and Oliver—from near Bethnal Green, making their way to Hyde Park Corner, where they got a lift to Isleworth; then walked to Hampton, where they got another lift through Sudbury on to Shepperton, and thence to Chertsey. After waiting till midnight at one of their "lays," the trio—for they had been joined by Toby Crackit—set off for Chertsey, through the main street of which they hurried, and "cleared the town as the church bells struck two." "Quickening their pace, they turned up a road on the left hand. After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall." It will be seen how minute "Boz" is in his description, by which nearly sixty years later we are enabled to identify it.

On one beautiful summer's Sunday I paid a visit to Chertsey, in search of this old mansion. It was difficult to find Pyrcroft House. It was clearly, however, *beyond* Chertsey—that is, not on the London side. Going on rather blindly towards the country in the direction of St. Ann's, where Fox lived, an inviting, well-wooded district, I came to a small village, facing which was a fine old rubicund garden wall. This, being out of perpendicular and threatening to fall, had

been vigorously buttressed up. Within, and touching the road with its flank, was the house, a beautiful Georgian specimen, of ripe plum-coloured bricks and sound design; indeed, it suggested Gad's Hill in pattern. A country wench, who was at one of the doors, being asked the name could only murmur, "I dunnoo;" but an intelligent, wizened old lady looking over her gate said, "Whoy, that be Pyrcroft." Thus had I stumbled on the very place. Fair as it was in front, with its fine enclosed garden at the back, there were all the little encrusted outhouses and buildings which were so likely to attract Mr. Sikes. It was certainly the house; and what



"OLIVER TWIST'S WINDOW," FROM EXTERIOR

supplied conviction was the rich bit of meadow-land which came up close behind.—Percy Fitzgerald, in the *Magazine of Art*, 1895.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY AND THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS.

The old Portsmouth theatre, the scene of Nicholas's early triumphs on the stage, was destroyed many years ago; it occupied the site of the Cambridge Barracks. The story is current in Portsmouth that Dickens called upon the manager at the old theatre and actually asked for a small part.—K 3.

In your article of 12th June, on the coronation number of the *Times*, telling your readers that they would be presented gratis with a reproduction in facsimile of the *Times* of Friday, 29th June, 1838, you call attention to two educational advertisements as containing a hint of some of the abuses which Dickens was already setting himself to scourge. "These are of schools—one in Yorkshire—at which youths are boarded and instructed according to age, including clothes, books, and other necessities. No extras and no vacations."

I respectfully submit that you might have put this more strongly, and that these must be the originals from which Dickens made up Mr. Squeers's card. *Nicholas Nickleby* was published in 1839. It seems to me clear that Mr. Squeers's card was based on them. It will be found on page 20 of the original edition. Please print all three.

"Education.—At Winton Hall, near Kirby-Stephen, in Westmoreland, young gentlemen are boarded, clothed, provided with books, and educated, by Mr. Twycross, in whatever their future prospects may require, at £20 per annum. There are no extras nor vacations. Prospectuses and references may be had at Peele's Coffee-House, Fleet Street, where Mr. T. attends daily, between 12 and 2 o'clock."

"Education.—At Mr. Simpson's Academy, Earby [*sic* in original, query misprint for "Easby"], near Richmond, Yorkshire, youth are boarded, and instructed by Mr. S. and proper assistants in whatever their future prospects may require, at 20 and 23 guineas a year, according to age, including clothes, books, and other necessities. No extras and no vacations. Cards with references to be had from Mr. S., who attends from 12 to 2 o'clock daily at The Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. Conveyance by steam vessel weekly."

"Education.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessities, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every branch of classical literature. Terms twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town and attends daily, from one to four, at The Saracen's Head, Snow Hill."

Dickens added to the advertisements in your issue of 1838. But the leading principles are in all three—namely, £20 a year for clothes, books, and education; no extras, no vacations; and both Mr. Simpson and Mr. Squeers, the two Yorkshire schoolmasters, "attended daily at The Saracen's Head."—Walter Wren, in the *Times*, July 24, 1897.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

We find the author, when he was describing the beautiful church at Tong, making allusion to some martyred lady whose remains had been collected in the night from four of the city gates. Though he does not name the city, it shows that Coventry was in his thoughts, as it is stated in the old guides that four of its many gates were standing in the early part of the century.—F 4.

His impressions of the Black Country are vividly portrayed in the forty-third and succeeding chapters of *The Old Curiosity Shop*,

and there is good reason to suppose that a portion at least of the itinerary of the pilgrimage of Little Nell and her Grandfather, after their flight from London to escape from the evil influence of Quilp, was based upon his own tour, undertaken two years previously.—*K 3.*

The "Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, is paragraphed to disappear. But at least seven years ago its destruction was announced. I shall be sorry to see its vacant place, for the house is old and quaint, and many visitors to London,



"LITTLE NELL'S COTTAGE," TONG, SHROPSHIRE

especially Americans, receive from it a genuine Dickensian thrill. Yet the house is not genuine Dickens. Where, then, was the real shop? Those who know most do not know. Dickens tells us in the last chapter of his novel that "the old house had long ago been pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place." The story goes that he personally identified the real "Old Curiosity Shop" as No. 10 Green Street, Leicester Square, a house which was pulled down in the construction of Charing Cross Road. And yet he wrote of the shop as "in the City." A shop in Fetter Lane had City claims, but it, too, is gone; and the identification of the spot sacred to Little Nell is now hopeless.—*T.P.'s Weekly*, August 28, 1908.



GENERAL VIEW OF TONG CHURCH, SHROPSHIRE

THE EDEN OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

Eden has been identified as a scattered settlement situated on the Mississippi River at a point half-way between Hannibal, Missouri, and Quincy, Illinois, and was called Marion City. The ambitious minds that planned it designed that it should be the greatest city known to the ancient or the modern world; but because of the unexpected operations of nature, and other events which had not been considered, that city never grew to more consequence than that of a mere country village, where the inhabitants constantly trudged about in mud and water. The founder was a man named William Muldrow, and was possessed of splendid maps, unbounded impudence, and ready speech. By these means he disposed of numerous lots in this miserable swamp, which ultimately became almost completely deserted.—*The Bookman* (New York), vol. ix.

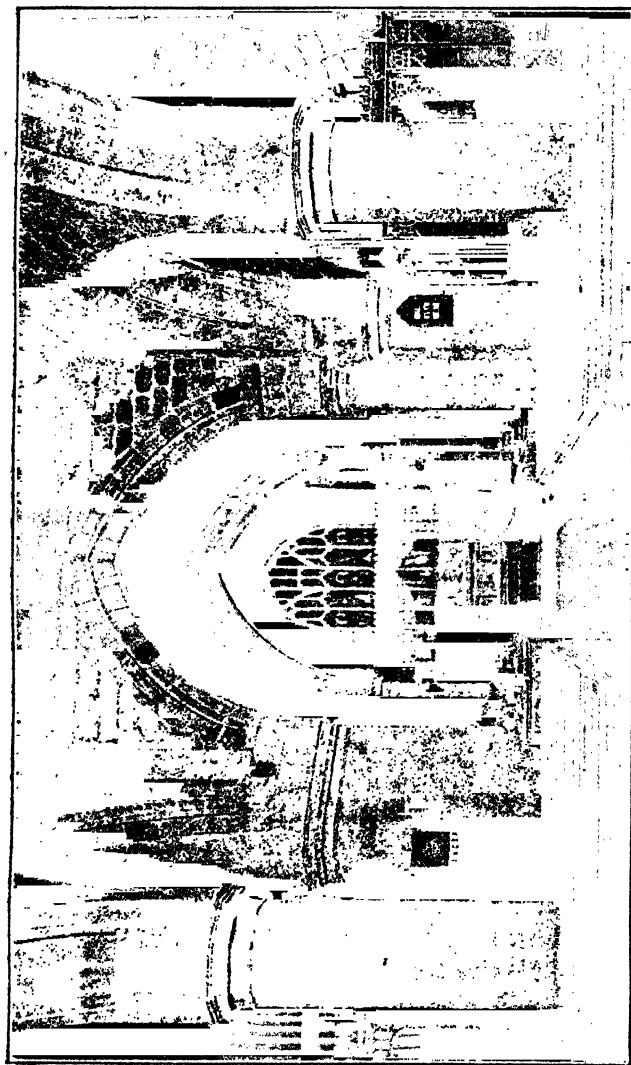
A DOMBEY LANDMARK.

Uncle Sol's Wooden Midshipman is an almost living character in *Dombey and Son*, and shows the author's art in vivifying inanimate things for the purpose of his story. Everyone has a sort of affection for this little figure. Up to the year 1881 he was flourishing, and taking his observations at a house in Leadenhall Street, nearly opposite the Old India House. Mr. Ashby Sterry found him out. The figure was at the door of Messrs. Norie & Wilson, an old-established firm of nautical instrument makers. At one time the little man used to get his knuckles severely abraded by passing porters carrying loads, and was continually sent to have a fresh set of knuckles provided. Americans offered to buy him. However, his house was demolished, and the firm removed to No. 156 Minories, where he is now [1895] to be seen as fresh and lively as ever.—*F* 4.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

There have been several houses in Canterbury suggested as Wickfield's. There is one nearly opposite the Catholic Church, which has always been used, so runs the tradition, as a lawyer's office. It is a two-storeyed house of brick and timber and lime-washed front. The main objection is the absence of gables and carved woodwork in the front, and the fact that there is no turret-room. . . . An enterprising clerk, some years ago, carved "U. Heep" on his desk in one of the downstairs rooms, and the name is shown to this day to American and other tourists, some of whom believe it to be genuine.—*F* 2.

I have seen in (American) print a triumphant account of the absolute identification of Miss Betsey Trotwood's house on the cliff at Dover, the principal evidence in the case relating to the green over which Miss Trotwood believed herself to have jurisdiction as regarded the incursions of donkeys; and very much impressed I should have been, no doubt, with the writer's industry and ingenuity, if I had not unfortunately happened to know of my own



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT TONG, SHROPSHIRE

knowledge that he was altogether wrong. The Trotwood donkey-fights did not take place at Dover at all, but at Broadstairs; where a certain Miss Strong—a charming old lady who was always most kind to me as a small boy, and to whose cakes and tea I still look back with fond and unsatisfied regret—lived in a little double-fronted cottage in the middle of Nuckell's Place, on the sea-front, firmly convinced of her right to stop the passage of donkeys along the road in front of her door.—Charles Dickens, the younger, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, July 1896.

There is not much to be seen of the Yarmouth of Dan'l and Little Em'ly, of 'Am and David and the seductive Steerforth. Perhaps at dusk one can imagine, at the south end of the Marine Parade, a black upturned barge or smack, with little windows and a slim iron funnel doing duty as a chimney. If so, the gifted visionary may also hear the deep tumultuous roar of Dan'l Peggotty singing "When the stormy winds do blow, do blow, do blow," or Little Em'ly's sweet laughter, or Steerforth warbling tears from the eyes of his companions. But now the pilgrim to that spot—then solitary at the upper reach of a tract of sand and grass between the Wellington Pier and the South Battery—may much more likely see clusters of exuberant trippers, or hear the strains of the Jewish harp or the fell dissonance of the inflated Teuton. There are many of the kindred of Miss Mowcher, but that gay and discursive immortal never visited any inn in Yarmouth save that in the Yarmouth of Dickens's imagination.

Many Barkises may be willing: the breed, to meet in a ramble, is extinct. Yet, behind the town, away by the Lowestoft Road, or by Somerleyton Park to Blunderston (it was at Blunderstone Rookery Vicarage, it will be remembered, that Mrs. Copperfield bore her son David) there are still bits of East Anglian country unchanged since the days Barkis guided his carrier's cart (with the horse that could not be driven, but only gradually induced) through green lanes and pastoral byways. And the visitor who has reserved *David Copperfield* to read or re-read at Yarmouth will find certain pleasure in many passages in that enduringly fascinating romance, remarkable alike for their truth in local colour and for their charm in swift and deft impression. And here, too, Dickens showed what he could do as "a marine artist." The description of the great storm on the German Ocean that brought back the drowned seducer to the home he had ruined, and, with him, his would-be generous and unknowing saviour Ham, is one of the finest things of its kind in literature.—S 7.

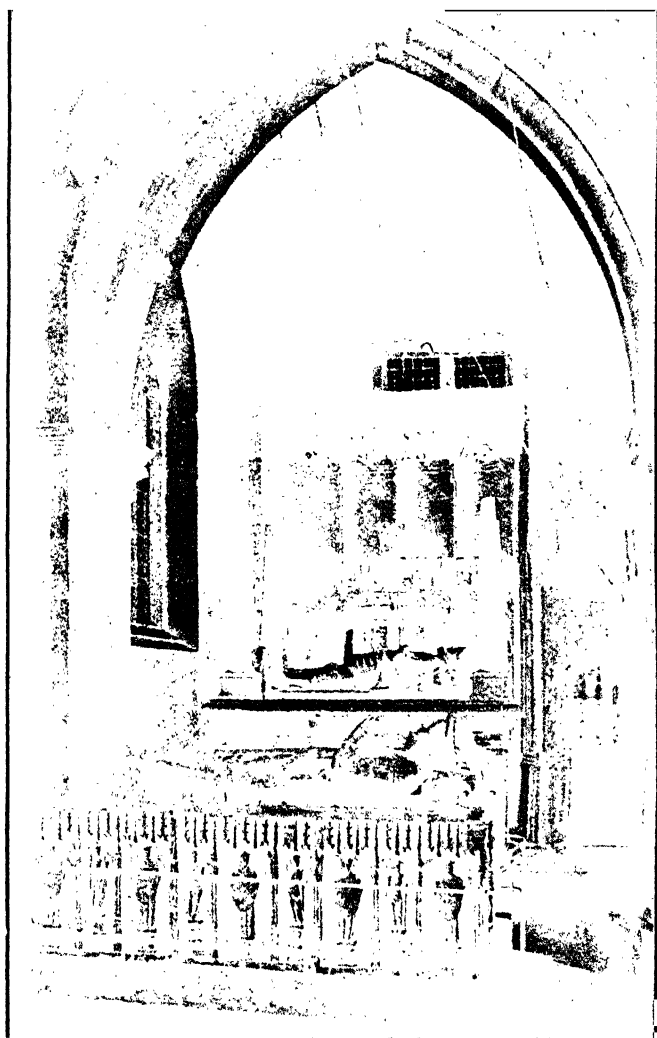
BLEAK HOUSE LANDMARKS.

The castle (Rockingham) is situated on a breezy eminence overlooking the valley of the Welland, which river overflows occasionally and floods the surrounding country, suggesting the watery Lincolnshire landscape described in the second chapter of *Bleak House*. At the end of the terrace is the New Walk, corresponding

with the Ghost's Walk at Chesney Wold, and there is a sundial in the garden, also referred to in the story. After passing under the archway (the remains of a former castle), a general view is obtained of the north front of the mansion, one of the principal apartments in which is the long drawing-room, the veritable drawing-room of Chesney Wold, except that the fireplace is surmounted by a carved overmantel instead of a portrait, while the family presentments at Rockingham are in the hall, and not in the drawing-room, as related of those at Chesney Wold.—K 3.

If you have any business in White Hart Street, Drury Lane, you will probably make haste, for it is not a desirable locality. Yet there is a reason why you should turn aside into an uninviting alley on your left as you come from Catherine Street. The place has a fascination of its own; for you suddenly remember a certain "recking little tunnel of a court" which gives access to the iron gate of "a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination and a Caffre would shudder at."

Yes, this is the old churchyard of *Black House*, where Lady Dedlock's lover was buried; and where she was found dead, "with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate, and seeming to embrace it." There have been a good many changes since then. Perhaps the Caffre would not shudder now; for the gate is gone, and with it "the heaps of dishonoured graves and stones." Here and there against the wall you notice a tombstone with an illegible inscription; but the most conspicuous objects are a swing and a hobby-horse. An excellent public body has turned the spot into a playground, and groups of children are enjoying themselves with sufficient energy to convince you that a London street urchin is sometimes young. They are "turning to mirth all things of earth," and especially the very grim earth over which they are gambolling; while a melancholy man, in a jersey jacket and a cap adorned with the initials of the excellent public body, surveys the scene without much apparent interest. To you he addresses himself promptly; and then you are aware that he has a very weather-beaten aspect, especially about the right eye, and a certain indefinable touch of discipline which denotes the old soldier. He mentions the name of Dickens, which is evidently the formula of introduction; but if you imagine that he is going to talk about Jo and the nameless pauper who was laid to rest under your feet, you are vastly mistaken. There is no chance here of an interesting argument about that very self-conscious young woman Esther Summerson, and it is no use going into the question of Harold Skimpole and Leigh Hunt. "You are looking at my eye, sir," says the old soldier—"makes me look like a blackguard, don't it?" You politely deprecate any such notion. "Oh, it ain't pretty, I know," he says; "but it shows you the sort of thing I have to put up with in this hole. I had to turn a boy out yesterday for making a row, and he let me have it in the eye with a stone. That's what it is to be caretaker here." Probably your mind goes back to Durdles



ANCIENT TOMBS IN THE CHURCH AT TONG

in *Edwin Drood*, and to the fiend of a boy who used to pursue him with stones and a hideous refrain of which the only line you remember is, "When I ketches him out after ten." The old soldier suspects that your attention is wandering; for he says rather sharply, "You don't know what them boys are like. When this place was first opened there was a flower-bed in the centre there. What do you think they did? P'raps they didn't do anything? P'raps they stood around and sniffed at them? Well, they jumped on that bed—*that's* what they did."

Have the manners of the neighbours improved since the days of poor Jo? The caretaker, who had been in the army over thirty years, thinks not. "About the worst lot in London," he affirms with emphasis. "Do I live near here? I tried it once, but it was too hot." Words convey a poor idea of the deep disgust with which this is said. It is somewhere in Holborn that the glories of Mooltan and Bucephalus shed a lustre on his domestic circle. And now, as you descend the steps and stand under the archway, and the old soldier, stimulated by a prospective sixpence, grows more voluble about the contrast between his service to the State and his present lot, and you finger the coin in your waistcoat-pocket, wondering how much will soothe the pride of Mooltan and lessen the humiliation of grooming a hobby-horse, the fancy which brought you here returns. Surely this is the honest trooper, Mr. George, who is going back to his shooting-gallery after an interview with Grandfather Smallweed, who has called him a "brimstone beast." And the old iron gate closes behind you; and the dead woman lies there, clinging to the bars, and offering her pathetic atonement to her old love; and the magic of a great wizard makes romance more intensely real than the shabby and commonplace reality.—*St. James's Gazette*, July 15, 1889.

Hidden away in what appears to those who do not know its windings to be an endless labyrinth of hoarding, there lies the little burial-ground so interesting to every reader of *Bleak House*. At the present moment, too, it gains an additional interest from the performance of *Jo* at Drury Lane Theatre, the great side wall of which overshadows the little graveyard of Tom-all-Alone's. It is, by the way, ten years since Jenny Lee was acting her favourite part of Jo here in London. February 22, 1876, saw the first performance of a dramatic version of *Bleak House*. Dickens was particularly severe upon this burial-ground. Here came Jo to pay a last tribute to his friend, and hither came the proud Lady Dedlock, the first time merely to see where they had laid the mysterious Nemo, and lastly to die upon the filthy steps. Now nearly all "the houses looking on" are gone, save one or two which still remain, like islands in a sea of waste ground. The little tunnel of a court is gone, and so is the sullen gas-lamp on which the poisoned air deposited its "witch ointment, slimy to the touch." Only the old iron gateway remains, which is a matter of wonder. The Drury Lane authorities tried to obtain it for the present play.

but the London County Council guarded it with a jealous care. Pushing the gateway open on its rusty hinges, one sees at a glance that a change has come over the ground which a Turk would have rejected. It is now a County Council playground, so that it is unnecessary to add that it is as clean as needs be. It is kept entirely for the delectation of the little children, who come in from Drury Lane and Clare Market, no adult being allowed to enter, except the kindly guardian who, though perhaps finding his task a trifle monotonous, looks after the children in a fatherly manner. In the near future the little plot will be again surrounded with houses, so that the Council are somewhat inclined to do away with the ground. It therefore behoves every Dickens lover who may desire to look upon the spot to improve the shining hour, if he can find the graveyard amongst the waste to the westward of Drury Lane. He must not mistake the larger playground which actually opens on to Drury Lane for the one which was to testify to future ages.—*Daily Chronicle*, June 13, 1896.

The description of Tom-all-Alone's is said to have been suggested by a similar slum in the neighbourhood of Chatham, which must have been familiar to Dickens during the days of his boyhood there. This also has been swept away, and the modern portion of the Royal Marine Barracks stands upon the site.—*K* 1.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to Inigo Jones's houses, we find an interesting mansion that also figures in *Bleak House*. This is a stately, stone-fronted structure, with a large "fore-court" and a semi-circular porch. This was chosen as Mr. Tulkinghorn's residence. It was really Mr. John Forster's house, No. 58, where he resided for some years, up to his marriage. There is a stone stair, and the rooms are finely proportioned. The ceiling of the front room was floridly painted, and everyone will recall the flourishing Roman who is shown so mysteriously pointing down to the body of the murdered solicitor. For some strange reason, this decoration has since been painted out. Hablot Browne, the illustrator, fell into a curious mistake in dealing with this "Roman." It will be remembered that Dickens makes much of his mysterious pointing in the direction of the Frenchwoman who was outside, watching for Tulkinghorn. In a second plate, representing the scene of the murder, the Roman is shown pointing in the other direction, towards the wall.—*F* 4.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

One of the weirdest neighbourhoods to Gad's Hill, and one of those most closely associated with Dickens, is the village of Cooling. . . . It was already noon, and low clouds and mists were lying about the earth and sky as we approached the forlorn little village on the edge of the wide marshes described in the opening chapters of the novel. This was Cooling, and passing by the few cottages, the decayed rectory, and straggling buildings, we came at length to the churchyard.—*F* 1.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

The most dramatic scenes of *Our Mutual Friend* would seem to have been laid at Henley and about Henley. The painstaking Mr. Allbut has, I think, shown this very clearly. The inn where the marriage took place is called "An Angler's Inn." . . . This inn was, certainly, the good old Red Lion, where Johnson and Boswell put up, and Shenstone before them, who sang of it—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

A cheerful, picturesque old mansion of the brightest and mellowest brick. Here is the "Inn Lawn" running down to the river's edge, crowded on boat-race days. Lizzie was employed at a large paper mill a short distance from Henley, and such we find at Marsh Mill, close to the weir, with a wooden bridge that leads to the lock. We also find the tow-path where Eugene met Lizzie, and from which he was dogged by Headstone. Eugene then crossed the handsome bridge, and must have been attacked immediately after. Plash-water Weir lock and lockhouse can be fixed beyond Medmenham, at Harley Lock.—*F* 4.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

On the road between Preston and Blackburn, lies a picturesque old mansion, fast falling to decay, but standing out weird and melancholy on the summit of the precipice on which it was erected. This building is Hoghton Tower, which suggested to Dickens the locale of the story *George Silverman's Explanation*.—*D*.

XV

DICKENS IN CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

GENERAL.

"Dickens," I then [in 1851] said, "can give you a landscape proper—a piece of the rural English earth in the summer or in its winter dress, with a bit of water and a village spire in it; he can give you, what painters seldom attempt, a great patch of flat country by night, with the red trail of a railway train traversing the darkness; he can succeed in a sea-piece; he can describe the crowded quarter of a city, or the main street of a country town, by night or by day; he can paint a garden, sketch the interior of a cathedral, or photograph the interior of a hut or of a drawing-room; he can even be minute in his delineations of single articles of dress or of furniture. Take him again in the figure department. Here he can be an animal painter, with Landseer, when he likes, as witness his dogs, ponies, and ravens; he can be a historical painter, as witness his description of the Gordon Riots; he can be a caricaturist, like Leech; he can give you a bit of village life, with Wilkie; he can paint a haggard scene of low city life, so as to remind one of some of the Dutch artists, or a pleasant family scene, gay or sentimental, reminding one of Maclise or of Frank Stone; he can body forth romantic conceptions of terror or beauty that have arisen in his imagination; he can compose a fantastic fairy piece; he can even succeed in a dream or allegory, where the figures are hardly human."

Mr. Dickens, on the other hand, is singularly aggressive and opinionative. There is scarcely a social question on which he has not touched; and there are few of his novels in which he has not blended the functions of a social and political critic with those of the artist, to a degree detrimental, as many think, to his genius in the latter capacity. For Mr. Dickens's wonderful powers of description are no guarantee for the correctness of his critical judgments in those particulars to which he may apply them. "We may owe one degree of respect," I have said, "to Dickens, as the describer of Squeers and Creakle, and quite another degree of respect when he tells us how he would have boys educated. Mr. Spenlow may be a capital likeness to a Doctors' Commons lawyer; and yet this would not be the proper ground for concluding Mr. Dickens's view of a reform in the Ecclesiastical Courts to be right. No man has

given more picturesque illustrations of London criminal life : yet he might not be equally trustworthy in his notions of prison-discipline. His Dennis, the hangman, is a powerfully conceived character ; yet this is no reason for accepting his opinion on capital punishments."

All honour to Thackeray and the prose-fiction of social reality ; but much honour, too, to Dickens, for maintaining among us, even in the realm of the light and the amusing, some representation in prose of that art of ideal fantasy, the total absence of which in the literature of any age would be a sign nothing short of hideous. The true objection to Dickens is, that his idealism tends too much to extravagance and caricature. It would be possible for an ill-natured critic to go through all his works, and to draw out in one long column a list of their chief characters, annexing in a parallel column the phrases and labels by which these characters are distinguished, and of which they are generalisations—the " There's some credit in being jolly here," of Mark Tapley ; the " It isn't of the slightest consequence," of Toots ; the " Something will turn up," of Mr. Micawber, etc. etc. Even this, however, is a mode of art legitimate, I believe, in principle, as it is certainly most effective in fact. There never was a Mr. Micawber in nature, exactly as he appears in the pages of Dickens ; but Micawberism pervades nature through and through ; and to have extracted this quality from nature, embodying the full essence of a thousand instances of it in one ideal monstrosity, is a feat of invention. From the incessant repetition by Mr. Dickens of this inventive process openly and with variation, except in the results, the public have caught what is called his mannerism or trick ; and hence a certain recoil from his later writings among the cultivated and fastidious. But let anyone observe our current table-talk or our current literature, and, despite this profession of dissatisfaction, and in the very circles where it most abounds, let him note how gladly Dickens is used, and how frequently his phrases, his fancies, and the names of his characters come in, as illustration, embellishment, proverb, and seasoning. Take any periodical in which there is a severe criticism of Dickens's last publication ; and, ten to one, in the same periodical, and perhaps by the same hand, there will be a leading article, setting out with a quotation from Dickens that flashes on the mind of the reader the thought which the whole article is meant to convey, or containing some allusion to one of Dickens's characters which enriches the text in the middle and floods it an inch round with colour and humour.—David Masson.

M 1.

If Mr. Dickens's characters were gathered together, they would constitute a town populous enough to send a representative to Parliament. Let us enter. The style of architecture is unparalleled. There is an individuality about the buildings. In some obscure way they remind one of human faces. There are houses sly-looking, houses wicked-looking, houses pompous-looking. Heaven bless us ! what a rakish pump ! What a self-important town-hall

What a hard-hearted prison ! The dead walls are covered with advertisements of Mr. Sleary's circus. Newman Noggs comes shambling along. Mr. and the Misses Pecksniff come sailing down the sunny side of the street. Miss Mercy's parasol is gay ; papa's neckcloth is white and terribly starched. Dick Swiveller leans against a wall, his hands in his pockets, a primrose held between his teeth, contemplating the opera of Punch and Judy, which is being conducted under the management of Messrs. Codlin and Short. You turn a corner, and you meet the coffin of little Paul Dombey borne along. In the afternoon you hear the rich tones of the organ from Miss La Creevy's first floor, for Tom Pinch has gone to live there now ; and as you know all the people as you know your own brothers and sisters, and consequently require no letters of introduction, you go up and talk with the dear old fellow about all his friends and your friends, and towards evening he takes your arm, and you walk out to see poor Nelly's grave.—Alexander Smith.

We think him a very original writer—well entitled to his popularity, and not likely to lose it—and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, amongst the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed—a keen sense of the ludicrous—exuberant humour—and that mastery in the pathetic, which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humour, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities an unaffected style, fluent, easy, spirited, and terse—a good deal of dramatic power, and great truthfulness and ability in description. We know no other English writer to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He sometimes imitates other writers, such as Fielding in his introductions, and Washington Irving in his detached tales, and thus exhibits his skill as a parodist. But his own manner is very distinct, and comparison with any other would not serve to illustrate and describe it. We would compare him rather with the painter Hogarth.—*Edinburgh Review*, 1838.

We esteem Dickens, next after Shakespeare, as the greatest of English humorists—that is to say, with reference to literary history, the greatest of all humorists ; for none of the foreigners, ancient or modern—Aristophanes, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Cervantes, or Jean Paul—have come near Shakespeare in this faculty, though possessing it in a large measure. That none of the English humorists of the eighteenth century—not even Swift or Fielding, much less Smollett or Sterne—is to be compared with Dickens in this respect, we believe Thackeray himself would be ready to admit. Hogarth, if the two arts of painting and novel-writing allow their comparison, may be deemed a precursor of Dickens. Shakespeare's clowns and his foolish varlets or blundering louts are, equally with his heroes, the creation of a great poet. Shall we not say the same of Pickwick, of Sam Weller, of Pecksniff, of Mrs. Gamp, and of many other queer characters which only a mightily creative imagination could have formed ? Dickens is always a great writer ;

but he is a most successful creator in the department of quaint figures and odd habits, curious bits of human life picked up in corners of the world, often torn and trampled into fantastic shapes, and soiled with the soot and the mire of the London streets. In this department he excels Balzac and Victor Hugo, while he resembles the latter and differs from the former in his respect for the humanity clothed in such a ragged garb of such uncomely aspect and ungainly demeanour. In the amount of his native genius, there can be no question, Charles Dickens alone outweighs all the writers of fiction in his time.—*Illustrated London News*, June 18, 1870.

Passing into the Strand, he saw in a bookseller's window an announcement of the first number of the *Alms-house*; so he purchased a copy, and, hurrying back to his lodgings, proceeded to ascertain what Mr. Popular Sentiment had to say to the public on the subject which had lately occupied so much of his own attention.

In former times great objects were attained by great work. When evils were to be reformed, reformers set about their heavy task with grave decorum and laborious argument. An age was occupied in proving a grievance, and philosophical researches were printed in folio pages, which it took a life to write, and an eternity to read. We get on now with a lighter step, and quicker: ridicule is found to be more convincing than argument, imaginary agonies touch more than true sorrows, and monthly novels convince, when learned quartos fail to do so. If the world is to be set right, the work will be done by shilling numbers.

Of all such reformers Mr. Sentiment is the most powerful. It is incredible the number of evil practices he has put down; it is to be feared he will soon lack subjects, and that when he has made the working classes comfortable, and got bitter beer put into proper-sized pint bottles, there will be nothing further for him left to do. Mr. Sentiment is certainly a very powerful man, and perhaps not the less so that his good poor people are so very good; his hard rich people so very hard; and the genuinely honest so very honest. Namby-pamby in these days is not thrown away if it be introduced in the proper quarters. Divine peeresses are no longer interesting, though possessed of every virtue; but a pattern peasant or an immaculate manufacturing hero may talk as much twaddle as one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines, and still be listened to. Perhaps, however, Mr. Sentiment's great attraction is in his second-rate characters. If his heroes and heroines walk upon stilts, as heroes and heroines, I fear, ever must, their attendant satellites are as natural as though one met them in the street: they walk and talk like men and women, and live among our friends a rattling, lively life; yes, live, and will live till the names of their calling shall be forgotten in their own, and Bucket and Mrs. Gamp will be the only words left to us to signify a detective police officer or a monthly nurse. . . .

Bold finished the number; and as he threw it aside, he thought that that at least had no direct appliance to Mr. Harding, and that



THE KEEP, ROCHESTER CASTLE
From a water-colour by Paul Braddon

the absurdly strong colouring of the picture would disenable the work from doing either good or harm. He was wrong. The artist who paints for the million must use glaring colours, as no one knew better than Mr. Sentiment when he described the inhabitants of his almshouse; and the radical reform which has now swept over such establishments has owed more to the twenty numbers of Mr. Sentiment's novel, than to all the true complaints which have escaped from the public for the last half-century. — Anthony Trollope, in *The Warden*.

Dickens, with preternatural apprehension of the language of manners, and the varieties of street life, with pathos and laughter, with patriotic and still enlarging generosity, writes London tracts. He is a painter of English details, like Hogarth; local and temporary in his tints and style, and local in his aims. — R. W. Emerson, in *English Traits*.

Dickens shows that life in its rudest forms may wear a tragic grandeur; that amidst follies and sensual excesses, provoking laughter or scorn, the moral feelings do not wholly die; and that the haunts of the blackest crimes are sometimes lighted up by the presence and influence of the noblest souls. — Channing, *On the Present Age*.

Charles Dickens, the most popular novelist of the century, and one of the greatest humorists that England has produced. — John Forster.

The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens — every inch of him an Honest Man. — Thomas Carlyle.

Many of his portraits excite pity, and suggest the existence of crying social sins; but of almost all we are obliged to say that they border on and frequently reach caricature, of which the essence is to catch a striking likeness by exclusively selecting and exaggerating a peculiarity that marks the man but does not represent him. Dickens belongs in literature to the same class as his illustrator, Hablot Browne, in design, though he far surpasses the illustrator in range and power. — George Brimley, *Essays*.

Mr. Dickens's genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer perhaps is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause. — Walter Bagehot, in *Literary Studies*.

Of Charles Dickens's fame a grand feature is its universality. His name is as much a "household word" in every sequestered hamlet lying between the most extreme points of our home islands, as it is in the metropolis; and he is as well known in the United States, Canada, and Australia, as he is in the city round St. Paul's.

Wherever there are men of English origin, speaking the English tongue, there the genius of Charles Dickens is one of the most important facts of life. It would be a long task to say all that Dickens has done for the English novel. It would be easier to state what he has not done for it. Indeed the novel of this generation is so completely a work of his re-creation, that it would be mere ingratitude, backed up by stupidity, not to hail him as the immediate parent of it.—J. Cordy Jeaffreson, in *Novels and Novelists*.

Since his death long obituary notices of him have been given in the Italian papers. The *Diritto* thinks that Sam Weller, and the "modern Tartuffe" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, will be immortal, like Perpetua and Don Abbondio in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*, which have become popular types of character. The *Nazione* speaks of the deceased as the greatest of modern English novelists. "He was," it adds, "for five-and-thirty years, at once the most esteemed novelist and the greatest social reformer of his fellow-countrymen. There will be monuments to him in marble and bronze, but his finest monument will be the good he did for the poorer classes."—*H 4*.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

He (Dickens) is the Washington Irving of English low life; and as his observations appear to have been confined to that department, his knowledge of it appears to be more copious, and his descriptions of it, while more varied and ample, are not quite so completely finished as some of the few given by Irving. The most remarkable of the qualities of "Boz" is certainly his humour. But he displays also much and very fine wit. He not only exhibits in action the follies and absurdities of human beings, but intersperses his narrative with remarks on men and things characterised by great point and shrewdness.—*London and Westminster Review*.

If he will endeavour to supply whatever may be effected by care and study—avoid imitation of other writers—keep nature steadily before his eyes—and check all dispositions to exaggerate—we know no writer who seems likely to attain higher success in that rich and useful department of fiction which is founded on faithful representations of human character, as exemplified in the aspects of English life.—*Edinburgh Review*, October 1838.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

We have very rarely met with a writer who more quickly seizes peculiarity of character, or, what is quite as difficult to seize, the external marks (often trifling enough) by which those peculiarities are indicated, and in which they are embodied. So completely is our author master of this latter art, that a few slight dashes will often give us a stronger conception of the character he designs to set before us than the longest and most elaborate descriptions. His personages impress us with all the force and vividness of reality.

They are not described—they are exhibited. He has also been equally happy in seizing those peculiarities which discriminate different classes of the community from one another; which mark the various *species* as strongly as other peculiarities do the individual.—*Eclectic Review*, April 1837.

A writer, whose name we have forgotten, remarked that *Pickwick* was made up of “two pounds of Smollett, three ounces of Sterne, a handful of Hook, a dash of the grammatical Pierce Egan—incidents at pleasure, served with an *original sauce piquante*.” And Lady Chatterton, in one of her works, remarked: “Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, has recently been in the service of Mahomet Ali Pacha. *Pickwick* happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was on one occasion summoned to him in the middle of the night, to finish the reading of some part in which he had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstacy with what he had heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country, for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.”—II 4.

I am sure that a man who, a hundred years hence, should sit down to write the history of our time, would do wrong to put that great contemporary history of *Pickwick* aside as a frivolous work. It contains true character under false names; and, like *Roderick Random*, an inferior work, and *Tom Jones* (one that is immeasurably superior) gives us a better idea of the state and ways of the people, than one could gather from any more pompous or authentic history.—W. M. Thackeray.

The Wellers, father and son, both talk a language and employ allusions utterly irreconcilable with their habits and station, and we constantly detect both in the nice and even critical use of words and images borrowed from sources wholly inaccessible to them. As a describer and portrait-painter, Dickens too frequently condescends to be a copyist, and almost always on such occasions betrays a marked inferiority to his prototypes. What is the talent or quality that has procured him so unprecedented a share of popularity? In our opinion he has obtained and well-merited it by being the first to turn to account the rich and varied stores of wit and humour discoverable amongst the lower classes of the Metropolis, whose language has hitherto been condemned as a poor, bald, disjointed, unadorned, and nearly unintelligible *slang*, utterly destitute of feeling, fancy, or force. Having made up our minds as to the origin of Mr. Dickens's popularity, it remains to add a word or two as to its durability, of which many warm admirers are already beginning to doubt—not, it must be owned, without reason; for the last three or four numbers (Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17) of *Pickwick* are certainly much inferior to the former ones, and indications are not wanting that the particular vein of humour which has

hitherto yielded so much attractive material is worked out. In the *Sketches by Boz* we find much of the same nicety of observation and quaint perception of the ludicrous as in the *Pickwick Papers*; but the essays distinguished by these qualities bear a small proportion to those in which the laboured, the commonplace, or the imitative style predominates. There is a sustained power, a range of observation, and a continuity of interest in this series which we seek in vain in any other of his works. The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast; on the principle, we presume, of making hay while the sun shines, he seems to have accepted at once all engagements that were offered him, and the consequence is, that in too many instances he has been compelled to

“Forestall the blighted harvest of the brain,”

and pour forth, in their crude, unfinished, undigested state, thoughts, feelings, observations, and plans which it required time and study to mature—or supply the allotted number of pages with original matter of the most commonplace description, or hints caught from others and diluted to make them pass for his own. If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick; but let him give his capacity fair play, and it is rich, vigorous, and versatile enough to ensure him a high and enduring reputation.—*Quarterly Review*, October 1837.

There is nothing from which Mr. Dickens draws so largely as the ludicrous of situation. This is one of the same nature with that practical wit, commonly called horse-play, which consists in the dexterous removal of a gentleman's chair as he is in the act of sitting down, and such-like feats. If Mr. Dickens can exhibit a character with his heels in the air, he laughs and chuckles, and rubs his hands and thinks he has achieved a great chapter. Now Mr. Winkle, the third of Mr. Pickwick's colleagues, is the chosen subject for this sort of merriment. He is a mere fool, and of all imaginable fools the most insipid. He is put upon a tall horse, and made to dismount that he may not be able to get up again. He is provided with a gun to shoot his friend Tupman by accident (a capital joke!) He is set on skates to be laid sprawling on the ice. He is represented as the greatest coward in the world, and is made to go through the motions of a duel, and is on the point of being shot, because, having shut his eyes in very fear, he cannot perceive that the challenger is a man he had never seen. The only characters of any pith in the whole book are Sam Weller and his father.

We should be unjust to Mr. Dickens if we failed to notice the character of old Wardle, an honest, hearty, hospitable country gentleman of small estate. It is admirably drawn, and the Christmas gambols at his house are delightful. We have seen nothing like it from the pen of any writer of this century. We repeat that we have no quarrel with Mr. Dickens, and admit that he has considerable powers. Our quarrel is not with him, but with (he must excuse the

word) his keepers. It is his misfortune to possess a talent, the abuse of which renders him acceptable to that class of readers by whom meretricious arts are preferred to modest grace. This is therefore *his public*. By this he is debauched and corrupted, and to this he prostitutes himself. We pity him, and we would, if it were possible, shame them. — *Southern Literary Messenger* (Richmond, Va.), September 1837.

Not much of Dickens will live, because it has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of cockneydom, a caricaturist who aped the moralist; he should have kept to short stories. If his novels are read at all in the future, people will wonder what we saw in them, save some possible element of fun meaningless to them. The world will never let Mr. Pickwick, who to me is full of the lumber of imbecility, share honours with Don Quixote.—George Meredith, quoted by Edward Clodd, in *Fortnightly Review*, July 1909.

OLIVER TWIST.

Thackeray, in *The Newcomes*, remarked that “a profane work, called *Oliver Twist*, having appeared, which George read out to his family with admirable emphasis, it is a fact that Lady Walham became so interested in the parish boy’s progress, that she took his history into her bedroom (where it was discovered, under Blatherwick’s *Voice from Mesopotamia*, by her ladyship’s maid); and that Kew laughed so immensely at Mr. Bumble, the Beadle, as to endanger the reopening of his wound.”

And again, in *Fraser’s Magazine* for February 1840, at the end of a clever satire upon the Newgate Calendar school of romance, purporting to be written by Ikey Solomons, jun., Thackeray thus remarks upon *Oliver Twist*:

“No man has read that remarkable tale without being interested in poor Nancy and her murderer, and especially amused and tickled by the gambols of the skilful Dodger and his companions. The power of the writer is so amazing, that the reader at once becomes his captive, and must follow him whithersoever he leads: and to what are we led? Breathless to watch all the crimes of Fagin, tenderly to deplore the errors of Nancy, to have for Bill Sikes a kind of pity and admiration, and an absolute love for the society of the Dodger. All these heroes stepped from the novel on to the stage; and the whole London public, from peers to chimney-sweeps, were interested about a set of ruffians whose occupations are thievery, murder, and prostitution. A most agreeable set of rascals, indeed, who have their virtues too, but not good company for any man. We had better pass them by in decent silence; for, as no writer can or dare tell the *whole* truth concerning them, and faithfully explain their vices, there is no need to give *ex parte* statements of their virtues. . . . The pathos of the workhouse scenes in *Oliver Twist*, of the Fleet Prison descriptions in *Pickwick*, is genuine and pure—as much of this as you please; as tender a hand to the poor, as kindly a word to the unhappy as you will, but in the name of

common sense let us not expend our sympathies on cut-throats and other such prodigies of evil!"—H 4.

A writer, who chooses to be known to the literary world by the name of "Boz," has, for some time past, been exhibiting his antics before the public. We have never sought his acquaintance, for the same reason that we should avoid a fellow who might thrust himself into an assembly room, and invite the notice of the company by the dress and grimaces of a merry-andrew. We should ask ourselves, in such a case, what man, capable of refinement, would choose to be a buffoon? What man, possessing a particle of self-respect, would descend to an exhibition so degrading and disgusting? Observing that in each of the volumes (*Bentley's Miscellany*, American edition) before us there was one tale, and one only, from his pen, and finding that one of these consisted of eighteen and the other of twenty-five pages duodecimo, we took up the volume with a light heart, and went to work with something like the same consolation with which Fergus M'Ivor went to the scaffold. Thus it was that we became acquainted with the *Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble*, and *The Progress of Oliver Twist, the Parish Boy*. The result of this was, that we were not only confirmed in our suspicions of the true character of the writer, but that our indignation was strongly excited against the critic who had palmed him on our notice. We felt called upon to expose the one and denounce the other as proper objects for the contempt and indignation of the public. To qualify ourselves for the duty, and to secure ourselves against any possibility of injustice, we undertook, and faithfully accomplished, the loathsome task of reading the volumes through. Having completed it, we determined that if, from this time forth, any of our readers suffers himself to be cheated out of his money or his time by Mr. "Boz" himself, or any of his associates, aiders, and abettors, it shall not be our fault.—*Southern Literary Messenger* (Richmond, Va.), May 1837.

In the present tale, or string of stories, it looks as if he [Dickens] revelled, while painting low or degraded nature, among objects which, unless merely subservient to finer and higher elements equally well drawn and furnished, never can awaken our nobler sympathies, nor prune and invigorate the wings of these awakened sensibilities. On this account we cannot place our author among those novelists who are models in regard to the inculcation of moral sentiments and the lessons that refine while they delight. Not that Mr. Dickens is an immoral writer. It is not in his nature to be such; it is the farthest possible thing from his intention, evidently, to write for the mere sake of gain, of entertainment, or of merely harmless fiction. He has high and pure aims; nor can he have failed of doing good, morally speaking. Whoever supposes that the *History of the Parish Boy's Progress*—after reading it at one or two sittings, or without any considerable intervals, from beginning to end—will be as popular twenty years hence as

it has been and is now, has tastes and expectations very different from those entertained by us.—*Monthly Review*, January 1839.

The circumstantiality of the murder of Nancy is more harrowing than the bulletin of 50,000 men killed at Borodino. "Boz" fails whenever he attempts to write for effect; his description of rural felicity and country scenery, of which he clearly knows much less than of London, where he is quite at home and wideawake, are, except when comical, overlaboured and out of nature. *Oliver Twist* is directed against the poor-law and workhouse system, and in our opinion with much unfairness. The abuses which he ridicules are not only exaggerated, but in nineteen cases out of twenty do not at all exist. The whole tale rivals in improbabilities those stories in which the hero, at his birth, is cursed by a wicked fairy and protected by a good one; but Oliver himself, to whom all these improbabilities happen, is the most improbable of all. He is represented to be a pattern of modern excellence, guileless himself, and measuring others by his own innocence; delicate and high-minded, affectionate, noble, brave, generous, with the manners of a son of a most distinguished gentleman, not only uncorrupted, but incorruptible; less absurd would it be to expect to gather grapes on thorns, to find pearls on dunghills, violets in Drury Lane, or make silk purses of sows' ears. We object *in toto* to the staple of *Oliver Twist*—a series of representations which must familiarise the rising generation with the haunts, deeds, language, and characters of the very dregs of the community. Notwithstanding that the greater tendency in woman towards the gentler affections renders a Nancy somewhat less improbable than an Oliver, we fear that both characters must be considered contrary to the laws of human nature and experience everywhere, and particularly in England.—*Quarterly Review*, June 1839. [The writer admits Dickens's "close observation of incidents and perceptions of characters and professions."]

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

The best-drawn characters in the book, Mantalini and Mrs. Nickleby, have only caricature parts to play; and, in preserving them, there is no great difficulty.—*Fraser's Magazine*, April 1840.

If *Nicholas Nickleby* possesses no character altogether equal to Mr. Pickwick, it is on the whole a far superior work. Indeed, no other tale of our author's can boast so consistent and well-developed a plot, so sustained an interest in the action, and so ample and varied an assemblage of characters. His faults, however, are numerous.—*Christian Remembrancer*, December 1842.

Sydney Smith, in a letter to Sir George Phillips, about September 1838, wrote: "*Nickleby* is very good. I stood out against Mr. Dickens as long as I could, but he has conquered me."

Lecturing on "Week-Day Preachers," at St. Martin's Hall (July 1857), in aid of the Jerrold Fund, Thackeray spoke of the delight which children derived from reading the works of Mr. Dickens,



EASTGATE, ROCHESTER

So silent are the streets of Cloisterham that, on a summer day, the sun-blinds of
its shops scarce dare to flap in the south wind

From a water-colour by Paul Braddon

and mentioned that one of his own children said to him that she wished he "would write stories like those which Mr. Dickens wrote. The same young lady," he continued, "when she was ten years old, read *Nicholas Nickleby* morning, noon, and night, beginning it again as soon as she had finished it, and never wearying of its fun."—*H 4*.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Master Humphrey's Clock supplies the place of the Sultana in the *Arabian Nights*, of the ladies in the *Decameron*, and of Fadlodeen in *Lalla Rookh*. After a considerable deal of difficulty, Magog is induced to tell a story to while away an hour or two; and here we have the finest illustration of the idea, *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*, that was ever presented for our consideration. All this nonsense about the giants is only to usher in one of the weakest and most unfortunate tales—the vilest attempt at pathos—the veriest abortion in the shape of an endeavour to create interest or afford amusement that ever was perpetrated. How Dickens, with his talents and experience, could have suffered such a *thing* to go forth under the sanction of his name is to us a matter of unfeigned marvel.—*Monthly Review*, May 1840.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

It is told of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, that travelling with a friend one day and reading the then recently issued book where the death of Little Nell is recorded, the great orator's eyes filled with tears, and he sobbed aloud, "He should not have killed her!—he should not have killed her! She was too good!" and so he threw the book out of the window, unable to read more, and indignant that the author should have immolated a heroine in death.—*H 4*.

BARNABY RUDGE.

By far the ablest criticism of any single work of Dickens is in Edgar Allen Poe's two famous reviews of *Barnaby Rudge*. The first was a prospective review published in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* of 1st May 1841, when the tale had only just begun, and forecasting the author's treatment of the story. It was this that drew the letter from Dickens inquiring whether he had dealings with the devil. When the work was finished he reviewed it again, and in the second review quoted from his first, so that a notice of the one embodies the other. After a brilliant outline of the plot, he observes:

"We are not prepared to say, so positively as we could wish, whether, by the public at large, the whole *mystery* of the murder committed by Rudge, with the identity of the Maypole ruffian with Rudge himself, was fathomed at any period previous to the period intended, or, if so, whether at a period so early as materially to interfere with the interest designed; but we are forced, through

sheer modesty, to suppose this the case; since, by ourselves individually, the secret was distinctly understood immediately upon the perusal of the story of Solomon Daisy, which occurs at the seventh page of this volume of three hundred and twenty-three. In the number of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, for 1st May 1841 (the tale having then only begun), will be found a *prospective notice* of some length, in which we make use of the following words:

“‘That Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our readers—but we will explain. The person murdered is Mr. Reuben Haredale. He was found assassinated in his bed-chamber. His steward (Mr. Rudge, senior), and his gardener (name not mentioned) are missing. At first both are suspected. “Some months afterwards”—here we use the words of the story—“the steward’s body, scarcely to be recognised but by his clothes, and the watch and ring he wore—was found at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed by a knife. He was only partly dressed; and all people agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master.”

“‘Now, be it observed, it is not the author himself who asserts that *the steward’s body was found*; he has put the words in the mouth of one of his characters. His design is to make it appear, in the *dénouement*, that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master’s chamber, murdered *him*, was interrupted by his (Rudge’s) wife, whom he seized and held *by the wrist*, to prevent her giving the alarm—that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener’s room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and ring, and secreted it where it was afterwards discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified.’

“The differences between our pre-conceived ideas, as here stated, and the actual facts of the story, will be found immaterial. The gardener was murdered, not before, but after his master; and that Rudge’s wife seized *him* by the wrist, instead of his seizing *her*, has so much the air of a mistake on the part of Mr. Dickens, that we can scarcely speak of our own version as erroneous. The grasp of a murderer’s bloody hand on the wrist of a woman *enceinte*, would have been more likely to produce the effect described (and this everyone will allow) than the grasp of the hand of the woman upon the wrist of the assassin. We may therefore say of our supposition as Talleyrand said of some Cockney’s bad French—*que s’il ne soit pas Français, assurément donc il le doit être*—that if we did not rightly prophesy, yet, at least, our prophecy *should have been* right.

“We are informed in the Preface to *Barnaby Rudge* that ‘no account of the Gordon Riots having been introduced into any work of fiction, and the subject presenting very extraordinary and remarkable features,’ our author ‘was led to project this tale.’ But

for this distinct announcement (for Mr. Dickens can scarcely have deceived himself) we should have looked upon the riots as altogether an afterthought. It is evident that they have no necessary connection with the story. In our digest, which carefully includes all *essentials* of the plot, we have dismissed the doings of the mob in a paragraph. The whole event of the drama would have proceeded as well without as with them. They have even the appearance of being *forcibly* introduced. In our compendium it will be seen that we emphasised several allusions to an interval of *five years*. The action is brought up to a certain point. The train of events is, so far, uninterrupted—nor is there any apparent need of interruption—yet all the characters are now thrown forward for a period of *five years*. And why? We ask in vain. It is not to bestow upon the lovers a more decorous maturity of age—for this is the only possible idea which suggests itself—Edward Chester is already eight-and-twenty, and Emma Hareedale would, in America at least, be upon the list of old maids. No—there is no such reason; nor does there appear to be any one more plausible than that, as it is now the year of our Lord 1775, an advance of five years will bring the *dramatis personæ* up to a very remarkable period, affording an admirable opportunity for their display—the period, in short, of the ‘No Popery’ Riots. This was the idea with which we were forcibly impressed in perusal, and which nothing less than Mr. Dickens’s positive assurance to the contrary would have been sufficient to eradicate.

“It is, perhaps, but one of a thousand instances of the disadvantages both to the author and the public of the present absurd fashion of periodical novel-writing, that our author had not sufficiently considered or determined upon *any* particular plot when he began the story now under review. In fact, we see, or fancy that we see, numerous traces of indecision—traces which a dexterous supervision of the complete work might have enabled him to erase. We have already spoken of the intermission of a lustrum. The opening speeches of old Chester are by far too *truly* gentlemanly for his subsequent character. The wife of Varden, also, is too wholesale a shrew to be converted into a quiet wife—the original design was to punish her. At page 16, we read thus—Solomon Daisy is telling the story :

““I put as good a face upon it as I could, and, muffling myself up, started out with a lighted lantern in one hand and the key of the church in the other”—at this point of the narrative, the dress of the stage man rustled as if he had turned to hear more distinctly.’

“Here the design is to call the reader’s attention to a *point* in the tale; but no subsequent explanation is made. Again, a few lines below :

““The houses were all shut up, and the folks indoors, and perhaps there is only one man in the world who knows how dark it really was.’

“Here the intention is still more evident, but there is no result. Again, at page 51, the idiot draws Mr. Chester to the window, and

directs his attention to the clothes hanging upon the lines in the yard :

“ “ Look down,” he said softly ; “ do you mark how they whisper in each other’s ears, then dance and leap to make believe they are in sport ? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again ; and then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they’ve been plotting ? Look at ’em now ! See how they whirl and plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper cautiously together—little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the ground and watched them. I say what is it they plot and hatch ? Do you know ? ” ”

“ Upon perusal of these ravings, we at once supposed them to have allusion to some *real* plotting ; and even now we cannot force ourselves to believe them not so intended. They suggested the opinion that Haredale himself would be implicated in the murder, and that the counsellings alluded to might be those of that gentleman with Rudge. It is by no means impossible that some such conception wavered in the mind of the author. At page 32 we have a confirmation of our idea, when Varden endeavours to arrest the murderer in the house of his wife :

“ “ Come back—come back ! ” exclaimed the woman, wrestling with and clasping him. “ Do not touch him on your life. *He carries other lives besides his own.* ” ”

“ *The dénouement* fails to account for this exclamation.

“ In the beginning of the story much emphasis is placed upon the *two* female servants of Haredale, and upon his journey to and from London, as well as upon his wife. We have merely said, in our digest, that he was a widower, italicising the remark. All these points are, in fact, singularly irrelevant in the supposition that the original design has not undergone modification.

“ Again, at page 57, when Haredale talks of ‘ his dismantled and beggared hearth,’ we cannot help fancying that the author had in view some different wrong, or series of wrongs, perpetrated by Chester, than any which appear in the end. This gentleman, too, takes extreme and frequent pains to acquire dominion over the rough Hugh—this matter is particularly insisted upon by the novelist—we look, of course, for some important result—but the filching of a letter is nearly all that is accomplished. That Barnaby’s delight in the desperate scenes of the rebellion is inconsistent with his horror of blood will strike every reader, and this inconsistency seems to be the consequence of the *afterthought* upon which we have already commented. In fact, the title of the work, the elaborate and pointed manner of the commencement, the impressive description of The Warren, and especially of Mrs. Rudge, go far to show that Mr. Dickens has really deceived himself—that the soul of the plot, as originally conceived, was the murder of Haredale, with the subsequent discovery of the murderer in Rudge—but this idea was afterwards abandoned, or rather suffered to be merged in that of the Popish Riots. The result has been most unfavourable. That which, of itself, would have proved highly effective, has been

rendered nearly null by its situation. In the multitudinous outrage and horror of the rebellion, the *one* atrocity is utterly whelmed and extinguished.

"The reasons of this deflection from the first purpose appear to us self-evident. One of them we have already mentioned. The other is that our author discovered, when too late, that *he had anticipated, and thus rendered valueless, his chief effect.* This will be readily understood. The particulars of the assassination being withheld, the strength of the narrator is put forth, in the beginning of the story, to *whet curiosity* in respect to these particulars; and so far he is but in proper pursuance of his main design. But from his intention he unwittingly passes into the error of *exaggerating anticipation.* And error though it be, it is an error wrought with consummate skill. What, for example, could more vividly enhance our impression of the unknown horror enacted than the deep and enduring gloom of Haredale—than the idiot's inborn awe of blood—or, especially, than the expression of countenance so imaginatively attributed to Mrs. Rudge—'the capacity for expressing terror—something only dimly seen, but never absent for a moment—the shadow of some look to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given rise'? But it is a condition of the human fancy that the promises of such words are irredeemable. In the notice before mentioned we thus spoke upon this topic:

"'This is a conception admirably adapted to whet curiosity in respect to the character of that event which is hinted at as forming the basis of the story. But this observation should not fail to be made—that the anticipation must surpass the reality; that no matter how terrific be the circumstances which, in the *dénouement*, shall appear to have occasioned the expression of countenance worn habitually by Mrs. Rudge, still they will not be able to satisfy the mind of the reader. He will surely be disappointed. The skilful intimation of horror held out by the artist produces an effect which will deprive his conclusion of all. These intimations—these dark hints of some uncertain evil—are often rhetorically praised as *effective*—but are only justly so praised when there is no *dénouement* whatever—where the reader's imagination is left to clear up the mystery for itself—and this is not the design of Mr. Dickens.'

"And, in fact, our author was not long in seeing his precipitancy. He had placed himself in a dilemma from which even his high genius could not extricate him. He at once shifts the main interest—and in truth we do not see what better he could have done. The reader's attention becomes absorbed in the riots, and he fails to observe that what should have been the true catastrophe of the novel is exceedingly feeble and ineffective."

Poe then goes on to register a considerable number of Dickens's inconsistencies, none of which are really vital but all curious and interesting, and the detection of which shows the author of "The Raven" to have been a critic of extraordinary acumen. His general conclusion is thus set down:

"The work before us is not, we think, equal to the tale which immediately preceded it; but there are few—very few others to which we consider it inferior. Our chief objection has not, perhaps, been so distinctly stated as we could wish. That this fiction, or indeed that any fiction written by Mr. Dickens, should be based in the excitement and maintenance of curiosity we look upon as a misconception, on the part of the writer, of his own very great yet very peculiar powers. He has done this thing well, to be sure—he would do anything well in comparison with the herd of his contemporaries—but he has not done it so thoroughly well as his high and just reputation would demand. We think that the whole book has been an effort to him—solely through the nature of its design. He has been smitten with an untimely desire for a novel path. The idiosyncrasy of his intellect would lead him, naturally, into the most fluent and simple style of narration. In tales of ordinary sequence he may and will long reign triumphant. He has a *talent* for all things, but no positive *genius* for *adaptation*, and still less for that metaphysical art in which the souls of all *mysteries* lie. *Caleb Williams* is a far less noble work than *The Old Curiosity Shop*, but Mr. Dickens could no more have constructed the one than Mr. Godwin could have dreamed of the other.—P 6.

AMERICAN NOTES.

We solemnly declare, that any *littérateur* who had read Halliburton, Hamilton, Marryat, Trollope, Martineau—to say nothing of Stuart, Silk Buckingham, Tyrone Power, Robert Keeley, and Fanny Kemble—might have written the whole of the work Mr. Dickens calls his own, without ever passing out of earshot of the sound of Bow Bells. Candidly, however, we confess, that after the labours of these persons, it would have been very difficult for Mr. Dickens to have written anything new of America and the Americans: and we humbly consider the United States ought, after what had already been done, to be regarded as peculiarly *tabooed* ground to novelists and actors. . . . There is certainly this to distinguish this book on America from all its predecessors, and which recommends it potently to the multitudinous admirers of "Boz." Though it contains nothing intrinsically new, everything is made to wear a new face from the way in which it is painted, and patched, and frizzed, and powdered, before it is brought upon the stage. Everything is made to wear "Boz's" peculiar colours, and is stamped with his idiosyncrasy. . . . We do not know what else we should be disposed to say in favour of it. But this, we are aware, will be taken as all-sufficing praise.—*Fraser's Magazine*, November 1842.

More vivid description, more life-like scenes, more distinct colouring, a happier collection of words, and a more strikingly felicitous use of images for the writer's particular purposes, it is impossible to find or desire in any book. One necessary result is, that the most familiar things, the subjects that have been handled hundreds of

times by voyagers and travellers, present in these pages new points, and set the mind upon trains of cogitation and reflection that never were suggested before.—*Monthly Review*, November 1842.

If not quite so versatile as the other writers who turned their hand to anything, he [Samuel Warren] was always quite willing to undertake anything that fell at all in his way. One of the earliest of these articles was a review [in *Blackwood's*] of Dickens's *American Notes*, a little book which was treated as important at that period when everything produced by Dickens was so eagerly looked for, which Warren offered to do in a most characteristic letter :

“ October 28, 1842.

“ What say you to a review by me of Dickens's new book on America—a fair, prudent, and real review ? Bearing in mind my own position as a sort of *honourable yet fearless* rival of his. I have just read forty pages. I could make it a first-rate affair. If you have got no one else, drop me a line by return. If you can rely on my judgment and tact, *I can*.

“ In the description of the voyage out is to be found, in my opinion, a perfect specimen of Dickens's peculiar excellences and faults. There is palpable genius ; subtle and vivid perceptions, exquisite felicity of illustration and feeling and natural circumstances ; real humour, mannerism, exaggeration, glaring but unconscious egotism and vanity, glimpses of under-breeding. These last I should touch on in a manly and delicate and generous spirit. Rely on Sam Warren. I will do him good, and will make himself acknowledge me a high-minded rival, a real friend.

“ From the glance I have given the book I think I shall on the whole be disappointed, for Dickens seems to have been equally incapable and indisposed to look beyond the surface of American manners and society.

“ Oh, what a book I could have written ! ! ! I mean I who have not only observed but *reflected* so much on the characters of the people of England and America.

“ I should pledge myself to write such a review as the public have a right to accept from *me*, and as would occasion you no embarrassment if Dickens were ever staying in your house. I shall praise him very greatly for certain qualities with discrimination, and endeavour to give some useful hints to the shoal of popular writers of the present day.”—*O*.

Alas, how very sad it is to have [to acknowledge ?] our own feelings of chagrin and disappointment with which we have risen from the perusal of these volumes of Mr. Dickens, and to express our fears that such will be the result of the perusal of them by the Americans ! We perceive in every step he takes, in whatever he says or does, and all that he has written, the blighting effects of his original blunder in proclaiming beforehand his going to America. It is so very flimsy a performance—we must speak the disagreeable and painful truth—that nothing but our strong feel-

ings of kindness and respect for a gentleman of his unquestionable talents, and of gratitude for the amusement which his better and earlier works have afforded us, could have induced us to bestow the pains which were requisite to present so full an account of it as that which we have above given our readers.--*Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842.

It is curious to be brought in sight of scraps of contemporary criticisms, casting upon reputations now firmly established the same doubtful and wavering light which now plays upon our contemporaries, reducing their chances of recognition by posterity or enhancing them, according to the critic's mood. There had been a review of Dickens and his *American Notes* in the *Magazine* by the hand of Mr. Warren, who considered himself the rival of Dickens, and who had for the moment almost as great a reputation, backed up vigorously, we may well believe, by the stout faction of "Maga." The review was "finely written," according to the opinion of Mr. Phillips, who adds his own ideas on the subject:

"The close of Mr. Dickens's literary career will, if I am not mistaken, be as full of useful warning as his rise was sudden and astounding. The following *moreau* is from a note of Mr. Johnston's (of the *Post*), which I received a day or two ago, and which contains sound criticism. He says: 'With regard to the new work of Mr. Dickens, I have only read extracts, which seem to indicate more of failure than of success. He spoils what might be good by straining after effect and mounting into the falsetto of exaggerated description or inappropriate reflection. The fitness and natural relation of things do not seem to be present to his mind, and his composition appears to imply a want of literary education.'"

But within an interval of a few days the writer changes his mind, and that upon a most effectual argument:

"I have this morning received a very flattering epistle from 'Boz' on the subject of *Caleb*. He writes me thus: 'Having begun your story I cannot resist telling you at once that I think it *excellent*, and of *great* merit; and that next week I promise myself the pleasure of writing you again, and giving you my opinion more in detail.' I think I must retract all that I said to you against 'Boz' in my last letter!"—O.

Lord Jeffrey, on the appearance of the first edition, wrote the author a letter, in which he says: "A thousand thanks for your charming book, and for all the pleasure, profit, and *relief* it has afforded me. You have been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond the sea, and really said nothing which will give any serious offence to any moderately rational patriot amongst them. The *slavers*, of course, will give you no quarter, and of course you did not expect they would. . . . Your account of the silent or solitary imprisonment system is as pathetic and as powerful a piece of writing as I have ever seen, and your sweet airy little snatch of the little woman taking her new babe home to her young husband, and your manly and feeling appeal in behalf of the poor Irish, or

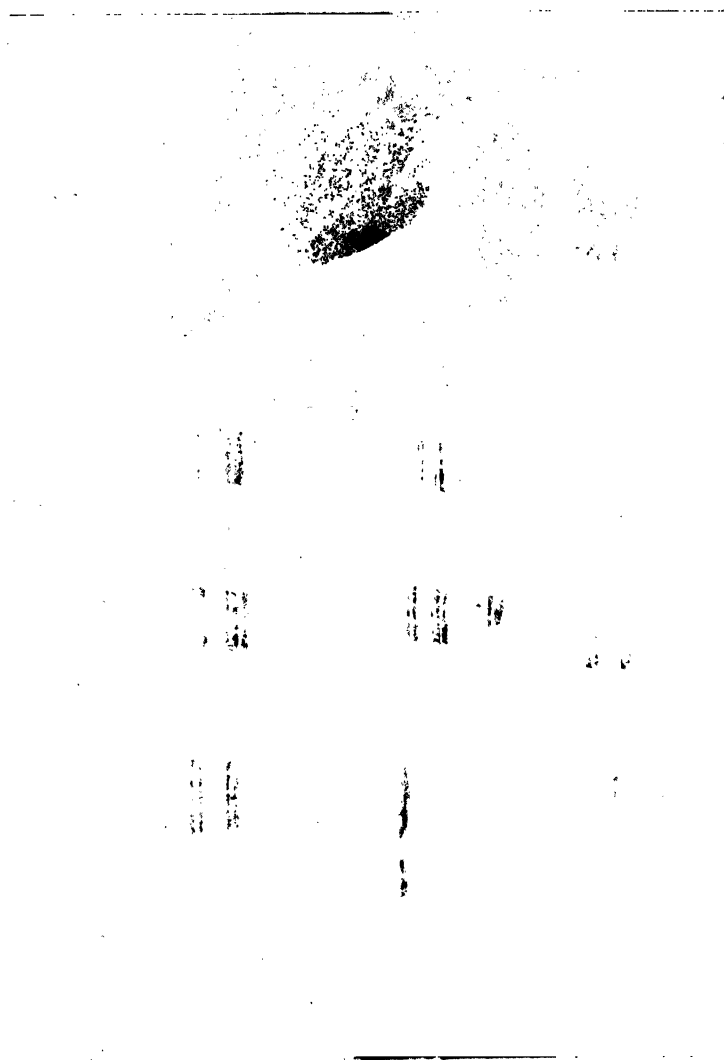
rather the affectionate poor of all races and tongues, who are patient and tender to their children, under circumstances which would make half the exemplary parents, among the rich, monsters of selfishness and discontent, remind us that we have still among us the creator of Nelly and SMIKE, and the schoolmaster and his dying pupil, and must continue to win for you still more of that homage of the heart, that love and esteem of the just and the good, which, though it should never be disjoined from them, *should*, I think you must already feel, be better than fortune or fame."

Tom Hood, almost immediately upon its appearance, reviewed the work, under the title of "Boz in America." In his happiest vein of drollery, he conjectures that it would be impossible for Mr. Boz to go to "the States" without losing all his English characteristics, and returning to his friends a regular Down-East Yankee.—H 4.

Two notices prefaced by the following editorial remark: "As an earnest of our disposition to do Mr. Dickens justice, and to let him have fair play, we give two notices of his *Notes*—one from the North, the other from the South, by which he may perceive that they do not pass current in either section."

"*First Notice.*—In this work, we see a young and ardent Englishman, with a sensitive and benevolent heart, and a fancy which, with balloon-like expansibility, inflates itself by vaporising the smallest fact, and gives itself to the wildest and most rapid wanderings. It is impossible that such a writer can really be truthful, however great his determination to be so; truth may be his purpose, but imagination involuntarily touches the point of his pen."

"*Second Notice.*—It is one of the most suicidal productions ever deliberately published by an author who has the least reputation to lose. Not that the whole work exhibits the impress of wilful malignity and deliberate injustice towards a nation from which, both as an author and a man, he has received the highest favours; but because it is utterly weak, frivolous, and inconclusive throughout, adding another to the many proofs of the fact, that he who attempts to perform a task, for which both his frame of mind and previous opportunities have rendered him unfit, can only succeed in making himself ridiculous, and detracting from the real merit which he may possess. As a writer of a peculiar class of fiction, and master of the comic, 'Boz' has no rival; but when, after a four-months' run over a country like ours, he presumes to pass judgment on our national character and institutions, amazement at his audacity is only merged into pity for his folly, and the reader is irresistibly reminded of a similar undertaking, which he himself has graphically described on the part of a certain Pickwick Club, to perform the same service for the 'unexplored parishes' of England. Although the greater part of this book should only call forth a pitying smile at the vanity and folly of its author, his bitter assaults and foul calumnies in relation to an institution which he has not troubled to understand in any of its bearings deserve the



WATTS' CHARITY, FOR SIX POOR TRAVELLERS, ROCHESTER

From a water-colour by Paul Braddon

indignant scorn of an insulted and slandered people.”—*Southern Literary Messenger* (Richmond, Va.), January 1843.

We have been greatly disappointed in the perusal of *American Notes*. We are well aware that there are some defects in our social organisation which might be hit off to advantage by a master-hand, and we had hoped that Mr. Dickens's keen perception of the ludicrous would be exercised at our present expense, though for our ultimate profit. The little information to be gleaned from these two volumes, with few exceptions, might be gained much more advantageously from the map and gazetteer. The perusal of them has served chiefly to lower our estimate of the man, and to fill us with contempt for such a compound of egotism, coxcombry, and cockneyism. We regret that Mr. Dickens has published these volumes, for they bear the mark of hasty composition, evince no genius, add nothing to the author's reputation as a writer, and exhibit his moral character in a most undesirable light.—*The New Englander* (Boston and New York), January, 1843. Review by J. P. Thompson.

AMERICAN NOTES AND MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

There are some Englishmen who believe that we are still writhing under the arraignment of our national follies contained in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. They do not realise that the life, the social and economical conditions which Dickens found on his visit to the United States in 1842 seem as strange and as remote to the American of to-day as they do to the Englishman. When he drew the pictures of Colonel Diver, Jefferson Brick, Major Dawkins, Hannibal Chollop, Professor Mullitt, Generous Fladdock and Kettle, and the Honourable Elijah Pogram, Dickens was no doubt simply caricaturing in his own inimitable way certain types and eccentricities which actually existed, or which he believed to exist. But these types and eccentricities have so completely passed away that the manners and ideas of the Americans of *Martin Chuzzlewit* seem the manners and ideas of an entirely foreign and remote people. Cant and pretence, the love of humbug and the spirit of false democracy are undoubtedly to be found among us now, but their expression is very different; and were we brought face to face with Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick in the flesh, we should no more understand them than we should understand the presence of a herd of stampeding buffaloes on Broadway or an Indian encampment in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Trollope came to see us, and gave her impressions in *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Captain Marryat visited us, and his printed opinion was not flattering. Thackeray was not over-fond of “those conceited Yankees.” But in no case have we borne any lasting ill-will, and it was only in the case of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens that we felt even temporary irritation.

It would be absurd to attempt to deny that Dickens saw much in America that deserved castigation, much that must have appealed

irresistibly to his keen sense of the ridiculous. On the other hand, it would be impossible to pretend that the malice of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes* was due to any but petty causes. He brought with him to America a fundamental dislike to the principle of slavery, of which he had no personal knowledge, and a determination to have enacted an international copyright law. In this latter aim he failed, and his utterances on the subject brought down upon his head much bitter and unfair newspaper criticism. It was to the sting of this failure and this criticism, and to the sense of personal discomfort and irritation, rather than to any carefully studied conviction of our national unworthiness, that we owe the cordially bitter and unfriendly tone of the two books which form the subject of the present paper.

It was in New York that, in the midst of ovations, Dickens, irritated by the newspaper comments on his speeches regarding copyright, seems to have begun to dislike his entertainers. Some of the newspapers went so far as openly to charge that he had come to this country under false pretences, and that in reality he was making the trip as the paid agent of an organisation of British authors and publishers. Then, too, his privacy was constantly being invaded. He was continually being pestered by utterly impossible people. Voluminous manuscripts came, whose modest authors requested Dickens to read carefully, note any alterations and corrections he thought proper, and requesting that he superintend their publication in England. One letter came from the South asking an original epitaph for the tombstone of an infant. Another solicited an autograph copy of the lines to an "Expiring Frog." One lady from New York wrote that many funny things had taken place in her family, and many interesting and tragic events, and that she had records for one hundred years past. She proposed to furnish these records, with explanations, to Mr. Dickens, for him to arrange and rewrite and have them published in England, allowing him to divide the profits equally with her. All these little ephemeral exasperations must be taken into consideration. They go a long way toward explaining, if not condoning, the spirit of injustice and hostility in which Dickens sat down to the writing of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*.

Under the circumstances, the review of the *American Notes* which was printed in the *North American Review* for the first three months of 1843 seems incomprehensibly favourable. After twelve or fourteen pages devoted to a highly eulogistic estimate of Mr. Dickens's work done previous to the *American Notes*, the writer of the criticism discusses the *Notes* with great good-nature and forbearance. He describes vividly the enthusiastic reception which Mr. Dickens received everywhere throughout his American tour. In treating of Mr. Dickens's attitude in the international copyright question, the writer takes up the cudgels in defence of our visitor and against his own countrymen :

"We coincide entirely with the views so well expressed by Mr. Dickens, and approve of the manner in which he has developed

them. The attacks made upon the part of a portion of the newspapers for the course he saw fit to take on this subject (that of international copyright) were unjust, false, virulent and vulgar, discreditable to the taste and temper and disagreeable to the characters of their authors. One of the most generous and disinterested of men, he had come to this country to seek, among a people by whom his genius was approved and admired, relaxation from long and severe intellectual toil. He was charged with the meanest mercenary motives simply because he had the independence to urge the claims of justice. We must say in behalf of all honourable men connected with the Press, that to defend the character of Mr. Dickens from such poor attacks would be a work of supererogation indeed. . . . We had a right to expect from him not a didactic work, but a book full of graphic details, good feeling and pleasant observation, and in this expectation we have not been disappointed. Many of his descriptions have given offence in various quarters. Some people seem to think that fault of manners, or an offence of social arrangements, or an awkward or a disagreeable habit as described by a visitor is meant to be classed as something peculiar to them. Thus, Dickens's pictures of the discomforts of canal-boats and stage-coaches—though all who have ever felt them acknowledge the striking fidelity of his pencil—are supposed to be meant as satires upon American civilisation in particular, and as if such things are found nowhere else; and not a little very excellent wrath has been expended upon him on that most gratuitous supposition. We have heard no defence set up against the charge of tobacco chewing and spitting. In these two pleasant habits we suppose we stand, by general consent and by our own admission, pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. The picture he draws of the character of the American newspaper Press, largely coloured as it is, does not surpass the truth when applied to the power—a very large power it must be confessed—of the metropolitan papers. He does not make sufficiently emphatic exceptions and distinctions, and when he comes to speak of the universality of its evil influence, its omnipotence and omnipresence, his vigorous, startling, and almost terrific language is quite too unqualified. We have no faith in the existence of such a demoniac power as that he describes. The profligate papers, numerous as they are and widely as their circulation ranges, neither express nor guide nor govern what can with any propriety be called the public opinion of the country. They may open their foul mouths in full cry upon a man of character year after year, and through every State in the Union, but they can harm him no more than the idle wind. They are read, despised, and the next day utterly forgotten. Their cowardly malice, their ignorant vulgarity and profligacy overshoot the mark."

A somewhat different, but by no means severe, tone runs through the review of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for September 1844:

"With much that is unworthy of Mr. Dickens, much that he will live to regret if he is not already sorry for, *Martin Chuzzlewit*

contains some of the most striking scenes and the most vivid portraiture of character that have ever been sketched by the author's facile and felicitous pen. We pass by his pretended morals and manners of the United States. They are for the most part characterisations so gross as to be incapable of exciting any emotion save one in the mind of any American reader. Once or twice, it is true, he touches us in the raw. . . . It is in home portraiture that Dickens is the most successful when in relation to scenes and characters. What could be more graphic than his description of Todgers's, the mercantile boarding-house? It is a finished picture of the Flemish school. As for old Pecksniff, the portrait could not be exceeded. Selfish, deceitful, with sufficient cunning to acquire a reputation for being the reverse of what he really is, we follow his progress with deep interest, and exult in the retribution which closes his sinuous career."

The *Quarterly Review* for the three months beginning with March 1843, in its review of *American Notes*, says that both Englishmen and Americans should consider that our common origin and language, which theoretically ought to be a bond of moral connection, are in practice very liable to produce a hostile and jealous spirit between the two nations: "The mutual language, then, becomes a double weapon: the common fountain overflows on either side with the waters of bitterness. We think that in discussing this subject on some former occasion we said that when people write or talk against one another in different languages they are like boxers sparring in stuffed gloves, but when the English and Americans squabble in their common tongue, it is like hitting home with the naked fist—their blow gives a black eye or a bloody nose. It was, therefore, we confess, with no particular pleasure that we learned we were to have a picture of America from the pen of Mr. Dickens. Mr. Dickens is, as everybody knows, the author of some popular stories published originally in periodicals. Remarkable as has been the exploitations of very low life—treated, however, generally speaking, with better taste and less vulgarity than the subjects seem to promise—we must say, *en passant*, that we have very little taste for the class of novels that take their heroes from Newgate and St. Giles. Even in the powerful hands of Fielding, Jonathan Wild has always both disgusted and wearied us."

The *Quarterly* scores Dickens roundly for ignoring objects of beauty and preferring to deal with what was petty and ludicrous:

"Instead of seeing in the streets of New York specimens of fine architecture Mr. Dickens tells us with much detail that he saw, besides the 'mulatto landlady,' a 'fiddler, one barrel-organ, one dancing monkey'; and, he adds, 'not one white mouse.' All this, we presume, is meant for pleasantry, but indeed the utter inanity of Mr. Dickens's pages, the total lack of information or even rational argument, is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts of jocularity with which he endeavours to supply their places. We might in return be very facetious in expressing Mr. Dickens's bad taste, but we prefer seriously to remonstrate with him on nonsense

so deplorable that we are almost ashamed to give one other specimen. We have already stated that of the account of New York a few lines only are given to a general view of society in that city, while several pages were employed on the latest and most trivial topics. But our readers will hardly be prepared for such stupid puerility as we have now to produce. It seems that the streets of the metropolis are much frequented by pigs. This gives Mr. Dickens the opportunity of taking up not merely the subject of pigs in general, but to one individual and selected pig three pages of his *American Notes* is devoted, being, we calculate, six times more space than he has given to all the prominent orators, *littérateurs*, artists and heroes of America altogether."

The following is from the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1843 :

"Though Mr. Dickens does not tell us of it, it is a notorious fact that throughout every State in the United States he was besieged by the whole host of lion hunters, whose name in that land of liberty and equality is legion. In England we *preserve* our lions. To be admitted to the sight of one except on public occasions is a privilege granted only to the select. In America (always excepting a skin of the right colour) the pursuit of this kind of game requires no qualifications whatever, for, though society seems to form itself there, just as it does with us, into a series of circles, self-distinguished and excluded one from the other, there does not appear to be any generally acknowledged scale of social dignity. Each circle may assert its own pretensions and act upon them, but they are not binding upon the rest. In the eye of the law and of the universe a citizen is a citizen, and as such has a right to do the honour of the country to a stranger. And though there are, doubtless, many circles in which the stranger is pitied for having to receive such promiscuous attentions, there is none which seems to consider itself excluded from the privilege of offering them. Though the book is said to have given great offence on the other side of the Atlantic, we cannot see any sufficient reason for it."

Two of the severest contemporary critics of Dickens's *American Notes* were Macaulay and De Tocqueville, the latter of whom had journeyed extensively in and written much about the United States. When in the French Chamber of Deputies reference was made to Dickens's book on America, De Tocqueville ridiculed the idea that any opinions of Dickens's on the matter should be quoted as in any respect authoritative. Macaulay, who had written to Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, asking permission to review the new book when it should be ready, withdrew his request as soon as he had seen it. "This morning," he writes to Napier, 19th October 1842, "I received Dickens's book. . . . I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. It seems to me to be on the whole a failure. It is written like the worst parts of *Humphrey's Clock*. What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flippant. I pronounce the book, in spite of some claims of genius, frivolous and dull."—Arthur Bartlett Maurice, in *The Bookman* (New York), April 1903.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

Sydney Smith, delighted in the way in which the Americans were pasquinaded, sent Dickens these familiar notes on the merits of the book :

" You have been so used to such impertinences that I believe you will excuse me for saying how very much pleased I am with the first number of your new work. Pecksniff and his daughters, and Pinch, are admirable—quite first-rate painting, such as no one but yourself can execute. I did not like your genealogy of the Chuzzlewits, and I must wait a little to see how Martin turns out. I am impatient for the next number.

" *P.S.*—Chuffey is admirable. I have never read a finer piece of writing ; it is deeply pathetic and affecting. Your last number is excellent."

Then, again, under date 12th July 1843, in acknowledgment of a call from Dickens, and after the receipt of a new number of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, he writes :

" Excellent ! nothing can be better ! You must settle it with the Americans as you can, but I have nothing to do with it. I have only to certify that the number is full of wit, humour, and power of description."—*H 4*.

To display the destructive effects of avarice and the depravity of selfishness, on the one hand, and the beauty of benevolence, of kindness on the other, is evidently the aim of the worthy writer of *Martin Chuzzlewit* ; and happily the weapons which he uses to accomplish his good purpose are of so effectual a nature as to strip the one of its fancied advantages, and invest the other with a lasting and attractive splendour. How thoroughly disgusted must our author be with his experiences of that land of enlightened liberty—America ! he could not suffer this opportunity to pass without showering his heavy sarcasm at their hollow pretensions and professions. Surely if Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram are in any degree true specimens of American politicians and statesmen, we can with gratitude reflect on our much superior position.—*Monthly Review*, September 1844.

We venture to think this is the most brilliant and entertaining of all the works of Mr. Dickens, and his most characteristic work. Mr. Dickens is, however, principally known to the public as a comic writer ; and, like inferior comic writers, he sometimes carries comic writing to an unpleasant length. There is a peculiar style which he has introduced into English composition, and which consists in giving what is conventionally accepted as a funny turn to language, without there being any fun whatever in the thought. The contest between the matter and the style is painfully marked, and the opening chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit* is one of the very worst things Mr. Dickens has written. The reason is because it is entirely away from the story, and is all about nothing. The fun is entirely in the language, and the funny language is as flat as funny language about nothing is apt to be. In order to

mark off his less prominent characters, he is apt to select one salient external feature in their appearance, to which he makes constant reference, or he introduces them as perpetually making use of some phrase by which they are to be recognised. Mrs. Gamp is among the very best creations of Mr. Dickens. We should venture to pronounce it the best of all, only that these decrees of the critic are not generally very valuable or acceptable to other people.—*National Review*, July 1841.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*The following letter [was written in December 1843] to its author by Lord Jeffrey:

"Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens, and may it always be as full and as light as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings. We are all charmed with your *Carol*; chiefly, I think, for the genuine goodness which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the Cratchits is like the dream of a beneficent angel, in spite of its broad reality, and little Tiny Tim, in life and death almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. . . . Well, to be sure, you should be happy yourself; for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of benevolence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas 1842."—*H* 4.

Who can listen to objection regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other or the author, and both said by way of criticism, "God bless him!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!—W. M. Thackeray.

If in every alternate work that Mr. Dickens sent to the London Press he should find occasion to indulge in ridicule against alleged American peculiarities, or broad caricatures of our actual vanities, or other follies, we should with the utmost cheerfulness pass them by unnoted and uncondemned, if he would only now and then present us with an intellectual creation so touching and beautiful as the one before us. Indeed, we can with truth say that, in our deliberate judgment, the *Christmas Carol* is the most striking, the most picturesque, the most truthful of all the limnings which have proceeded from its author's pen.—*The Knickerbocker* (New York), March 1844.

It was a blessed inspiration that put such a book into the head of Charles Dickens; a happy inspiration of the heart, that warms every page. It is impossible to read, without a glowing bosom and burning cheeks, between love and shame for our kind, with

perhaps a little touch of misgiving whether we are not personally open, a crack or so, to the reproach of Wordsworth—

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending,"

whether our own heads have not become more inaccessible, our hearts more impregnable, our ears and eyes more dull and blind to sounds and sights of human misery; if our Charity altogether is not too much of a Clari, thinking of home, home, home, and no place but home. In a word, whether we have not grown Scrooge? —*Hood's Magazine*, January 1844.

THE CHIMES.

There are few men (besides Dickens) who can so successfully work out an effective tale from slender materials. His graphic powers are unsurpassed. A suggestion, a mere hint, suffices for his purpose: there is no elaboration needed, no long array of personages or complexity of plot. A sentence, or even a word, an old church, a wretched dwelling, a garret or a cellar, a pampered menial, or a half-starved and trembling beggar, accomplishes his design. He sets before us, without apparent effort, in all the distinctness and vivid colouring of actual life, the scene or character which he wishes to describe. We behold the street, the wretched court, the dilapidated staircase, the cold and unfurnished garret to which he introduces us, or talk and exchange looks with the persons whom he brings on the stage. The truthfulness of his sketches is not outward and superficial. It descends to the inner man, embraces the qualities of the individual, and sets him before us in all the minute as well as the more prominent features of his person and character. This constitutes a leading element in the popularity of Mr. Dickens, and is illustrated in several instances in the volume before us.—*Eclectic Review*, January 1845.

We prefer it to the *Christmas Carol*; like that, it is a vision, but of a more condensed and earnest character. We may say, once for all, that it is long since we read prose or poetry which pleased us more. There is one want, however, which we must be excused for observing. We fear Mr. Dickens's spirits are too earthly to be real visitors from another world. They seem to think too much of the creature comforts of Christmas, and to have forgotten altogether the higher and holier influences of the season—to place the enjoyment of the Christmas time in the mirth and jollity which accompany it—in the beef, and poultry, and pudding—the games and puzzles and forfeits of the evening fireside—without once adverting to the Christian character of the festival, or the joy of spirit and peace of conscience which constitute its true and genuine happiness.—*Dublin Review*, December 1844.

When you write to Mr. Dickens, remember us most kindly to him. I have made many persons buy *The Chimes* who were afraid it was not amusing, and made them ashamed of expecting nothing

better, nothing greater, from such a writer. They can laugh until their sides ache over Mrs. Gamp, but they dread weeping over dear good Trotty, that personification of goodness; sweet Meg, the *beau-ideal* of female excellence; poor Lilian, and the touching but stern reality of Bill Fern, which beguiled me of so many tears. We should pity such minds, yet they make us too angry for pity. I have read *The Chimes* a third time, and found it as impossible to repress my tears when perusing the last scene between Meg and Lilian as at the first.—Lady Blessington, 1845.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

If Mr. Dickens really believes that a modest and discreet young lady could leave a ballroom on a winter night; make off with the greatest rake in the parish; take refuge in the old lady's, her aunt's; remain there concealed for a number of years—half a dozen—leaving for a long period her nearest relatives in anxiety for her fate, and her former neighbours in no doubt regarding her character—from no other motive than merely to give her elder sister an opportunity of marrying her lover; and if his numerous readers imagine the story within the range of probabilities, or the conduct of the heroine worthy of imitation, we have nothing to say between them, except that the engravings of the volume are well executed.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, January 1847.

PICTURES FROM ITALY.

A production like this, exhibiting, from beginning to end, such extreme narrowness, littleness, one-sidedness of mind; so much Cockney trifling and sneering on topics regarded by a hundred and fifty millions of Christians as of a solemn and sacred character—that such a production should have come to us, under the sanction of a name so honoured by us, and, as we fondly thought, so deserving of honour, has confounded and shocked us more than we can express. The first thing that would strike an impartial reader of this book—a reader fully prepared to adopt whatever views, favourable or unfavourable, might be borne out by the unexceptionable testimony—is, that it is the work of a light-headed, giggling person, rambling about in quest of mere amusement and excitement, accustomed to view and capable of understanding only a certain ridiculous aspect which his own fancy creates in everything about him; to whom laughing is living, and to tickle and to be tickled by wit's feather the highest enjoyment of human existence.—*Dublin Review*, September 1846.

[The reviewer adversely criticises Dickens for his “unpleasant” way of looking at everything Roman Catholic.]

DOMBEY AND SON.

Having been absent a second time from London, I returned to it soon after the appearance of No. 1 of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. I found Carlyle in one of his sternest moods. . . . A single gleam

of humour did for a moment lighten the gloom of his denunciations of idle pauperism, Poor-Law relief, charitable dole-giving, and all the rest of it. He illustrated his attitude towards them by citing what he spoke of as "one of the drollest things that ever came from Dickens." When on the occasion of Mr. Dombey's second marriage he enters the church in which it is to be solemnised, attired in a new blue coat, fawn-coloured pantaloons, and lilac waistcoat, Mr. Toots, surveying the scene from the gallery, informs in an undertone his neighbour and friend the Chicken that this gorgeous personage is the bridegroom. The confident pugilist hoarsely whispers in reply that Mr. Dombey is "as stiff a cove as ever he see, but that it is within the resources of science to double him up, with one blow in the waistcoat." Carlyle, with grim glee, boasted (rashly, it has turned out) that fashionable and complacent as was the Philanthropy of the day, it was within the resources of his science to "double it up!"—Francis Espinasse. *E.*

Writing in January 1847, the novelist said, "Paul's death has amazed Paris." Lord Jeffrey wrote to the novelist at this time, "Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning: and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I can never bless and love you enough. Since the divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. And the long vista that leads us so gently and sadly, and yet so gracefully and winningly, to the plain consummation!"—*Kl.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

David Copperfield is, in our opinion, the best of all the author's fictions. We have several reasons for suspecting that, here and there, under the name of David Copperfield, we have been favoured with passages from the personal history, adventures and experience of Charles Dickens.—*Fraser's Magazine*, December 1850.

It is impossible to concede to *David Copperfield* the standing of a work of high art, nor do we think that such a standing has been, or will be, seriously claimed for it. It has not, to our thinking, any of the higher qualities of art: its texture and style are loose with the looseness of mere panorama painting: and its humanity, though often simple and wholesome, is at innumerable points altogether distorted and unwholesome. And yet we are told that this is Dickens's masterpiece: and we admit the position.—*London Quarterly Review*, January 1871.

One author that Alphonse did not read when a youth was Charles Dickens, and this is a fact that must be put on record, for superficial critics have described his work in general, and his novel *Le Petit Chose* in particular, as an imitation of, or at least inspired

by, the English writer. The only true comparison which can be made between Charles Dickens and Alphonse Daudet is that in appearance they were not unlike, that Alphonse, like Charles, had a Micawber-like father and youth, and that certain events in the life of the French writer seemed to be the enactment in real life of events imagined and described by the English novelist. *David Copperfield* was written in 1849-50, when Alphonse was in the full tide of his Micawber experiences. It had been published six years when Mell-like usher experiences came to the young Frenchman. Alphonse Daudet is rather sensitive about criticisms implying plagiarism, and quite recently affirmed to the writer on his word of honour that at the time when he wrote *Le Petit Chose* he had not read a line of Dickens. . . . From the experiences of a Micawber, he was about to pass to those of a Mr. Mell, to whom even a Steerforth, in the person of a loutish Cevenol lad, was not to be wanting. And be it noticed how much in the life of Alphonse Daudet resembles the career of David Copperfield. The coincidence of this similarity between the life of the young French lad and that of the imagined hero of an English novel is so strange that many superficial and malevolent critics have accused Daudet of something akin to plagiarism in his novel *Le Petit Chose*, which in its salient particulars is a true record of his own experiences. And apropos of this criticism, this is what Alphonse Daudet, who feels strongly on the subject, has to say : "An author who writes in accordance with his eyes and the dictates of his conscience can have no answer to make to such a criticism, unless it be that there be certain kinships of imagination for which no author is responsible, and that, on the great day on which men and novelists were created, Nature, in an absent-minded mood, may easily have mixed up her moulds. I feel in my heart the love which Dickens felt for the poor and the disinherited, for troubled childhoods, and all the miseries of life in big cities. Like him, my first steps in life were heart-rendingly unhappy ; like him, I was forced to earn my bread before I was sixteen years of age, and in this I imagine lies our greatest resemblance."—Robert Harborough Sherard, in *Alphonse Daudet*.

BLEAK HOUSE.

Bleak House would be a heavy book to read through at once, as a properly constructed novel ought to be read. But we must plead guilty to having found it dull and wearisome as a serial, though certainly not from its want of cleverness or point. On the contrary, almost everybody in the book is excessively funny that is not very wicked or very miserable. The love of strong effect, and the habit of seizing peculiarities and presenting them instead of characters, pervade Mr. Dickens's gravest and most amiable portraits as well as those expressly intended to be ridiculous and grotesque. His heroine in *Bleak House* is a model of unconscious goodness, sowing love and reaping it wherever she goes, diffusing round her an atmosphere of happiness and a sweet perfume of a

pure and kindly nature. Her unconsciousness and sweet humility of disposition are so profound that scarcely a page of her autobiography is free from a record of these admirable qualities. With delightful *naïveté* she writes down the praises that are showered upon her on all hands; and it is impossible to doubt the simplicity of her nature, because she never omits to assert it with emphasis. This is not only coarse portraiture, but utterly untrue and inconsistent. Such a girl would not write her own memoirs, and certainly would not bore one with her goodness till a wicked wish arises that she would either do something "spicy" or confine herself to superintending the jam-pots at Bleak House. Poor Jo, the street-sweeping urchin, is drawn with a skill that is never more effectively exercised than when the outcasts of humanity are its subjects; a skill which seems to depart in proportion as the author rises in the scale of society depicted. Dickens has never yet succeeded in catching a tolerable likeness of man or woman whose lot is cast among the high-born and wealthy. Whether it is that the lives of such present less that is outwardly funny or grotesque, less that strikes the eye of a man on the look-out for oddity and point, or that he knows nothing of their lives, certain it is that his people of station are the vilest daubs; and Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, with his wife and family circle, are no exceptions. Clever he undoubtedly is; many of his portraits excite pity, and suggest the existence of crying social sins; but of almost all we are obliged to say that they border on and frequently reach caricature, of which the essence is to catch a striking likeness by exclusively selecting and exaggerating a peculiarity that makes the man but does not represent him.—*Spectator*, September 24, 1853 [review by George Brimley].

The gem of *Bleak House* is "poor Jo," the crossing-sweeper, hapless representative of a class whose very existence from generation cries shame on the land in which they dwell. We should not do justice to our own feelings, nor to the book under notice, if we did not indicate our opinion that as an artist Mr. Dickens is not perfect; while as a teacher his lessons are not always to be relied on. One of the faults with which he may be charged is that of *exaggeration*. Mr. Dickens has found it convenient before to introduce the ministers of Bethels, Zions, and Ebenezers to his readers; and we regret that he has not been charitable enough to give a fairer example of them than is found in Mr. Chadband, a man whose principal characteristics are, speaking abominable English, stuffing himself with hot muffins, drinking we know not how many cups of tea, and rejoicing when he can get a stiff portion of a stronger beverage. We suppose Mr. Dickens has not had opportunities for judging fairly of the men whom he caricatures. We advise him to leave them alone, and to eschew allusions to matters which are beyond his reach. We understand what he means; and we can tell him that the violation of good taste, by what better informed people know to be scandalously false and mischievous insinuations, reflects no credit on his intelligence, and can gratify none but

the ignorant and irreligious in any rank of life.—*Eclectic Review*, December 1853.

As a delineator of persons, and the creator of distinct types of humanity, he [Dickens] stands second only to Shakespeare; while in fertility of invention he is fully the equal of the great poet of humanity. Such are the attractive and winning graces of his style, that he can, when character and incident fail him, always secure the reader's attention by mere profuseness of riotous rhetoric, which has no other use than that of diverting his reader. There are pages and pages of such writing in *Bleak House*, as there are in many of his other marvellous productions. Marvellous they are beyond dispute, for it is a wonderful power that enables a writer, who has nothing new to tell the world, whose style has lost its novelty, if not its charm, to keep possession of the attention of the reading world through twenty months, while he is doling out to them, every thirty days, bits of a story which in itself has hardly any intrinsic interest. In *Bleak House*, Dickens exhibits his greatest defects, and his greatest excellences, as a novelist; in none of his works are the characters more strongly marked, or the plot more loosely or inartistically constructed. One half of the personages might be ruled out without their loss being perceived, for, although they are all introduced with a flourish, as though they had an important part to perform, yet there would be no halt in the story if they were dropped by the way, as some of them are.—*Putnam's Monthly Magazine* (New York), November 1853 [review by C. F. Riggs].

There is no great writer living who affords a stronger proof of the danger of disregarding the Horatian maxim—*nocturna versate manu, versate diurna*—than Mr. Dickens. His books bear upon their face abundant evidence of the manner of their composition; all are plainly written *currente calamo*. In point of literary merit we think *Bleak House* is a falling-off from its predecessors. In fact, ever since *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, we are of the opinion that Mr. Dickens's works have declined in interest. That they are all clever is not to be denied; people would not endure the continual jargon in which the tale is told, were it not that the mass is leavened by constant sprightliness of thought, and not unfrequently by exhibitions of positive genius.—*North American Review* (Boston), October 1853.

At length our anxiety is relieved, our fearful excitement quieted! Mr. Charles Dickens has shut up *Bleak House*, and put the key in his pocket. The curtain has fallen on the last and twentieth act of the interesting melodrama: the novel *Bleak House* is ended. The final catastrophe is not so alarmingly strong as might have been expected. In fact, we were rather disappointed at not getting something more startling as a finale from a gentleman who had—(1) Killed Mr. Krook, by spontaneous combustion; (2) poisoned off a mysterious opium-eater and law-writer; (3) sent a mad Chancery suitor beyond the troubles of this world and all earthly litigation;

(4) "moved on" poor Jo to such an extent, that he had (as the spirit-rappers say) begun to move "in quite another sphere;" (5) caused a lady of fashion to die at the door of a graveyard; (6) made a French lady's-maid shoot old Mr. Tulkinghorn, the attorney, with an old Roman in fresco for her accomplice—not to mention the death of a baby or two, with some less important characters, and a young lady's beauty destroyed by the small-pox, scarcely the least cruel feature of Mr. Dickens's most murderous system of novelism! Well, after all this slaughter of men, women, babies, and beauty, we certainly did expect a consistent ending to so consistent a beginning and middle. But Mr. Dickens laughs at consistency. He writes on as hard as he can, without looking behind him, till he finds that he has full a couple of sheets to wind up in. Now, in the space of two sheets, a dexterous author might surely kill off the balance of his personages, leaving, of course, *one* alive to tell the fatal story. Eugène Sue would have done it in a page if necessary. We could have done it ourselves in a sheet, even though we had resorted to the boldest devices; such, for example, as an earthquake, a plague, a famine, or any other form of battle, murder, and sudden death. But Dickens fails ingloriously at the conclusion of his campaign. "He caves in," if we may use the expression in a solemn critical article, and not only leaves the young lady, whose autobiography he writes, alive (though marked with small-pox), but actually married and happy. Dickens is—to use a German formula—a terrible *objective* writer. He describes the external, as an indication of the internal; but profound analysis of thought or feeling is strange to him. He hardly draws his characters from a just point of view. He takes them as they may be, or appear to be, and gives as it were a hasty impression. Get up, someone, and write a match against Bulwer and Dickens! In sober earnest, it is not half so difficult as it looks.—*United States Magazine and Democratic Review* (New York), September 1853.

HARD TIMES.

At the very commencement of *Hard Times*, we find ourselves introduced to a set of hard, uncouth personages, of whose existence as a class no one is aware, who are engaged in cutting and paring young souls after their own ugly pattern, and refusing them all other nourishment but facts and figures. The unpleasant impression caused by being thus suddenly introduced into this cold and uncongenial atmosphere is never effaced by the subsequent charm of narrative and well-painted characters of the tale. His characters, even when they are only of the bourgeois class, are nearly always furnished with some peculiarity, which, like the weight of a Dutch clock, is their ever-gravitating principle of action. The consequence is, they have, most of them, the appearance of puppets which Mr. Dickens has constructed expressly for his present purpose. Mr. Bounderby, for example, is a most outrageous character: who can believe in the possibility of such a man?—*Westminster Review*, October 1854.

Writing to Mrs. Pollock, 5th August 1854, Macready said, "Have you looked at the last cruel number of *Hard Times*. The heart-breaking conclusion of it should justify our sending a round-robin of remonstrance to Dickens."—Macready's *Reminiscences*.

The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some colour of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of the work (to my mind, in several respects the greatest he has written) is with many people seriously diminished, because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told.—John Ruskin, in *Unto This Last*.

LITTLE DORRIT.

In the *Edinburgh Review*, July 1857, appeared a long criticism of *Little Dorrit*, which was considered in conjunction with Charles Reade's *It's Never Too Late to Mend* and Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. The reviewer condemns the influence which certain novels exercise over the moral and political opinions of the young, the ignorant, and the inexperienced, and contends that the first and second of the novels referred to tend to beget hasty generalisations and false conclusions. "In every new novel," says the reviewer, "Dickens selects one or two of the popular cries of the day, to serve as seasoning to the dish which he sets before his readers. Even the catastrophe in *Little Dorrit* is evidently borrowed from the recent fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, which happens to have appeared in the newspapers at a convenient moment." Proceeding, the writer denounces Dickens's "imputations against the Government, the judges, and private individuals, so grave, so unjust, so cruel, that we think it is the duty of criticism to expose them." He goes on to ridicule the phrase about "the Circumlocution Office," and to cite the case of Mr. Rowland Hill, asking,

"Did the Circumlocution Office neglect him, traduce him, break his heart, and ruin his fortune? They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out, and yet this is the Government which Mr. Dickens declares to be a sworn foe to talent, and a systematic enemy to ingenuity."

In an article entitled "Curious Misprint in the *Edinburgh Review*," in *Household Words*, 1st August 1857, Dickens refuted these criticisms, and pointed out that, so far as the fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road was concerned, on a critical examination of the pages of *Little Dorrit*, it would be seen that the catastrophe referred to there was "carefully prepared for from the very first presentation of the old house in the story, and was in proof before the accident in the Tottenham Court Road occurred." He went on to allude to the case of Mr. Rowland Hill: "The curious misprint here is the name of Mr. Rowland Hill"; and proves that the Government *had* treated him in the manner of the Circumlocution Office, and if he had not been "in toughness a man of a hundred thousand the Circumlocution Office would have made a dead man of him long and long ago," while, after it had adopted his penny postage scheme, "it summarily dismissed Mr. Rowland Hill altogether!" Dickens concluded by hinting that the *Edinburgh Review* should correct this curious misprint and substitute the right name, and, moreover, should also "take its next opportunity of manfully expressing its regret that in too distempered a zeal for the Circumlocution Office, it has been betrayed, as to the Tottenham Court Road assertion, into a hasty substitution of untruth for truth."

In the *Edinburgh Review*, October 1857, appeared the following: "In answer to some of the remarks contained in our review of *Little Dorrit*, Mr. Dickens states, in the *Household Words* of the 1st of August, that the catastrophe of that tale formed part of his original plan, and was not suggested by a contemporary occurrence. The coincidence we pointed out was therefore accidental."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In *A Tale of Two Cities* Mr. Dickens has reached the Castle Dangerous stage without Sir Walter Scott's excuse; and instead of wholesome food ill-dressed, he has put before his readers dishes of which the quality is not disguised by the cooking. It would perhaps be hard to imagine a clumsier or more disjointed framework for the display of the tawdry wares which form Mr. Dickens's stock-in-trade. The broken-backed way in which the story maunders along from 1775 to 1792, and back again to 1760 or thereabouts, is an excellent instance of the complete disregard of the rules of literary composition which have marked the whole of Mr. Dickens's career as an author. No portion of his popularity is due to intellectual excellence. The higher pleasures which novels are capable of giving are those which are derived from the development of a skilfully constructed plot, or the careful and moderate delineation of character; and neither of these is to be found in Mr. Dickens's works, nor has his influence over his contemporaries had

the slightest tendency to promote the cultivation by others of the qualities which produce them. The two main sources of his popularity are his power of working upon the feelings by the coarsest stimulants, and his power of setting common occurrences in a grotesque and unexpected light. In his earlier works, the skill and vigour with which these operations were performed were so remarkable as to make it difficult to analyse the precise means by which the effect was produced on the mind of the reader. Now that familiarity has deprived his books of the gloss and freshness which they formerly possessed, the mechanism is laid bare ; and the fact that the means by which the effect is produced are really mechanical has become painfully apparent. It would not, indeed, be matter of much difficulty to frame from such a book as *A Tale of Two Cities* regular recipes for grotesque and pathetic writing, by which any required quantity of the article might be produced with infallible certainty. The production of pathos is the simpler of the two. With a little practice and a good deal of determination it would really be as easy to harrow up people's feelings as to poke the fire. The whole art is to take a melancholy subject, and rub the reader's nose in it, and this does not require any particular amount of skill or knowledge. To be grotesque is a rather more difficult trick than to be pathetic ; but it is just as much a trick, capable of being learned and performed almost mechanically. One principal element of grotesqueness is unexpected incongruity ; and inasmuch as most things are different from most other things, there is in nature a supply of this element of grotesqueness which is absolutely inexhaustible. Whenever Mr. Dickens writes a novel, he makes two or three comic characters just as he might cut a pig out of a piece of orange peel. In the present story there are two comic characters, one of which is amusing by reason of the facts that his name is Jerry Cruncher, that his hair sticks out like iron spikes, and that, having reproached his wife for "flopping down on her knees" to pray, he goes on for seventeen years speaking of praying as "flopping." If, instead of saying that his hair was like iron spikes, Mr. Dickens had said his ears were like mutton-chops, or his nose like a Bologna sausage, the effect would have been much the same. One of his former characters was identified by a habit of staring at things and people with his teeth, and another by a propensity to draw his moustache up under his nose, and his nose down over his moustache. As there are many members in one body, Mr. Dickens may possibly live long enough to have a character for each of them, so that he may have one character identified by his eyebrows, another by his nostrils, and another by his toe-nails. No popularity can disguise the fact that this is the very lowest of low styles of art. England as well as France comes in for Mr. Dickens's favours. He takes a sort of pleasure, which appears to us insolent and unbecoming in the extreme, in drawing the attention of his readers exclusively to the bad and weak points in the history and character of their immediate ancestors. The grandfathers of the present generation were, according to him, a sort of savages, or very little better. They were cruel,

bigoted, unjust, ill-governed, oppressed, and neglected in every possible way. The childish delight with which Mr. Dickens acts Jack Horner, and says, "What a good boy am I," in comparison with my benighted ancestors, is thoroughly contemptible.—*Saturday Review*, December 17, 1859.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A furious assault was made upon him (Dickens) some two years since by the *Saturday Review*, and it may be in the memory of readers that a report for some time obtained, that after reading that review Mr. Dickens retired to bed and remained for months in a state of hopeless lethargy, that it needed the constant application of warm flannels, and bathings of mustard and turpentine, and the united influence of at least a dozen physicians to restore him to consciousness. We are glad, however, to find that he has survived the attack, and comes before the world with a work equalling, perhaps, in every way, any of the cheerful creations of his observant mind and graphic pen. We firmly believe Mr. Dickens knows as much of the ways and manners of religious people as a Hottentot (a gentle critic reminded us, when we said so, that "we love him so much we wish he knew more"); and when he paints religious people, or attempts to do so, he draws entirely upon the stores of his infinite fancy. No reader of Dickens has to be told to notice how he piles absurdities in rapid succession upon each other, like the very bricks of his humorous building. He sees in the most out-of-the-way objects grotesque, and queer, and comical analogies; he sets but light store by them, for they roll and tumble about like waves over and through all his works. Indeed, many will be inclined to regard them as one of his chief excellences; on the contrary, they are the vice of his writings. His profusion of absurdity, his perception of the ludicrous analogies of things, is not short of amazing.—*Eclectic Review*, October 1861.

On the whole to us, not expecting very great things, this novel has proved an agreeable surprise. More compact than usual in its structure, it contains a good many striking passages, a few racy and one or two masterly portraits, a story for the most part cleverly sustained and wrought out to no lame or disjointed issues. In his characters, Mr. Dickens repeats himself least of all living novelists—a virtue which time has not yet impaired, and on which too great a stress can hardly be laid. Those in his present work are for the most part not more distinct from each other than from any to be found in former works. His plot, like his characters, however improbable, has a kind of artistic unity and clear purpose, enhanced in this case by the absence of much fine-drawn sentiment and the scarcity of surplus details. If the author must keep on writing novels to the last, we shall be quite content to gauge the worth of his future essays by the standard furnished to us in *Great Expectations*. After a careful reading of *Great Expectations*, we must own to having found the book in most ways better than

our very small expectations could have foreboded. But, in saying this much, we are very far from endorsing the notion that it comes in any way near those earlier works which made, and which alone are likely hereafter to keep alive, their author's fame.—*Dublin University Magazine*, December 1861.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Mr. Dickens has now, to our knowledge, for sixteen years been haunted by a great dust-heap. In the *Household Words* for 1850 first appeared the account of that amazing mound. All his life long, at any rate in all that portion of it with which the public is acquainted, our writer has been industriously engaged in attempting to ferret out the bright things in dirty places; he has been like a very Parisian *chiffonnier*, industriously searching, with intense eye, among the sweepings, the odds and ends and puddles of society, if haply some overlooked and undiscovered loveliness might not be found there. In the sixteenth number of the *Household Words* for 1850, he surprised many of his readers by a description of some of these huge suburban heaps and mounds, more common and conspicuous, we fancy, then than now. We should think that our readers have not forgotten that paper. A dust-heap, he told his readers, was very frequently worth thousands of pounds. . . . Perhaps, as a story, it is quite equal to any Mr. Dickens has told: it is sustained throughout; there is nothing in the plot too strained or unnatural. There are many things in the writings of Mr. Dickens, perhaps in these volumes, which we regret, and from which we are free to dissent; but, true in these, his last essays, to the spirit of his earliest works, the poor—the poor, lowly, unknown outcasts and offcasts—seem to be the objects of intensest interest to him. Our admiration of him is not unconsciousness of other qualities possessed by other writers, and which he does not possess; but in the feeling of the infinite ease with which he manipulates his own material—the rapid spring and dart of his social sympathies, and of that overflowing kindness of heart which his wide knowledge of man in all his relations, that shrewd glance into social foibles and appalling sins, are unable to impair or prevent. We close the volumes, and put them by with gratitude for much pleasure, and more especially with thankfulness that Mr. Dickens, being where he is, and what he is, is able so courageously to speak, and preach to, and reprove some of our great social sins; and with thankfulness too, for the hope that he may yet be spared for many years to do the work of a man and a brother, in the work of an artist.—*Eclectic Review*, November 1865.

Our Mutual Friend is, to our perception, the poorest of Mr. Dickens's works. And it is poor with the poverty not of momentary embarrassment, but of permanent exhaustion. It is wanting in inspiration. For the last ten years it has seemed to us that Mr. Dickens has been unmistakably forcing himself. *Bleak House* was

forced; *Little Dorrit* was laboured; the present work is dug out as with a spade and pickaxe. Of course—to anticipate the usual argument—who but Dickens could have written it? Who, indeed? Who else could have established a lady in business in a novel on the admirably solid basis of her always putting on gloves and tying a handkerchief round her head in moments of grief, and of her habitually addressing her family with “Peace! hold!” It is hardly too much to say that every character here put before us is a mere bundle of eccentricities, animated by no principle of nature whatever. The word *humanity* strikes us as strangely discordant in the midst of these pages, for, let us boldly declare it, there is no humanity here.—*Nation* (New York), December 21, 1865.

His severest critics, we suppose, will not deny Mr. Dickens’s genius, not of the highest indeed, but still of a very rare order. When we look back upon his long gallery of portraits, Sam Weller, Chadband, Pecksniff, Pickwick, and Mrs. Gamp; when we consider how much we should lose if deprived of all these, and all their whims and fancies, we must confess that their creator does not belong to the common roll of authors. But, on the other hand, when we compare Mr. Dickens to the world’s great humorists—Aristophanes, Molière, Swift, Cervantes, and Shakespeare—then we see how far short he comes of the highest rank of genius. Pecksniff weighs as chaff in the balance against Tartuffe, and Pickwick is a mere monster beside the Don of Spain. The more we study Falstaff, Gulliver, and Sancho Panza, the more we perceive the art of the artist and thinker; but the closer we look at Mr. Dickens’s characters, the more we detect the trickery of an artificer. The more we analyse Mr. Dickens, the more we perceive that his humour runs into riotous extravagance, while his pathos degenerates into sentimentality. His characters, in fact, are a bundle of deformities. And he appears, too, to value them because they are deformed, as some minds value a crooked sixpence more than a sound coin. He has made the fatal mistake against which Goethe warned the artist. Everything with him is not *supra naturam*, but *extra naturam*. His whole art is founded on false principles. A number of automatons are moving about, who are all, so to speak, tattooed with various characteristics. There is the great automaton, Podsnap, who is tattooed with a flourish of the right arm and a flush of the face, and the minor automaton, Mr. Lammle, who is tattooed with ginger eyebrows. Dancers are called “bathers,” and one of them is distinguished by his ambling. In fact, Mr. Dickens here seems to regard his characters as Du Fresne says the English did their dogs, *quanto deformiores eo meliores aestimant*. We believe that all England would have been deeply shocked had Mr. Dickens been killed in the Staplehurst accident. But many minds will be equally shocked by the melodramatic way in which he speaks of his escape. Those who are curious to understand the tricks of his style should analyse the last section. He first endeavours to raise a joke about Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, “in their manuscript dress,” and his other fictitious characters being rescued from the railway carriage, and

then turns off to moralise and improve upon his own escape, concluding the whole with a theatrical tag about "The End," which refers both to the conclusion of the book and his life. We write this in no carping spirit, but because it so fully explains to us the cause of Mr. Dickens's failures—a want of sincerity, and the determination to raise either a laugh or a tear at the expense of the most sacred of things.—*Westminster Review*, April 1866.

I left the country on parole, if I may put it so, and started on my expedition [to Algeria]. I went direct to Paris, spent only one night there, and next morning took the train for Marseilles. That much of the journey was not unfamiliar to me, and I can remember that I beguiled most of my hours in the train by reading over again, and not even for the second time, *Our Mutual Friend*. I suppose that anyone with a properly balanced mind would, if he thought it judicious to read for hours in an express train, have read something which fitted in with the scenery or the historical associations of the country through which he was travelling. But I had come across *Our Mutual Friend* by chance just as I was leaving London, and thought I could not beguile my journey more agreeably than by studying once again a novel to which I think that even Dickens's warmest admirers have not always done justice. For myself, I am inclined to rank it among the best of the great master's novels, and I enjoyed it more than ever during this day of foreign travel. I can now never hear the name of *Our Mutual Friend* mentioned without finding that journey from Paris to Marseilles brought back vividly to my memory, and without seeing myself in the railway carriage bending over the pages of the delightful novel.—Justin McCarthy, in *The Story of an Irishman*.

EDWIN DROOD.

So far as we can judge by close observation of those who now read *Edwin Drood* at the same age at which most of us first learnt to enjoy the *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, there does not seem to be any deficiency in the capacity of the rising generation to enter heartily into its still fresh humour. *Edwin Drood* does not seem to us nearer the standard of his first few works than anything he had written for many years back. No doubt there are all Mr. Dickens's faults in this story quite unchanged. He never learned to draw a human being as distinct from an oddity, and all his characters which are not oddities are false. Again, he never learned the distinguished signs of genuine sentiment; and just as nothing can be vulgarer than the sentimental passages in *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, so nothing can, at any rate, be much falsier or in worst taste than the sentimental scenes in *Edwin Drood*.—*Spectator*, October 1, 1870.

XVI

THE PRAISE OF DICKENS

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Whatever he did seemed to come from him easily, as though he delighted in the doing of it. To hear him speak was to long to be a speaker oneself; because the thing, when properly managed, could evidently be done so easily, so pleasantly, with such gratification not only to all hearers, but to oneself. Of his novels, the first striking circumstance is their unprecedented popularity. When the masses of English readers, in all English reading countries, have agreed to love the writings of any writer, their verdict will be stronger than that of any one judge, let that judge be ever so learned and ever so thoughtful. However the writer may have achieved his object, he has accomplished that which must be the desire of every author,—he has spoken to men and women who have opened their ears to his words, and have listened to them. In this respect Dickens was, probably, more fortunate during his own life than any writer that ever lived. The English-speaking public may be counted, perhaps, as a hundred millions, and wherever English is read these books are popular from the highest to the lowest,—among all classes that read. And no other writer of the English language except Shakespeare has left so many types of character as Dickens has done, characters which are known by their names familiarly as household words, and which bring to our minds, vividly and at once, a certain well-understood set of ideas, habits, phrases, and costumes, making together a man, or woman, or child, whom we know at a glance and recognise at a sound,—as we do our own intimate friends. And it may be doubted whether even Shakespeare has done this for so wide a circle of acquaintance. Most of us have probably heard Dickens's works often criticised, want of art in the choice of words and want of nature in the creation of character, having been the faults most frequently attributed to him. But his words have been so potent, whether they may be right or wrong according to any fixed rule, that they have justified themselves by making themselves into a language which is in itself popular; and his characters, if unnatural, have made a second nature by their own force. It is fatuous to condemn that as deficient in art which has been so full of art as to captivate all men. If the thing be done

which was the aim of the artist—fully done—done beyond the power of other artists to accomplish,—the time for criticising the mode of doing it is gone by. The example, indeed, may be dangerous to others; as they have found who have imitated Dickens, and others will find who may imitate him in future. It always seemed to me that no man ever devoted himself so entirely as Charles Dickens to things which he understood, and in which he could work with effect. Of other matters he seemed to have a disregard,—and for many things almost a contempt which was marvellous. To literature in all its branches his attachment was deep,—and his belief in it was a thorough conviction. He could speak about it as no other man spoke. He was always enthusiastic in its interests, ready to push on beginners, quick to encourage those who were winning their way to success, sympathetic with his contemporaries, and greatly generous to aid those who were failing. He thoroughly believed in literature, but in politics he seemed to have no belief at all. As years roll on we shall learn to appreciate his loss. He now rests in the spot consecrated to the memory of our greatest and noblest; and Englishmen would certainly not have been contented had he been laid elsewhere.—Anthony Trollope, in *St. Paul's Magazine*, July 1870.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Charles Dickens came like one of our Rappahannock freshets, which once or twice rose high enough to float logs in our wood-cellar. Methodist prejudices against novel-reading were in this case floated, and I remember my parents laughing and weeping over the books of "Boz" while I was only old enough to build infant romances out of Cruikshank's illustrations. Dickens supplied our homes with new fables, phrases, types. Our neighbour, Douglas Gordon, broke a small blood-vessel laughing over *Pickwick*, and we pitied him not for the lesson, but because his doctor forbade him to read Dickens. My baby-brother Richard acquired by his infant excitability the sobriquet "Tim Linkinwater."—C 3.

DEAN HOLE.

Charles Dickens admitted my claim to be one of his earliest and most enthusiastic admirers, when I told him that, as a boy at school, with an infinite appreciation of cheesecakes, I had nevertheless saved half my income, sixpence a week, to buy the monthly numbers of *Pickwick*; and he expressed his hope that I should be interested in some of the scenes of his stories when I came to his home at Gad's Hill. I little thought that circumstances, which I need not detail, would prevent me from entering that house until the illustrious owner had been many years in his grave; or that I should pass the latter portion of my life on earth among the scenes to which he referred; little more than a mile from the home and school of his childhood at Chatham. . . . I too enjoyed, as Dickens enjoyed, the woods and glades of beautiful Cobham, having free access from

the generous owner ; and in its garden grounds have sat in the Swiss chalet, which the great actor (Fechter) gave to the great author, and in which, placed in a shrubbery, and bright with mirrors, reflecting the fields around, he wrote, with flowers always on his table, and the birds singing around him, in the summer months. It was removed after his death, to Cobham, and is safe from pocket-knives and petty larcenies in the careful custody of Lord Darnley. In this chalet he passed the greater part of his last day on earth, 8th June 1870, writing the unfinished story of *Edwin Drood*. Coming yet nearer home, I little thought when, in that same history of *Edwin Drood*, I read of "the ancient English cathedral, having for sufficient reasons the fictitious name of Cloisterham," but being Rochester, of Minor Canon Corner, and of "the dean, who, with a pleasant air of patronage, as nearly cocks his quaint hat as a dean in good spirits may" (Dickens forgot that the hat decanal is cocked always), "and directs his comely gaiters homewards"—I little thought, one hundred and fifty miles away, that on this stage, and in that character and costume, I was to conclude the little drama of my life.

A critical autocrat recently informed me that "Charles Dickens was going out of fashion"; whereupon I inquired, as one profoundly impressed, and gasping for more information, "whether he thought that Shakespeare would be *à la mode* this season, and what he considered the newest and sweetest thing in the *beau monde* of intellect?" *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *A Christmas Carol*, out of fashion! Not while the English language remains as now, and they who speak it have brains to appreciate humour, and hearts to sympathise with woe.—H 3.

JAMES PAYN.

Personal acquaintance with him increased rather than diminished his marvellous attraction for me. In general society, especially if it has been of an artificial kind, I have known his manner to betray some sense of effort, but in a company with whom he could feel at home, I have never met a man more natural or more charming. He never wasted time in commonplaces—though a lively talker, he never uttered a platitude—and what he had to say he said as if he meant it. On an occasion he once spoke of himself as "very human": he did so, of course, in a depreciatory sense; he was the last person in the world to affect to possess any other nature than that of his fellows. When someone said, "How wicked the world is!" he answered, "True; and what a satisfaction it is that neither you nor I belong to it." But the fact is, it was this very humanity which was his charm. Whatever there was of him was real without padding; and whatever was genuine in others had a sympathetic attraction for him. The subject, however, which most interested him (and, in a less degree, this was also the case with Thackeray) was the dramatic—nay, even the melodramatic—side of human nature. He had stories without end, taken from the very page of

life, of quite a different kind from those with which he made his readers familiar. There are, indeed, indications of this tendency in his writings, as in the tales interspersed in *Pickwick*, in the abandoned commencement of *Humphrey's Clock*, and, more markedly, in his occasional sketches, but they were much more common in his private talk. When visiting the exhibition of Hablot Browne's pictures the other day I was much struck by the fact that, when indulging his own taste, the subjects chosen by the artist were not humorous but sombre and eerie. This, I feel sure, was what made him so acceptable an illustrator to Dickens. He could not only depict humorous scenes with feeling, but also such grim imaginings as the old Roman looking down on dead Mr. Tulkinghorn, and the Ghost Walk at Chesney Wold. The mind of Dickens, which most of his readers picture to themselves as revelling in sunshine, was in fact more attracted to the darker side of life, though there was far too much of geniality in him to permit it to become morbid. On the occasion of our first meeting, however [in 1857], I saw nothing of all this: he was full of fun and brightness, and in five minutes I felt as much at my ease with him as though I had known him as long as I had known his books.—P 4.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Twenty pages of the *Quarterly Review*, July 1902, were occupied by an appreciation of the work of Charles Dickens, by the late Mr. Swinburne. His severest censure was reserved for "the cheap-jack Radicalism" of the *Child's History of England*. But his chief scorn was expended on those who had adversely criticised Dickens. Those who deny truthfulness and realism to the imagination or genius of Dickens were "blatant boobies!" "The incredible immensity of Dickens's creative power sufficed for a fame great enough to deserve the applause and the thanksgiving of all men worthy to acclaim it, and the contempt of such a Triton of the minnows as Matthew Arnold." The criticism of G. H. Lewes provoked him to speak of the "chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudosophical a quack as George Henry Lewes. Not even such a past-master in the noble science of defamation could plausibly have dared to cite in support of his insolent and idiotic impeachment either the leading or the supplementary characters in *A Tale of Two Cities*." Swinburne did not like Little Nell. "She is a monster as inhuman as a baby with two heads." He did not think very much of *Nicholas Nickleby*; he did not consider *The Old Curiosity Shop* in any way a good story; and he was not enthusiastic about *Dombey and Son*. But of almost all the other novels he had nothing but unstinted praise. Dickens's two best novels, he thought, were *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*. Of *David Copperfield* he wrote: "From the first chapter to the last it is unmistakable by any eye above the level and beyond the insight of a beetle's as one of the masterpieces to which time can only add a new charm and an unimaginable value." For the perfect excellence of this masterpiece he found no words

too strong. The story he regarded as incomparably finer than *Great Expectations*. There could be none superior, if there be any equal to it, in the whole range of English fiction, except *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes*, if even they might claim exception. There could surely be found no equal or nearly equal number of living and ever-living figures. *Great Expectations* was Dickens's last great work. The defects in it were nearly as imperceptible as spots on the sun or shadows on a sunlit sea. *Barnaby Rudge* could hardly in common justice be said to fall short of the crowning phrase of being a faultless work of creation. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, that neglected and irregular masterpiece, his comic and his tragic genius rose now and then to the very highest pitch of all. Sairey Gamp had once again risen to the unimaginable supremacy of triumph by rivalling the unspeakable perfection of Mrs. Quickly's eloquence at its best.

"We acknowledge with infinite thanksgiving of inexhaustible laughter and of rapturous admiration the very greatest comic poet or creator that ever lived to make the life of other men more bright and more glad and more perfect than ever, without his beneficent influence, it possibly or imaginably could have been."

Mr. Swinburne again and again returned to *David Copperfield*, "which is perhaps the greatest gift bestowed on us by this magnificent and immortal benefactor." Of *A Tale of Two Cities*, he wrote that it was the most ingeniously and inventively and dramatically constructed of all the master's works, but *Hard Times* was greater in moral and pathetic and humorous effect. Of *A Tale of Two Cities*, Mr. Swinburne said that "this faultless work of tragic and creative art has nothing of the rich and various exuberance which makes of *Barnaby Rudge* so marvellous an example of youthful genius in all the glowing growth of its bright and fiery April; but it has the classic and poetic symmetry of perfect execution and of perfect design." Of *Little Dorrit*, whom he described as "Little Nell grown big," he wrote that it contained many passages of unsurpassable excellence. "The fusion of humour and horror in the marvellous chapter which describes the day after the death of Mr. Merdle is comparable only with the kindred work of such creators as the authors of *Les Misérables* and *King Lear*, and nothing in the work of Balzac is newer and truer and more terrible than the relentless yet not unmerciful evolution of the central figure in the story."

MR. W. S. LILLY.

On 18th January 1895, Mr. W. S. Lilly commenced a series of lectures at the Royal Institution on "Four English Humorists of the Nineteenth Century." In his first address, on "The Humorist as Democrat," he took Charles Dickens as his representative man. Commencing with a definition of "humorist," Mr. Lilly insisted on the necessity of genius in the constitution of that character. The humorous genius treated his subject with playfulness. The

time had now arrived, he said, when we could fairly judge of Dickens as a literary artist, since the magnetic spell of his personality held us captive no longer. That magnetism was a marvellous thing. Sydney Smith said, "I resisted Mr. Dickens as long as I could, but he has conquered me." As a boy, the lecturer admitted, he too had been conquered. And yet to-day he had to confess that he went back to Dickens with an effort. In his latter days Dickens was fond of talking about his "art;" he considered his later work his best. The truth was, his best work was done at the commencement of his career. *Pickwick* was his greatest achievement; the fun was unequalled, the pathos of the finest order in many places. Yet the author thought slightly of it; he aimed at "better work;" throughout his whole career he strove earnestly after a standard of perfection which he never actually realised. Perhaps he came nearest to this in *David Copperfield*. With vigour and originality he was superabundantly endowed. Originality became a passion. He lived in his work; the children of his brain were as real as those of flesh and blood to him, and that was precisely the reason why he made them so real to us, notwithstanding that they might be monstrosities, with no counterpart in actual life. This was abundantly evident in his readings. Never were such readings; he was one man sustaining three or four parts without scenery or costume, yet making the whole thing live before us, as they might have lived upon the dramatic stage. Those who spoke of his "affectations" did so unjustly; his mannerisms were no more affectations than the dialect of Carlyle or the stage voice and walk of Irving—they were part and parcel of the man. Leigh Hunt said Dickens had life enough for fifty men, and this was no overstatement. He knew how to touch the strings of laughter and of weeping (so near akin), to move us to boisterous merriment at will, or to quiet scorn, or the rush of sweet tears. He (the lecturer) did not know any English writer who had touched higher excellence in burlesque, caricature, and pathos. Mr. Lilly read an extract or two in illustration of these three qualities, taking Sam Weller's story of the gentleman who blew out his brains "in support of his great principle as muffins was wholesome," as a perfect type of the first-named quality. Coming in the end to a considered judgment of Dickens's work, the lecturer held that his mission was to democratise the novel. One of the great causes of his popularity was that he revealed the masses to the classes, and the masses to themselves. Of the common people—"the lower middles"—he knew every detail of their actions, thoughts, and speech. He was the first to reveal the depths of misery and degradation lying close around our own doors. Until we read him we did not know the depths of pity in our own hearts. The masses themselves owed to him a perception of the value of imagination in common life; he showed them the beauties of imagination. Their own world was transfigured by his genius; he was the Homer of the people. Finally, throughout the whole of his career he laboured incessantly for moral, social, and political reforms. And now, what would

be his permanent place in English literature? That question could not be definitely answered even yet. The balance in which Time weighed the works of genius vibrated long before it came to an adjustment. Dickens was as numerous read and seemed as popular as ever amongst the masses, but with people of culture it was different. His works were not seen in the hands of young men at college—that was a significant fact, and a bad sign for the future. But yet the ethical sentiment which ran so persistently through Dickens might in the end cover a multitude of sins in taste. And in any case they must remember what Carlyle said of him—“Every inch an Honest Man.”

[Mr. Lilly's lectures were afterwards published in book form by Mr. John Murray.]

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A year or two ago we met suddenly a host of people who really couldn't stand Dickens. Most of them (of course) were “the people of whom crowds are made,” owning no sort of mental furniture worth exchange or purchase. They killed the fashion of despising Dickens *as* a fashion, and the Superior Person, finding that his sorrowful inability was no longer an exclusive thing, ceased to brag about it. In half a generation some of our superiors, for the mere sake of originality in judgment, will be going back to the pages of that immortal master—immortal as men count literary immortality—and will begin to tell us that after all there was really something in him. It was Mr. W. D. Howells, an American writer of distinguished ability, as times go, who set afloat the phrase that since the death of Thackeray and Dickens fiction has become a finer art. If Mr. Howells had meant what many people supposed him to mean, the saying would have been merely impudent. He used the word “finer” in its literal sense, and meant only that a fashion of minuteness in investigation and in style had come upon us. But the microscopist was never popular, and could never hope to be. He is dead now, and the younger men are giving us vigorous copies of Dumas, and Scott, and Edgar Allan Poe, and some of them are fusing the methods of Dickens with those of later and earlier writers. We are in for an era of broad effect again.

With the solitary exception of Sir Walter Scott, it is probable that no man ever inspired such a host of imitators as Charles Dickens. There is not a writer of fiction at this hour, in any land where fiction is a recognised trade or art, who is not, whether he knows it, and owns it, or no, largely influenced by Dickens. His method has gone into the atmosphere of fiction, as that of all really great writers must do, and we might as well swear to unmix our oxygen and hydrogen as to stand clear of his influences. To stand clear of these influences you must stand apart from all modern thought and sentiment. You must have read nothing that has been written in the last sixty years, and you must have been bred on a desert island. He is on a hundred thousand magisterial benches every

day. There is not a hospital patient in any country who has not at this minute a right to thank God that Dickens lived. What his blessed and bountiful hand has done for the poor and oppressed, and them that had no helper, no man knows. He made charity and good-feeling a religion. Millions and millions of money have flowed from the coffers of the rich for the benefit of the poor because of his books. A great part of our daily life, and a good deal of the best of it, is of his making.

No single man ever made such opportunities for himself. No single man was ever so widely and permanently useful. No single man ever sowed gentleness and mercy with so broad a sweep.

The chief fault the superficial modern critic has to find with Dickens is a sort of rumbustious boisterousness in the expression of emotion. But let one thing be pointed out, and let me point it out in my own fashion. Tom Hood, who was a true poet, and the best of our English wits, and probably as good a judge of good work as any person now alive, went home after meeting with Dickens, and in a playful enthusiasm told his wife to cut off his hand and bottle it, because it had shaken hands with "Boz." Lord Jeffery, who was cold as a critic, cried over Little Nell. So did Sydney Smith, who was very far from being a blubbering sentimentalist.

The new man says of Dickens that his sentiment rings false. This is a mistake. It rings old-fashioned. No false note ever moved a world, and the world combined to love his very name. There were real tears in thousands of households when he died, and they were as sincere and as real as if they had arisen at the loss of a personal friend.

We, who in spite of fashion remain true to our allegiance to the magician of our youth, who can never worship or love another as we loved and worshipped him, are quite contented in the slight inevitable dimming of his fame. He is still in the hearts of the people, and there he has only one rival.—David Christie Murray, in *My Contemporaries in Fiction*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

What Dickens found in the dark streets of this City of London, Walt discovered everywhere in the many-coloured life of America: the spirit of natural Love and Sympathy filling every occupation with enchantment, and turning Earth into Wonderland. Whitman expressed in colossal cipher the same rudimentary Joy of Life, the same elemental passions and affections, which Dickens expressed in delightful Fairy Tales; and in both one faith was supreme and dominant, faith in Man and in the divinity of Man's human destiny. . . . Walt was a great poet and philosopher, Dickens was a great poet and Romancist, but both were close akin in that elemental faith of which I have spoken, and both were simple, lovable, child-like men—Dickens in spite of his popularity and waistcoats, Walt in spite of that florid diffusiveness which caused him to be christened by an English criticaster as "the Jack Bunsby of Parnassus!"—Robert Buchanan, in the *Sunday Special*, December 1899.

GEORGE GISSING.

"More than a quarter of a century has now elapsed," writes Mr. George Gissing in his *Charles Dickens: a Critical Study*, "since the death of Charles Dickens. The time which shaped him and sent him forth is so far behind us as to have become a matter of historical study for the present generation; the time which knew him as one of its foremost figures, and owed so much to the influences of his wondrous personality, is already made remote by a social revolution of which he watched the mere beginning. It seems possible to regard Dickens from the standpoint of posterity; to consider his career, to review his literary work, and to estimate his total activity in relation to an age which, intelligibly speaking, is no longer our own." Mr. Gissing's intention, as stated in his opening chapter, was "to vindicate him [Dickens] against the familiar complaint that, however trustworthy his background, the figures designed upon it in general are mere forms of fantasy. On re-reading his works, it is not thus that Dickens's characters on the whole impress me. With reserves which will appear in the course of my essay, I believe him to have been what he always claimed to be, a very accurate painter of the human beings no less than of the social conditions he saw about him. Readers of Dickens who exclaim at the 'unreality' of his characters (I do not here speak of his conduct of a story) will generally be found unacquainted with the English lower classes of to-day." Mr. Gissing had a certain fitness for estimating Dickens's work in this field, and among these classes—"a class (or classes)," as he says himself, "characterised by dulness, prejudice, dogged individuality, and manners, to say the least, unengaging." For among them Mr. Gissing spent much of his life, and they form not only the background of his own work, but the figures projected upon it.

Mr. George Gissing contributed a very interesting semi-autobiographical article to the "Dickens Number" of *Literature*, January 1902. In this essay Mr. Gissing tells us of the great influence that Dickens had on his youthful imagination and on his development as a novelist. He was stirred "not to imitate Dickens as a novelist, but to follow afar off his example as a worker." Mr. Gissing's account of his early life in London, more than twenty years ago, contains the following eloquent passage: "It was a minor matter to me," he writes, "a point, by the way, that I had to find the means of keeping myself alive; what I chiefly thought of was that now at length I could go hither or thither in London's immensity seeking for the places which had been made known to me by Dickens. Previous short visits had eased my mind about the sights that everyone must see; I now had leisure to wander among the byways, making real to my vision what hitherto had been but names and insubstantial shapes. . . . At times, when walking with other thoughts, I would come upon a discovery; the name at a street corner would catch my eye and thrill me. Thus, one day in the City, I found myself at the entrance to Bevis Marks. I had just been making an application in answer to some advertise-

ment—of course, fruitlessly; but what was that disappointment compared with the discovery of Bevis Marks! Here dwelt Mr. Brass, and Sally, and the Marchioness. Up and down the little street, this side and that, I went gazing and dreaming. . . . I am not sure that I had any dinner that day, but, if not, I dare say I did not mind very much.” Perhaps few things would have more delighted Dickens than such a tribute to his power of giving a real life and a local habitation to the creations of his mind.

MR. COMYNS CARR.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr’s book, *Some Eminent Victorians*, contains the following noteworthy jottings:

“I can remember now receiving from Charles Dickens, with a pain that was also blended with pleasure, a polite little note in blue ink returning one of my many rejected communications.”

“In romance his [Burne-Jones’s] task took a wide range, and it will surprise many, who see how rigorously all suggestion of humour is excluded from his paintings, to learn that his knowledge of Dickens was almost encyclopædic, and his love of him, like that of Mr. Swinburne, without limit of praise.”

“Of literature, in the wider sense of the term, I never discovered that Whistler had any profound knowledge, though when he wanted a quotation to heighten the sarcasm of any biting sentence it was happily chosen, and most often, strangely enough, such quotation would be taken from Dickens, whose humour strongly appealed to him.”

“Occasionally in walking home with him [Millais] from the club he would tell me something of the men he had known well in an earlier period of his life, but for the most part it was not especially of painters that he spoke. Talking in this way of Thackeray and Dickens, and other notabilities of their time, he remarked to me that ‘the greatest gentleman of them all was John Leech.’”

“It is a singular fact, not I think generally recognised while they were both living, that there are many elements of resemblance in the features of Tennyson and Charles Dickens. I saw Dickens only once at a reading which he gave in St. James’s Hall, and I was then deeply impressed by the power exhibited in the upper part of the head. But it was not until I was looking one day at a beautiful pencil-drawing which Millais had made of Dickens after death that I perceived the striking resemblance between them—a resemblance that was recognised by Tennyson himself, for while this very drawing, now the property of Mrs. Perugini, was still in Millais’s studio, Tennyson, after he had gazed at it for some time, suddenly exclaimed, ‘This is a most extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like myself!’”

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

In an article entitled “Dickens and Father Christmas,” in the *Nineteenth Century* for December 1907, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton made a “Yule-Tide Appeal for the Babes of Famine Street,” and

at the same time gave an interesting reminiscence of the day of Dickens's death.

"On that never-to-be-forgotten summer day," he wrote, "when London was robbed of Charles Dickens, I was walking disconsolately down Drury Lane, when I heard a girl with a shawl over her head, standing at the corner of one of the side streets and talking to a companion, exclaim, 'Dickens dead? Then will Father Christmas die too?' My feet were arrested, and I turned and looked at the speaker. I saw at once what was her line of life. She was one of those 'barrow-girls' who rise long before daybreak and go with their husbands, or their young men, to Covent Garden Market, and, getting there as early as four o'clock in the morning, wait while the men make their bargains with the market gardeners, and afterwards aid them in selling the purchases in the London streets." Thus, then, Dickens had become "a myth of the people" before his death. It is probable that this girl had never read the Christmas Books.

Upon this text, "Dickens dead? Then will Father Christmas die too?" Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote the following sonnet, which was published in the *Athenæum* with the title, "Dickens Returns on Christmas Day":

"'Dickens is dead!' Beneath that grievous cry
 London seemed shivering in the summer heat;
 Strangers took up the tale like friends that meet:
 'Dickens is dead!' said they, and hurried by;
 Street children stopped their games—they knew not why,
 But some new night seemed darkening down the street.
 A girl in rags, staying her way-worn feet,
 Cried 'Dickens dead? Will Father Christmas die?'
 City he loved, take courage on thy way!
 He loves thee still, in all thy joys and fears.
 Though he whose smile made bright thine eyes of grey—
 Though he whose voice, uttering thy burthened years,
 Made laughter bubble through thy sea of tears—
 Is gone, Dickens returns on Christmas Day!"

The author points out that the girl was not "ragged;" he used the word with poetic licence. Having the temerity to show his work to her, she exclaimed: "Why the deuce didn't you say 'barrer gal'?" Was it because a 'ragged gal' is more genteel than a barrer gal without rags? Explanations merely drew forth the reply, "Poets must be rum blokes, seems to me."

MR. ANDREW LANG.

A man may not like Sophocles, may speak disrespectfully of Virgil, and even sneer at Herodotus, and yet may be endured. But he or she (it is usually she) who contemns Scott, and "cannot read Dickens," is a person with whom I would fain have no further converse. If she be a lady, and if one meets her at dinner, she must of course be borne with, and "suffered gladly." But she has dug a gulf that nothing can bridge; she may be fair, clever,

and popular, but she is Anathema. I feel towards her (or him if he wears a beard) as Bucklaw did towards the person who should make inquiries about that bridal night of Lammermoor.

Of all great writers since Scott, Dickens is probably the man to whom the world owes most gratitude. No other has caused so many sad hearts to be lifted up in laughter; no other has added so much mirth to the toilsome and perplexed life of men, of poor and rich, of learned and unlearned. "A vast hope has passed across the world," says Alfred de Musset; we may say that with Dickens a happy smile, a joyous laugh, went round this earth. To have made us laugh so frequently, so inextinguishably, so kindly—that is his great good deed. It will be said, and with a great deal of truth, that he has purged us with pity and terror as well as with laughter. But it is becoming plain that his command of tears is less assured than of old, and I cannot honestly regret that some of his pathos—not all, by any means—is losing its charm and its certainty of appeal. Dickens's humour was rarely too obvious; it was essentially personal, original, quaint, unexpected, and his own. His pathos was not infrequently derived from sources open to all the world, and capable of being drawn from by very commonplace writers.

There never was such another as Charles Dickens, nor shall we see his like sooner than the like of Shakespeare. And he owed all to native genius and hard work; he owed almost nothing to literature, and that little we regret.—Andrew Lang, in *Essays in Little* (London: Henry & Co., 1891).

MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

I find, on examination, that my *David Copperfield* is more dilapidated than any other novel upon my shelves. As I turn its dog-eared pages, reading the familiar headlines: "Mr. Micawber in difficulties," "Mr. Micawber in prison," "I fall in love with Dora," "Mr. Barkis goes out with the tide," "My child-wife," "Traddles in a nest of roses"—pages of my own life recur to me; so many of my sorrows, so many of my joys are woven in my mind with this chapter or the other. . . . Old friends, all of you, how many times have I not slipped away from my worries into your pleasant company! Peggotty, you dear soul, the sight of your kind eyes is so good to me! Our mutual friend, Mr. Charles Dickens, is prone, we know, just ever so slightly to gush. Good fellow that he is, he can see no flaw in those he loves, but you, dear lady, if you will permit me to call you by a name much abused, he has drawn in true colours. I know you well, with your big heart, your quick temper, your homely, human ways of thought. You yourself will never guess your worth—how much the world is better for such as you! . . . Mr. Wilkins Micawber, and you, most excellent of faithful wives, Mrs. Emma Micawber, to you I also raise my hat. How often has the example of your philosophy saved me, when I, likewise, have suffered under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities; when the sun of my prosperity, too, has sunk beneath the dark horizon of the

world—in short, when I, also, have found myself in a tight corner I have asked myself what would the Micawbers have done in my place. And I have answered myself. They would have sat down to a dish of lamb's fry, cooked and breaded by the deft hands of Emma, followed by a brew of punch, concocted by the beaming Wilkins, and have forgotten all their troubles, for the time being. Whereupon, seeing first that sufficient small change was in my pocket, I have entered the nearest restaurant, and have treated myself to a repast of such sumptuousness as the aforesaid small change would command, emerging from that restaurant stronger and more fit for battle. And lo! the sun of my prosperity has peeped at me from over the clouds with a sly wink, as if to say, "Cheer up, I am only round the corner."

Dickens suffered from too little of what some of us have too much of—criticism. His work met with too little resistance to call forth his powers. Too often his pathos sinks to bathos, and this not from want of skill, but from want of care. It is difficult to believe that the popular writer who allowed his sentimentality—or rather the public's sentimentality—to run away with him in such scenes as the death of Paul Dombey and Little Nell was the artist who painted the death of Sydney Carton and of Barkis, the willing. The death of Barkis, next to the passing of Colonel Newcome, is, to my thinking, one of the most perfect pieces of pathos in English literature. No very deep emotion is concerned. He is a commonplace old man, clinging foolishly to a commonplace box. His simple wife and the old boatmen stand by, waiting calmly for the end. There is no straining after effect. One feels death enter, dignifying all things; and touched by that hand, foolish old Barkis grows great.

We have to go back to Shakespeare to find a writer who, through fiction, has so enriched the thought of the people. Admit all Dickens's faults twice over, we still have one of the greatest writers of modern times.—Jerome K. Jerome, in *Idle Ideas* (London: Hurst & Blackett).

MR. W. H. HELM.

It is among the characters of Dickens that are plainly unheroic, in the novel-reader's sense of the term, that we must seek for parallels, if any such there be, with the creations of his French contemporary [Balzac]. Lisbeth Fischer, who is assuredly far more than the titular "heroïne" of *La Cousine Bette*, has no adequate counterpart in English fiction. Yet there is at least something of her unforgetting sense of injury, her undying spite, in Rosa Dartle.

The wonderful romances of personal adventures, amatory and otherwise, told by the two impostors on the carrier's cart in *Un Début dans la Vie*, have a real affinity with those told by Mr. Jingle on the Rochester coach, and are no less diverting if more elaborated. I doubt, however, if the most determined seeker for a parallel between Balzac and Dickens could find a much closer one than is afforded by the characters of Uriah Heep and Jean Goupil, the notary's clerk in *Ursule Mirouët*. The red-haired hypocrite of

Canterbury, with his splay-feet, shrinking shoulders, and grimaces of humility, and the scandal-mongering, russet-haired creature of Nemours, with his crooked nose, short and cranky legs, and look which "seemed to belong to a hunchback whose hump was inside," have indeed many things in common. The one dares to cast glances of disgusting love from his red-brown eyes upon the beautiful and virginal Agnes, and endeavours to force himself upon her by threats of evil to those she loves. When David Copperfield discovers Uriah's aspirations, he gives the wretch a blow on his lank cheek with such force that "my fingers tingle as if I had burned them;" and when justice has at length overtaken Uriah, that cold-blooded villain appears as a repentant sinner, "conscious of his past follies," to Mr. Creakle, a Middlesex justice of the peace. Jean Goupil, on the other hand, casts his yellow goat's-eyes upon the lovely and innocent Ursule, nearly causes her death by his horrible machinations; and when, by self-interest, he confesses his evil deeds to her lover Savinien, he receives from that honest and devoted naval officer a blow on the cheek which nearly knocks him down. He also declares afterwards to a *juge de paix* that he is "another man" altogether.

It is true that while in Uriah's case Copperfield's remark that "there never were greed and cunning in the world yet that did not do too much and overreach themselves," proves to be partly well founded; Goupil, when we leave him at the end of the novel, is very far from the fate that he merited, and is, in fact, regarded with high respect in the town, though finding a punishment in his rickety, hydrocephalous progeny. Uriah was in high esteem with Mr. Creakle and Mr. Creakle's supporters among the visiting justices, no doubt, but he was locked up in a cell for all that, while Goupil was a flourishing country lawyer. Yet here, it will be seen, the lover of parallel instances might make out some kind of a case. It would, however, be a case made out by the suppression of much more than was set forth. One reason why I have dealt with it at some length is that it illustrates rather forcibly what is, of course, a fundamental difference between Balzac and Dickens. Dickens never, or "hardly ever," made his good people come to an ill end, though they occasionally die young, like Paul Dombey or Little Nell; and his bad people, unless they do really repent, never, or "hardly ever," come to prosperity.—W. H. Helm, in *Aspects of Balzac* (London: Nash, 1905).

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Whatever the word "great" means, Dickens was what it means. Even the fastidious and unhappy, who cannot read his books without a continuous critical exasperation, would use the word of him without stopping to think. They feel that Dickens is a great writer even if he is not a good writer. He is treated as a classic; that is, as a king who may now be deserted, but who cannot now be dethroned. . . . Dickens had, if ever man had, the key of the street. His earth was the stones of the street; his stars were the

lamps of the street ; his hero was the man in the street. He could open the inmost door of his house—the door that leads into that secret passage which is lined with houses and roofed with stars. In the matter where all ordinary strong men are miserably weak—in the matter of concentrated toil and clear purpose and unconquerable worldly courage—he was like a straight sword. Mrs. Carlyle, who in her human epithets often hit the right nail so that it rang, said of him once, “ He has a face made of steel.”

Dickens uttered just and sincere satire on Plornish and Podsnap ; but Dickens was as English as any Podsnap or any Plornish. He had a hearty humanitarianism, and a hearty sense of justice to all nations, so far as he understood it. But that very kind of humanitarianism, that very kind of justice, were English. He was the Englishman of the type that made Free Trade, the most English of all things, since it was at once calculating and optimistic. He respected catacombs and gondolas, but that very respect was English. He wondered at brigands and volcanoes, but that very wonder was English. The very conception that Italy consists of these things was an English conception. The root things he never understood, the Roman legend, the ancient life of the Mediterranean, the world-old civilisation of the vine and olive, the mystery of the immutable Church. He never understood these things, and I am glad he never understood them : he could only have understood them by ceasing to be the inspired Cockney that he was, the rousing English Radical of the great Radical age in England. That spirit of his was one of the things that we have had which were truly national. All other forces we have borrowed, especially those which flatter us most. Imperialism is foreign, Socialism is foreign, strictly even Liberalism is foreign. But Radicalism was our own ; as English as the hedgerows.

At a certain period of his contemporary fame, an average Englishman would have said that there were at that moment in England about five or six able and equal novelists. He could have made a list—Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, perhaps more. Forty years or more have passed and some of them have slipped to a lower place. Some would now say that the highest platform is left to Thackeray and Dickens ; some to Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot ; some to Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë. I venture to offer the proposition that when more years have passed and more weeding has been effected, Dickens will dominate the whole England of the nineteenth century ; he will be left on that platform alone.—G. K. Chesterton, in *Charles Dickens* (London : Methuen, 1906).

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Started without any definite plan by a young and inexperienced writer, written breathlessly from week to week and mainly with a view to getting the bread that will support a penniless young man just married to a penniless young woman, regarded as a mere trifle by all engaged, how could the book [*Pickwick*] help being formless,

full of errors, of inconsistencies, of discords of tone; farce becoming suddenly tragedy, caricature broad to crude exaggeration softening into some vivid touch of reality in event or personage; the royster-ing scenes of a wild and impossible set of men and adventures developing gradually into an accurate picture of times and manners. It all simply means that the book kept exact step with the fortunes of the writer, and, above all, that Dickens's genius—as his biographer Forster observed long ago—was his master as well as his slave. He might begin in any mood he liked—of farce, of levity, of self-misunderstanding, and self-depreciation; the genius was there that compelled him to be true to life, to be humorous and tragical and great, whether he liked or no. And thus it is that the book became in the end not merely a great piece of literature but a remarkable and valuable picture of an epoch. How often has one to dwell on the importance of literature, on its gigantic power? May I illustrate that trite but ever new theme by a personal experience? Some weeks ago I sat by the side of my friend, Mr. Birrell, at the dinner given by Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to the Colonial Premiers, and heard in the course of the evening the Irish song, "The Irish Emigrant," the song beginning with the familiar words, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side." As I watched the deep and almost painful emotion which these beautiful words, sung by Denis O'Sullivan, made upon the illustrious audience which heard it, I remarked to my neighbour—himself, as you know, a distinguished man of letters—"How wondrous is the power of literature! These four or five verses have made the world realise the whole tragedy of the Irish Exodus more than the four millions of people who have left Ireland during half a century." And similarly with regard to the *Pickwick Papers*, you realise in its pages the conditions of English life, and the qualities of the English race, better than you could do in contact with the race for a whole life-time. The *Pickwick Papers* revealed England and English character to England and Englishmen. These men and women who figure in its pages are all around us here in London; they are walking in Piccadilly a few yards from the spot where I am speaking; but they pass us by, unnoticed, unremembered, unknown; transferred to paper by the genius of this man, they become more real to us almost than those of our own blood. Among the characters whom the *Pickwick Papers* have revealed to the world, I put first that most misunderstood of beings, the typical John Bull. We all know the picture of him which dwells in the imagination of those who do not know him—his coldness, his sulkiness; and when the critic is particularly severe, his pharisaism and his hypocrisy.—From an address by Mr. T. P. O'Connor at the opening of a *Pickwick* Exhibition in the New Dudley Gallery, July 1907.

THE CHILDLIKE CHARACTER OF DICKENS'S GENIUS.

"I think," says Dickens in one of the many autobiographical passages in *David Copperfield*, "I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into childhood than many of us suppose; just

as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it; the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness and gentleness and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from their childhood." But the genius of Dickens was childlike not in the character of its observation only, but also in the character of its imagination and of its emotion. He observed like a child, who sees everything, because everything is new to it; who sees everything enlarged, because everything is relatively immense to it, and who sees everything in minute detail—sees the trees rather than the wood, but sees each tree gigantic, and sees also every bough, branch, twig, and leaf of each tree with microscopic distinctness. It is only, perhaps, on re-reading Dickens after the lapse of years that we are duly impressed by his microscopic observation, since every other impression at our first reading is swallowed up by the sense of his humour, which is like *κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, the multitudinous laughter of the ocean. On re-reading him, however, you are as much struck by the absolutely amazing minuteness no less than faithfulness of his observation. It is thought a wonderful thing even in Shakespeare that he makes his supernatural creatures, his Ariel and Caliban, his Puck, Oberon, and Titania, speak and act naturally though not humanly—in consistent accordance with their own fantastic natures. But Dickens is no less surprisingly and supremely successful in making you believe in his grotesque creations, in part through his believing in them so entirely himself, and in part through the self-consistency of the creations themselves. But Dickens's genius is childlike also in its emotional nature. The heart is all in all. His good people are people of a good heart; his bad people are people of a bad heart, like the good and bad characters of a child's imagination; and—as in the stories told by or to children—poetic justice is always done at the close. The truth is, the grinding poverty and misery of Dickens's own neglected and outcast childhood account for much in the novelist. Such a childhood sharpens preternaturally the faculties of observation and of reflection, and leaves not only on the memory but also on the heart marks as of fire. Hence Dickens took always, not merely the part of the poor, but the point of view of the poor; and the point of view of the poor naturally exalts kindness of heart and hand, sympathy and compassion, and excretes as naturally hard-heartedness, avarice, exclusiveness, and pride.—*Speaker*, August 26, 1899.

TRIBUTES IN BRIEF.

Out of the lecture-room Emerson's only public appearance in Manchester was at the annual *soirée* of the Manchester Athenæum, the late Sir Archibald (then plain Mr.) Alison in the chair. Emerson delivered on the occasion an effective little speech, unusually compli-

mentary for him, since he made in it laudatory references to the Tory Chairman's *History of Europe*, to Dickens, who had sent a letter of apology for non-attendance, and even to *Punch*.—E.

Writing from Sandgate to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Ruskin said :

"May I ask you to correct a false impression which any of your readers who still care to know my opinions would receive from the reference to Dickens in your kind notice of my letters to Miss Beever, in your article in the Book Market of 30th December ? I have not the letters here, and forget what I said about my *Pickwick's* not amusing me when I was ill ; but it always does, to this hour, when I am well ; though I have known it by heart, pretty nearly all, since it came out : and I love Dickens with every bit of my heart, and sympathise in everything he thought or tried to do, except in his effort to make more money by readings, which killed him."

John Black, principal editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, said of Dickens, when on the staff of that paper, "Any fool can pass judgment, more or less just or unjust, on a book or a play—but 'Boz' can do better things ; he can create works for other people to criticise. Besides, he has never been a great reader of books or plays, and knows but little of them, but has spent his time in studying life. Keep 'Boz' in reserve for great occasions. He will *aye* be ready for them."—K 2.

Perhaps the most whole-souled endorsement of the esteem with which Dickens was held among his friends and contemporaries was contributed to the special Dickens memorial number of *Household Words* by Francesco Berger, who composed the incidental music which accompanied Wilkie Collins's play, *The Frozen Deep*, in which Dickens himself appeared in 1857 : "I saw a great deal of Charles Dickens personally for many years. He was always most genial and most hearty, a man whose friendship was of the warmest possible character, and who put his whole soul into every pursuit. He was most generous, and his household was conducted on a very liberal scale.—M 2.

Carlyle, in a letter to Forster (June 1870), said : "I am profoundly sorry for *you*, and indeed for myself and for us all. It is an event world-wide, a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct ; and has 'eclipsed' we too may say, 'the harmless gaiety of nations !' No death since 1866 [Mrs. Carlyle's] has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an Honest Man."

After indicating the "atmosphere" into which Dickens was born and in which he grew up—the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the political struggles for Catholic emancipation, and Reform—Mr. Edwin Pugh, in *Charles Dickens, The Apostle of the People* (New Age Press, 1908), says : "This is the claim that the present writer would put forward : that Dickens was a realist with a temper-

ament; that he viewed life from the standpoint of a man who recognises in all his fellow-mortals the same common human traits and foibles, without distinction of class or rank or wealth. Men and women were equally absurd or fine, admirable or the reverse, according to their essential qualities of mind and character, and in no other way."

"Let them cease to be angry with Dickens; read him, be amused, and profit, but not be misled by the lessons that Martin Chuzzlewit teaches," said President Roosevelt at Cairo (Illinois) in 1907. Describing the locality as the garden-spot of the world, he observed that a generation ago a man possessing so much insight as Charles Dickens had failed to foresee that America's progress was located in those parts, the unfortunate "Eden" of *Martin Chuzzlewit* fame. From this the President drew a warning not to heed the criticisms of pessimists, particularly those who attacked his anti-corporation policy. The *Times* correspondent tells us that the President's speech resulted in the publication by the evening papers of chapters of the novel just named. "His advice to keep a lively watch on present-day Pograms and Bricks in politics, journalism, business, and private life, and wage war against them, was a clever touch. So, too, was his advice to follow Mark Tapley and not be downhearted concerning the future of the country."

Amongst the exhibits at the third "Boz Exhibition" held by the Dickens Fellowship in London, in 1908, was an autograph letter of Tolstoi, in English, sent to the secretary of the Fellowship. "I think that Charles Dickens is the greatest novel writer of the nineteenth century," writes Tolstoi, "and that his works, impressed with the true Christian spirit, have done, and will continue to do, a great deal of good to mankind."

A FRENCH APPRECIATION.

Perhaps no more striking instance is to hand of the influence of Dickens, not only in France but in Germany, than a noteworthy article by M. Tédor de Wyzewa in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on a remarkable romance by the German novelist, Gustaf Frenssen (*Joern Uhl*). After a brief summary of the German romance, and of its leading personages, the critic adds:

"But, it will be said, why do you thus recommend to us personages whom we have long known and loved under familiar English names? Your Joern Uhl is really called David Copperfield; the simple-natured and heroic Thiess Thiessen is, in truth, Dan'l Peggotty. The friend of his childhood whom the hero finally marries is not Lisbeth Junker, but Agnes Wickfield. Dora is the true name of the child-woman. And as to the uncle who sets out to find his seduced and abandoned niece, do we not at once recognise him as Peggotty's brother? All these folk of Mr. Frenssen are already old acquaintances, and it is in fact over half a century ago since Dickens moved us with the tale of their lives."

Thereafter, having indicated where Gustaf Frenssén's book is none the less a genuine new book, within its own inspiration and style, M. de Wyzewa adds :

"Yet none could question the derivation from *David Copperfield*. The author finds his inspiration in Dickens, as, before him, Theodore Storm found it, as the still more famous Fritz Reuter found it, as Freytag himself found it, to leave unspecified a score of other popular German writers. And, in truth, the present opportunity is one wherein to testify once more to the extraordinary influence exercised throughout the whole of Europe by the author of *David Copperfield* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. While the majority of his compatriots appear to see in him only an inimitable comedian, not only France and Germany but Russia have gained abundantly from the central well-spring of his genius. When the History of Modern Romance in the second half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, *le nom de Dickens devra se trouver en tête de chacun des chapitres*."

I would recommend the literary student to read this short but suggestive article by M. de Wyzewa. The time is assuredly come when Dickens, as a great novelist of actual life, ought to be more appreciated. Relative neglect or indifference on the part of the small "reading world" (as distinct from the mainly indiscriminating public) has been succeeded by spasmodic eulogy as futile in kind. I cannot recall any English critic of Dickens who has written more discerningly on the novelist's achievement as a whole than M. de Wyzewa writes in the *étude* to which I have here drawn attention, and from which I am tempted to make this further brief excerpt :

"The work of Dickens is so rich and variegated that different races have differently understood and enjoyed. To his Russian readers, for example, he is above all the creator of Little Nell, the poet of the scorned and the down-trodden ; and it is in this respect he has been the master of Dostoievsky and Tolstoi—and it would be a curiously suggestive study to discover in what way and to what extent Dickens's profoundly Christian spirit acted on the opposite temperaments of these two writers. For his French readers, on the other hand, he is the paramount revealer of a realism at once minute in detail and vivid in synthesis . . . and, to them, seems to have no notable followers among the English novelists of to-day. But it is in Germany, perhaps, that his influence has been most potent. . . . In the work of Dickens the foremost German novelists of to-day appear to have discerned, above all else, the veritable types and models of contemporary romance."—S 7.

XVII

POETICAL TRIBUTES AND MEMORIAL VERSES

POETICAL EPISTLE FROM FATHER PROUT TO "BOZ."

I.

A RHYME ! a rhyme ! from a distant clime, from the gulph of the
Genoese :
O'er the rugged scalps of the Julian Alps, dear "Boz !" I send you
these,
To light the *wick* your candlestick holds up, or, should you list,
To usher in the yarn you spin concerning Oliver Twist.

II.

Immense applause you've gained, O "Boz !" through Continental
Europe ;
You'll make Pickwick ecumenick :¹ of fame you have a sure hope :
For here your books are found, gadzooks ! in greater *ture* than any
That have issued yet, hot-press'd or wet, from the types of GALIG-
NANI.

III.

But neither when you sport your pen, O potent mirth-compeller !
Winning our hearts "in monthly parts," can Pickwick or Sam
Weller
Cause us to weep with pathos deep, or shake with laugh spasmodical,
As when you drain your copious vein for Bentley's periodical.

IV.

Folks all enjoy your Parish Boy,—so truly you depict him ;
But I, alack ! while thus you track your stunted poor law's victim,
Must think of some poor nearer home, poor who, unheeded, perish,
By squires despoiled, by "patriots" gulled,—I mean the starving
Irish.

V.

Yet there's no dearth of Irish mirth, which, to a mind of feeling,
Seemeth to be the Helot's glee before the Spartan reeling :
Such gloomy thought o'ercometh not the glow of England's
humour,
Thrice happy isle ! long may the smile of genuine joy illumine her !

¹ εἰδωλον της γης οικουμενης.

VI.

Write on, young sage ! still o'er the page pour forth the flood of
 fancy ;
 Wax still more droll, wave o'er the soul Wit's wand of necro-
 mancy.
 Behold ! e'en now around your brow th' immortal laurel thickens ;
 Yea, SWIFT or STERNE might gladly learn a thing or two from
 DICKENS.

VII.

A rhyme ! a rhyme ! from a distant clime,—a song from the sunny
 south !
 A goodly theme, so "Boz" but deem the measure not uncouth.
 Would, for thy sake, that "PROUT" could make his bow in fashion
 finer,
 "Partant" (from thee) "pour la Syrie," for Greece and Asia
 Minor.

Genoa, December 14, 1837 ; *Bentley's Miscellany*,
 January 1838.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Not merely thine the tribute praise
 Which greets an author's progress here ;
 Not merely thine the fabled bays
 Whose verdure brightens his career ;
 Thine the pure triumph to have taught
 Thy brother-man a gentler part,
 In every line of fervent thought
 Which gushes from thy generous heart :
 For thine are words which rouse up all
 The dormant good among us found,—
 Like drops which from a fountain fall
 To bless and fertilise the ground !

Hon. Mrs. Norton, in *Schloss's English Bijou*
Almanack for 1842.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

On his Proposed Voyage to America, 1842.

PSHAW ! away with leaf and berry
 And the sober-sided cup !
 Bring a Goblet and bright Sherry !
 And a bumper fill me up.
 Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,
 And the longest ever was,—
 Ere his vessel leaves our river,
 I will drink a health to "Boz."

Here's success to all his antics,
 Since it pleases him to roam,
 And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
 After such a *sale* at home
 May he shun all rocks whatever,
 And the shallow sand that lurks,—
 And his *passage* be as clever
 As the best among his works.

Thomas Hood, 1842.

AU REVOIR !

'Twas not without a serious thought
 We saw depart, across the deep,
 The man who has so nobly taught
 His fellows how to laugh and weep.

'Twas not without a touch of pride
 We sent, to greet our Yankee brother,
 The man whose lessons, far and wide,
 Instruct all men to love each other.

'Twas not without an anxious hope
 To see him safely back once more,
 We saw the severing of the rope
 That held his vessel to our shore.

'Twas not without a glistening eye,
 A trembling of her shapely paw,
 That JUDY, at the last "good-bye,"
 Exclaimed "CHARLES DICKENS, AU REVOIR !"

Judy, 1867, published with cartoon drawn by J. Proctor,
 reproduced on p. 352 of the present work.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

On his *Christmas Carol*.

HONOUR to Genius ! when its lofty speech
 Stirs through the soul, and wakes its echoing strings :
 But honour tenfold ! when its day-words reach
 The selfish heart, and there let loose the springs
 Of pity, gushing blood-warm from a breach
 Rent in its close-bound, strong coverings,
 Yea ! tenfold honour, and the love of men,
 The kind, the good, attend on Genius then,
 And bless and sanctify those words divine.
 Such words, Charles Dickens, truly have been thine ;
 And thou hast earn'd true glory with all love :
 Long may the torch of Christmas gladly shine
 Upon thy home, while voices from above



"AT REYOIR !"
From the cartoon by John Proctor in *Judy*, November 13, 1867

Music thy *Carol*, and again impart
Mirth and good tidings to the poor man's heart.

W. W. G., *The Illuminated Magazine*, February 1844.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

On his *Oliver Twist*.

Not only with the Author's happiest praise
Thy works should be rewarded; 'tis akin
To DEEDS of men, who, scorning ease to win
A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze
Which heedless ages spread around the ways
Where fruitful sorrow tracks its parent sin;
Content to listen to the wildest din
Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze,
So they may earn the power which intercedes
With the bright world and melts it; for within
Wan childhood's squalid haunts, where basest needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call
An angel face with patient sweetness pleads
For infant suffering to the heart of all.

T. W. Talfourd, 1844.

A SONNET TO CHARLES DICKENS.

O potent wizard! painter of great skill!
Blending with life's realities the hues
Of a rich fancy; sweetest of all singers!
Charming the public ear, and at thy will
Searching the soul of him thou dost amuse,
And the warm heart's recess, where mem'ry lingers,
And childlike love, and sympathy, and truth
And every blessed feeling, which the world
Had frozen or repressed with its stern apathy
For human suffering! "crabbed age, and youth,"
And beauty, smiling tearful, turn to thee,
Whose *Carol* is an allegory fine,
The burden of whose *Chimes* is holy and benign.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, March 1845.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

GENIUS and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
New writ, nor lightly weighed, that story old
In gentle Goldsmith's life I here unfold:
Thro' other than lone wild or desert-gloom,
In its more joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
Adventurous. Come with me and behold,

O friend with heart as gentle for distress,
 As resolute with fine wise thoughts to bind
 The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
 That there is fiercer crowded misery
 In garret-toil and London loneliness
 Than in cruel islands 'mid the far-off sea.

John Forster, in the Dedication to Dickens of *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography* in Four Books, March 1848.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

DEAR friend, whose genial mind
 And graphic pen
 In joy and sorrow bind
 Thy fellow-men,

Whose heart hath in its core
 Humanity!
 This gift—would it were more
 I offer thee.

James Ballantine, in Dedication of his "Poems," Edinburgh, February 1856.

TO GAD'S HILL AND CHARLES DICKENS.

A TRIBUTE to Gad's Hill and Charles Dickens took the form of a sonnet by the late Dr. W. C. Bennett, written long before the death of the novelist in 1870:

What! Gad's Hill's haunted greenness you have seen.
 There is a subtle spirit in its air;
 The very soul of humour homes it there;
 So is it now: of old so has it been;
 Shakespeare from off it caught the rarest scene
 That ever shook with laughs the sides of care;
 Falstaff's fine instinct for a Prince grew where
 That hill—what years since!—showed its Kentish green.
 Fit home for England's world-loved Dickens, here
 How fitly first the breath of earth he drew.
 Here did the spirit of Shakespeare linger near
 His dreaming cradle, as the boy he grew,
 Whispering what fancies into his young ear,
 Rare wit, deep humour, O how dear and true!

Those who have been privileged to visit the house at Gad's Hill will recollect the illuminated inscription, penned by Dickens, and hanging in the hall to this day, in which allusion is made to Falstaff's association with the spot and Shakespeare's "noble fancy."

TO CHARLES DICKENS (1860).

As when a friend (himself in music's list)
 Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
 And glorying as he sees the master roll
 The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
 Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
 With his own hand to join them here and there ;
 And so, if little, yet add something more
 To the sound's volume and the golden roar ;
 So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
 Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
 Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
 To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
 In hopes that by thy *Household Words* and thee
 The world may haste to days of harmony.

Leigh Hunt.

A WELCOME TO DICKENS.

I'm told the ship is waiting, "Boz," to bring you to the land
 Where once we pressed so eagerly to clasp your genial hand.
 You'll find the same kind people, "Boz," that welcomed you
 before,
 Save many hundred thousand souls that walk the dreamless
 shore ;
 For Time and War have thinned our homes ; yet still enough remain
 To dine you to your heart's content, and pour the flattering
 strain.
 You'll find us somewhat altered, too ; for twenty years, or more,
 Have wrinkled brows and withered hopes since last you trod our
 shore ;
 Another growth of manhood now shall greet you with delight,
 As hearty and as generous, but not so fulsome, quite.

Your *Notes* are mostly honoured, "Boz ;" for neither Age nor
 Youth,
 In this fair land of equal rights, repudiates the truth.
 Some thought them most ungrateful, "Boz ;" but *we* do not
 complain
 If vulgar men and parasites incur thy just disdain.
 'Tis true you run as fierce amuck beneath Britannia's glance,
 And gore her knaves and silly lords with just as sharp a lance :
 The Barnacles that fatten on the needy peasant's corn,
 The Chadbands that belie their God have felt thy blighting scorn.
 But honest, virtuous people, "Boz," of high or low degree,
 A kindly heart, a friendly hand, have ever found in thee.
 You could not spy among our men (this truth you will admit)
 A demon Quilp, nor "umble" Heep, nor Jonas Chuzzlewit.

You did find many a worthless "Brick" to hurl about our ears,
But none, save Britain's lettered Isle, could furnish you with
Squeers.

You found our ranting Pograms, "Boz," our Colonel Divers, too;
But Pecksniff grew on your own soil, a loyal son and true.
Had you but sought with earnest will, you'd learned that London
fogs

Are not the only climate breeds a Cheeryble and Noggs.
And you must own, my charming "Boz," whene'er you wish to
sketch

A villain of the deepest dye, the most abandoned wretch,
You draw from your own countrymen, and find in every class
Ralph Nickleby and Riderhoods, and Billy Sikes and Brass.

We own thy vast magnetic power, we feel its mystic spell,
And shake our sides at Swiveller, and weep for Little Nell.
We love thy beauteous offspring, "Boz," we love them one and
all—

And we bedew with frequent tears the grave of little Paul;
Our very souls are tempest-torn while we look down upon
The mournful scene where pitying Death with lonely Jo "moves
on ;"

What anger mingles with our grief to see old Betty fly
In terror from the Poor Law's grasp, and in defiance die.
And then what boisterous merriment shakes every bosom when
Micawber—dear, delightful sage!—takes up his graphic pen.
And Weller!—sly, sagacious Sam!—what peals of laughter greet
Both sire and son, as that droll pair come swaggering up the street.

The sparkling wit, the genial warmth, that in thy pages glow,
Have sweetened all the toils of life, and solaced half its woe;
And since the silver-throated swan that sang by Avon's shore,
Nor bard nor author e'er has been whom we have honoured more.
And though some few can not forget that hard, deserved blow
You dealt your over-civil host some twenty years ago,
The many love you fondly, "Boz:" we love the very quill
That traced the noble Peggotty, and drew the "Orphan's Will."

So, board the anxious vessel, "Boz," and hasten to our land,
With that illustrious progeny that sprang at thy command:
Miss Summerson, and Ada Clare, and dear Kate Nickleby,
Sweet Florence, Agnes, Lizzie, Bell, and Caddy Jellyby—
The cautious Bunsby, grave and wise, and Copperfield—(but he
Is but yourself personified)—must with you cross the sea,
And don't leave Little Dorrit, "Boz;" that sweetly-pensive face
Among your splendid retinue must have its quiet place.
And bring Inspector Bucket here, to teach our dull police
To ferret out the "Whisky Frauds," our rev'nues to increase.
And we would have Mark Tapley, too, our hearts when sad to
cheer;

And Captain Cuttle, to make note of all your doings here.

The Charitable Grinder, "Boz," must with his parent rove ;
 In spite of his ingratitude we like that saucy "cove."
 Bring all the noble fellows, "Boz," that gallant ship will hold,
 But you must leave behind your "Brass," if you would have our
 gold.

We're rather short this present time, but meet all just demands ;
 And Seward says our Russian farm will double on our hands.
 And there's the *Alabama* claim ;—I wish you'd tell John Bull
 To settle up that little bill, and take receipt in full.

'Tis just ; and we're in want of coin :—if you will bring it o'er,
 We'll press you to our hearts, and cry, like Oliver, for "more."
 But should this business harass you, then let the matter rest ;
 Some other day we'll try ourselves to have the wrong redressed.
 Our debt to *thee*, my genial "Boz," our wealth can never pay,
 Across our lonely war-scathed hearths thy genius sheds its
 ray ;

And in thy treasured volumes, "Boz," the stricken mother finds
 The tender thoughts, the sympathies for which her bosom pines.
 Come over, then, beloved "Boz," and taste again our wine ;
 We've forty million grateful hearts, and every one is thine.
 Come, at our cordial greeting, come, and tarry with us late ;
 God bless the ship with prosperous gales that bears so dear a freight !

F. J. Parmentier, in *Harper's Weekly*, November 30, 1867.

DICKENS.

THE homage of our world to thee,
 O Matchless Scribe ! when thou wert here,
 Was all that's loving in a Laugh,
 And all that's tender in a Tear.

So, if with quiv'ring lip we name
 The fellow Mortal who Departs,
 A Smile shall call him back again,
 To live Immortal in our Hearts.

Orpheus C. Kerr, the American humorist, in the *Piccadilly
 Annual*, 1870.

A MAN OF THE CROWD TO CHARLES DICKENS.

I AM but one of many ; never saw
 Thy face, or heard the voice that now is stilled.
 My spirit is but little apt to awe
 Of lofty-perched mortality ; and yet
 My heart is heavy with a keen regret,
 Mine eyes with unaccustomed tears are filled.
 We of the throng lead little lives, apart
 From all the genial stir and glow of art,
 The comradeship of genius, and the breath
 Of that large life to which our low-pulsed life is death.

Slow-footed, bowed, we toil through narrow ways,
And linger out our dull and unrecorded days.

But thou!—thou had'st an eye to mark
The feeble light that burned within our dark;
A sympathy as wide as heaven's free air;

A glance as bright
As heaven's own light,

That, pure amid pollution, pierceth everywhere.

Not beggary's rags, not squalor's grime,

The crust of ignorance, the stain of crime,

Could hide from thee the naked human soul.

Thou had'st our Shakespeare's ken, and Howard's heart;

Not puppets we, God's poor, to play our part

On thy mimetic stage, mere foils grotesque,

Apt adjuncts of thine art's bright picturesque.

Our loves, our hates, our hopes and fears,

Our sins and sorrows, smiles and tears,

To thee were real as to us, who knew

That thou would'st limn them with a hand as true

And tender in its touch, as though it drew

The finer traits and passions of thy peers.

That sense so sure, that wit so strong,

Did battle to our side against the oppressor's wrong,

Because thine honest heart did burn with scorn

Of high-perched insolence everywhere;

And knightly, though unknighthed, thou did'st dare

To champion the feeble and forlorn.

Though not in fairy forest, leaguered tower,

By haunted lake, or startled Beauty's bower,

Did'st *thou* go seeking them; but in foul lairs

Not else remembered even in good men's prayers.

In hidden haunts of cruelty, where no light,

Save of thy sympathy, pierced the night.

Thence, though the source might all unlovely seem,

Unfit for painter's touch or poet's dream;

Thou, painter-poet as thou wert, did'st draw

The hidden beauty meaner eyes ne'er saw;

But which, set forth upon thy living page,

Drew all the eyes and hearts of an unthinking age.

All inarticulate we; thou wert our voice;

Thou in our poor rejoicing did'st rejoice,

Smile gently with our pitiful mirth, and grieve

When Pain, our chill familiar, plucked each ragged sleeve.

Therefore we loved thee, better than we knew,

Old friend and true.

Thy silent passing to an honoured tomb

Has filled a people's heart with more than fleeting gloom.

Moreover, thou did'st bring us of thy best,

Thou, with the great an honoured guest,

And treasured by the chiefs of birth and brain,
 To simple and unlearnèd souls wert plain.
 The common heart on thine enchantment hung,
 While genius, stooping from her heights,
 Sent to the lowest her delights,
 And spake to each in his own mother tongue.
 Who now like thee shall lighten human care ?
 By words where mirth with pathos meets,
 By most delectable conceits,
 Thou gav'st us laughter that our babes might share ;
 And jollity, that had no touch of shame,
 No satyr's brand besmirches thy fair fame.
 Thy meteor fancy, by its quickening sleight,
 Peopled our world with creatures of delight,
 Not phantoms they, but very friends they seem,
 Dear and familiar as are few
 Of those around us ; all too true
 And quick for shadows of Romance's dream.
 Most human-hearted they, or grave or gay,
 But touched with that unspeakable impress
 Of genius, airy wit, rare tenderness,
 That marks them as thine own (e'en so a ray
 Of sunset glory magnifies
 Familiar beauties to our eyes)—
 So touched, they in our memories live for aye,
 Imaged by time and sacred from decay.
 The friends we cherish pass, the foes we hate ;
 All living things towards Death's portal move ;
 Not even *thee* a nation's pride and love
 Could keep from that dark gate.
 But these, thy creatures, cannot die ;
 Companions of all generations, they
 Shall keep thy mem'ry from decay
 More surely than that glorious grave where thou dost lie.
 Therefore, let critic carp or bigot prate,
 Sniff fault or folly here or there,
 Contemn thy creed, or thee declare
 Not wholly wise, or something less than great.
 Thou hast the people's heart, that few may gain ;
 Not yielded to mere strenuous might of brain,
 Prowess of arm, or force of will,
 But to the strong and true and tender soul,
 The human *in excelsis*, that can thrill
 Through all humanity's pulses, till the whole
 Great scattered brotherhood again is one.
 No chill star-radiance thine ; thou art a sun
 Of central warmth ; lord of our smiles and tears,
 An uncrowned king of men through all the years.

E. J. Milliken, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1870.

TO HIS MEMORY.

CHARLES DICKENS! Henceforth let the name be softly, gently
spoken :

The silver cord of life is loosed—the golden bowl is broken.

Oh! who shall now, before the great, set forth the poor man's
feelings,

And win him kindlier, sweeter thought through delicate revealings?

Charles Dickens! Many a one has been, in the path of classic
glory,

Beyond him far in song of war, in thrilling, ancient story;

But who, like him, the barrier high 'twixt rich and poor removing,
Has led the differing classes all, to be together loving?

Charles Dickens! Oh, so free from pomp, from undue exaltation:
The poor man was his brother still—while worshipped by the
nation.

Mothers and maidens stand aghast, as by a friend forsaken,

When they hear the sad death-news of him, whom God has gently
taken.

Charles Dickens! Aye, our crownèd Queen grew pale and saddened-
hearted,

When told the worth and genius bright which had from earth
departed;

Oh, let us lay him down to rest where our greatest dead are sleeping,
And bowing to our Father's will grow calmer in our weeping!

Charles Dickens! He is with us yet, our lives shall gladness
borrow

From the cheery tale, that sparkles o'er the dull, dark cloud of
sorrow;

Often our weary hearts shall be to laughter gently stirred,

And our children's children keep his name,—a happy Household
Word!

The Argosy, June 14, 1870.

MEMORIAL VERSES, JUNE 9, 1870.

THEY arose and heard he was gone;

And a thrill of electric pain

Smote through each English breast,

World-wide from East to West,

That we never should hear him again.

And wherever the English speech,

Binding the nations in one,

Like a river round earth has rolled

Its girdle of stubborn gold,

A brightness fell from the sun.

The spell that on millions at once
 Work'd laughter and tears at his will;
 The glory of genius that flamed
 O'er the landscape his fancy had framed;
 The voice of the charmer is still.

Yes! From the general sky
 Of the world 'twas a splendour that fled
 Where the lightnings that circle the earth,
 Dumb bearers of sadness and mirth,
 Told East and West, "He is dead."

How should we measure it, Fame?
 How balance diffusion and weight?
 How discern if the years far away
 Will re-echo the shout of to-day,
 "Great in the ranks of the great?"

Twice in our century, twice
 Only, that cry has been heard
 By a nation's unison swell'd,
 "All bosoms his magic has held,
 And his name is a household word."

Our fathers that unison heard
 In youth, as we hear it now,
 When, to his own country-side led
 By the spirit within him, the head
 Of "the whole world's darling" lay low.

And loud-tongued dispensers of fame,
 Judges with envy-dim eye,
 Said, "The tale and the legend were gay
 Manufactures well wrought for the day,
 And his spell with the day would go by."

Not so! The wild Past that he loved,
 The heroic adventure and strife,
 Lake, glen, that we never may see,
 In the glow of that witchery,
 Glow yet with the fulness of life.

Lord of Romance and the North!
 Whilst Melrose in twilight is grey,
 Whilst Eildon the triple pride
 Of his crest lifts over Strathclyde,
 In the hearts of men is thy sway.

There only is durable reign !
 —Auroral flashings of wit ;
 Touches of tragical might
 Fraught with such strange delight
 That we cannot fathom it ;

Wonders of exquisite art ;
 Beauty that earth cannot give ;
 The spell that lays bare the dim, grey
 Caves of the soul to the day ;
 —In their magic awhile we may live.

But the fame that the whole world's heart
 In its golden girdle shall bind,
 Must have root in a richer soil,
 And its lamp be made bright with the oil
 Of love for all humankind.

And the work must not only be true,
 But intense with the passion of truth,
 The hatred of coldness and lie ;
 To the nobler nature must cry,
 That shall merit eternal youth.

And the verse that will never grow old
 With a life-blood current must roll,
 In the music of heaven have part,—
 The cry of the heart to the heart,
 And the song of the soul in the soul.

F. T. P., in *Daily News*, June 18, 1870.

IN MEMORIAM: JUNE 9, 1870.

“For that is not a common chance
 That takes away a noble mind.”—*Tennyson*.

Ah ! sad for England that she mourns to-day
 The genial tender heart, the master mind
 That spent themselves for her ! Where shall we find
 One left like him whom God has called away ?

Who now shall wake our laughter and our tears,
 And teach us honour for the good and great,
 Shall bid us feel for wrong a noble hate,
 Like him whose books have been our friends for years ?

Who now remains Satire's keen sword to raise
 With strength like his, a righteous war to rage
 Against the sins and follies of our age ?
 As the knights-errant of chivalrous days—

Whose swords were used to succour the opprest,
 But smote with fiercest anger wicked men,
 So he, our great knight-errant of the pen,
 Wielded *his* weapon till God gave him rest.

Farewell, our teacher, playfellow, and friend !
 Little it matters where thy grave is made,
 Whether where England's mightiest dead are laid,
 Or where the vaulted heavens above thee bend ;—

Thy resting-place is in the people's heart,
 Which throbb'd with sorrow when the tidings came
 That all now left to England is the *name*
 Of him who nobly used a noble art.

The Graphic, June 18, 1870.

IN MEMORY.

THERE swept a sigh of sorrow universal
 From melancholy Medway's mournful strand,
 Upon the night wind's desolate dispersal,
 To float along the land.

The closing eve had had no shade of sorrow ;
 In silver haze we saw the planets swim :—
 But when the sun arose upon the morrow,
 We felt the dawn was dim.

With grief-drown'd eyes we read—how briefly stated !—
 That he was gone—the man of pure renown :
 As if some bark, with our best treasures freighted,
 Had in the dark gone down !

'Twas but a whisper, yet more widely sounding
 Than the hoarse guns that for dead warriors roar,
 A thrill electric circled all surrounding,
 And spread from shore to shore.

And that sad circle stretching, still unbroken,
 Around the world to utmost regions sped,
 And tears were shed, where'er our tongue is spoken,
 To know CHARLES DICKENS—dead !

Within the abbey let him take his slumber.
 Make room, O great ones of the Long Ago ;
 In your grand roll CHARLES DICKENS thus to number,
 Ye smile, blest shades, we know !

Not his the coronet, or ermine legal,
 No herald-blazoned office in the state !
 Without a title, to the Council Regal
 But summoned when too late.

Here lay him down : the dust where he reposes
 Is glorious dust of the illustrious dead :
 And where he lies shall blossom God's rare roses
 When sounds the summons dread !

Calm be his sleep—despite warm tears above him—
 Who loved the weak, and never feared the strong,
 Whose page was pure, who made all good hearts love him,
 Who felt for others' wrong.

Yet though he sleeps lamented of a nation,
 The good he did for us shall ne'er decay ;
 They live—the beings of his fine creation—
 To make us glad for aye !

Fun, June 25, 1870.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below ;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
 To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
 Was youngest of them all—
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp with " Nell " on English meadows
 Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
 As by some spell divine—
 Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;
 And he who wrought that spell ?
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
 And laurel wreaths entwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
 This spray of Western pine !

Bret Harte, July 1870.

DICKENS AT GAD'S HILL.

ONE summer's day—ah, saddest eighth of June !
 My brooding heart, my very soul describes
 Around a chalet, in a grove at noon,
 Dream-children from the flowering earth arise.

So hushed (like death !) the calm, sequestered scene,
 One notes with eye, not ear, the fitful breeze,
 Thro' sunlit branches, flickering gold and green
 About yon Swiss roof nestling 'mid the trees.

Like faithful wanderers seen returning home,
 Like magnets trembling truthful to the North,
 To this one spot on all the world they roam.
 Again they throng 'round him who called them forth.

No shadowy semblance theirs of human life,
 Ideal shapes of visionary birth,
 They breathe, they move with vital force more rife
 Than fleeting, fleshy forms that people earth,

The Angel-Child, the Guardian Guide of Age,
 With soul as pure as all the tears we shed
 When swimming eyes first read on blotted page
 "Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead."

The fading boy, the blossom nipped in bud,
 Whose infant grace had of the quaintest air,
 Who questioned voices in the ocean flood,
 Whose looks of love were sad as tones of prayer,

Till passed, like sigh in sleep, his parting breath,
 And o'er the couch where lay the gentle Paul,
 Naught stirred above "the old, old fashion, Death"—
 Naught save "the golden ripple on the wall !"

The sweet Child-Wife, the darling of a heart
 Whose tenderest cords that solemn eve were riven,
 When Dora's doom was told with speechless art—
 "That mute appeal, that finger raised to heaven!"

The little cripple with the active crutch,
 At thought of whom the mother's eyes grew dim,
 Sighing, as fell the black work from her touch,
 It was "the colour—Ah, poor Tiny Tim!"

The stripling frail, who, dying with a kiss,
 A child at heart, a man but to the sight!
 Poor Rick! began the world again—not this,
 Ah no, "not this—the world that sets this right."

And orphan Johnny, his lost home afar,
 An infant waif on awful billows hurl'd,
 No mother clinging to it, floats, frail spar,
 O'er "that dark sea that rolls 'round all the world."

Around the sunlit chalet where, within,
 Dreams the great Dreamer 'neath the shadowing trees,
 From flowering earth, fresh dews of love to win,
 Dream-children rise in lovely forms like these.

No spectral shades for glimpses of the moon,
 But radiant shapes in calm of summer day,
 They come unbidden to his haunts, at noon,
 Down the bright path they went—to point the way:

These haunts the aptest symbols of a life
 That loved the pleasaunce winter ne'er bereaves
 Of verdure, in those grand old cedars rife
 Crowned with a lasting glory of Green Leaves.

And yonder, basking in the golden air,
 Luring his thoughts where'er his glance may roam,
 Cinctured by blossoms in a garden fair,
 The dear, familiar roof-beams of his home.

Between that home and this secluded haunt
 Flows the broad highway, symbol here again
 That alien to his hearth no tread of want
 Or toil was heard, or ever passed in vain.

O Friend! O Brother! dearer to my heart
 Than ev'n thy loving friendship could discern,
 Thy thoughts, thy dreams were of our lives a part,
 Thy genius love, not merely fame, could earn.

Affection, admiration, honour, praise,
 Innocent laughter and ennobling tears,
 Are thine by right, not through mere length of days,
 Thro' loftier life, in never-ending years.

C[harles] K[ent], *Athenæum*, June 3, 1871.

AT GAD'S HILL.

GAD'S HILL is famous. What of old
 To the world's poet made it dear,
 Whether what country gossips told,
 Or stolen hours of cheer
 Spent there with men of kindred mind ;
 Less, yet the largest of mankind,

We know not, and we need not care :
 Enough that Shakespeare loved the place :
 And settled in possession there
 The merriest of his race,—
 Falstaff, whose thirsty spirit still
 Haunts all the taverns at Gad's Hill !

Could Shakespeare, with prophetic eyes,
 Who were to follow him have seen,
 And be, if not so great and wise
 As what man since hath been ?
 Yet wise and great in smaller ways
 The lords of life of coming days,

He would have chosen out of all
 Dickens, as knowing, loving men,
 And let on him the mantle fall
 That was to vanish then !
 Long lost, late found, now lost once more——
 Oh, who the mantle shall restore ?

Sacred to all but Shakespeare's shade,
 And to his ghosts of crownless kings
 Abandoned, wretched queens betrayed,
 And high, heroic things,
 Is Stratford : let no mortal dare
 Disturb its hushed and reverent air !

But Gad's Hill, whither Falstaff went
 From Eastcheap (glad to hasten back),
 Though plundered, still on plunder bent,
 Puffed out with lies and sack,—
 What spot of English earth so fit
 For one with more than Falstaff's wit ?

Nay, Shakespeare's self was not his peer
In that humane and happy art
To wake at once the smile and tear,
And captive hold the heart !
Make room, then, Shakespeare, this is he
Hath taken the throne of mirth from thee.

The world of kings and queens is thine,
Thou hast the soldier's, scholar's ear :
England and Rome, Greece, "Troy divine,"—
Hamlet, Othello, hear :
Small elves that dance on yellow sands,
And all the spells of fairy lands !

This common, work-day world of ours ;
Our little lives of joy and care ;
Green lanes, where children gather flowers ;
And London's murky air ;
Thieves, paupers, women of the town,
And the black Thames in which they drown.

These were the things that Dickens knew :
Before his sight like dreams they passed.
If saddened, he was gladdened, too,
For sorrow should not last :
Happy must be his heart and mind
Whose task it is to help his kind !

Healthy his nature was, above
All shallow griefs and sympathies :
What others hated he could love,
And what they loved despise.
His mirth was harder to be borne
Than Thackeray's sadness, Byron's scorn.

He taught the virtues, first and last ;
He taught us manhood more and more ;
The simple courage that stands fast,
The patience of the poor :
Love for all creatures, great and small,
And trust in Something over all !

This gave him more than royal sway,
The benefactor of his race,
He would have wiped with smiles away
The tears from every face !
They drop to-day from many an eye :
He draws them, but he cannot dry.

The hand is still that held his pen,
His eyes are shut, but not in sleep;
Weeping around his bed are men
Who do not often weep!
Laughter no more the house shall fill,
For Death is master at Gad's Hill!

Richard Henry Stoddard, 1874.

AT THE GRAVE OF DICKENS.

I SAW the grave of Dickens when sweet night
Had touched my eyelids with her popped balm,
While ever rose a full melodious psalm
From lips passed scatheless thro' Death's cruel blight.
Dear, gentle Nell laid lilies, pure and white,
Upon his tomb, while Paul, with angel calm,
Crowned the low-lying head with vict'ry's palm
Of him whose new-won life "sets this life right."
And Em'ly brought sad asphodel and rue,
To lay against the passion flowers of her
Whose heart had broken in its deep self-scorn.
All came to-night, the beautiful, the true,
The outcast and God's purest worshipper,
To grieve for him who all their griefs had borne.

Clelia R. Crespi, Richmond, Va., in *Detroit Free Press*,
July 26, 1884.

IN MEMORIAM: CHARLES DICKENS: DIED JUNE 9, 1870.

The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!"—Thackeray on Dickens's *Christmas Carol*.

AND God *did* bless him—if the prayers and tears
Of countless thousands; if the knowledge sure
Of hearts upraised, or strengthened to endure,
Have aught of blessing! Surely he who cheers
The mourner's heart, and stills the sufferer's fears,
Is blest, thrice blest! A prophet of the poor,
In darksome den, and squalid slum obscure,
He shows a world of love, wherein appears
The way to God—not in lone hermit-cell,
Or nature-worship, ancient form or creed;
But through the human hearts he loved so well;
His voice is stilled,—and yet in Heaven, indeed,
Angelic lips might hush to hear him tell
Of Tiny Tim, and Paul, and Little Nell.

C[oulson] K[ernahan], *The Graphic*, June 6, 1885.

A QUEEN'S TRIBUTE.

THE Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") wrote the following tribute to Charles Dickens in commemoration of the establishment of the "Tiny Tim" Cot in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital :

I love him so for all the good
His soul was wont to see
In wretched, torn, misunderstood,
Unknown humanity.

In darkness he found light ; in pain
And error love divine.
He taught sad hearts to laugh again,
And hidden gold to shine.

He heard the Christmas carols ring,
He pitied moth and snake,
And had a song for ev'ry wing,
And balm for ev'ry ache !

IN DICKENS LAND.

HERE, where the roar of the traffic swells faint as of far-off seas,
And the bells of the flying hansoms ring softly low and sweet,
Where the lances of noontide quiver through the immemorial trees,
There is peace, and a pause from the turmoil of the sun-baked,
crowded street.

The grey old inn stands stately, solemn, serene, and still,
Its diamond latticed casements aglow with the golden sun.
And the velvety lawns are emerald, where the pigeons strut at will,
Whilst the sparrows chirp and quarrel, and the sleek cats stealthy
run !

Mosaics of purple and amber, and crimson and white and blue,
With the palm plumes drooping o'er them, the gorgeous flower-
beds lie ;
And dim, cool, green-gold vistas where the sunlight filters through,
Lead to a realm of visions under the flawless sky.

Visions of delicate fancy, wrought by a Master's hand,
Filled with the laughter of childhood, innocent, happy, and free ;
Sad with the burthen of sorrow, his great heart could understand,
For the smiles and the tears were commingled, and the pathos of
life knew he.

Here, in the strenuous sunshine, the Grandfather, bent and grey,
Sat with that angel-mortal, the pure little darling Nell,
Brooding, so bitterly brooding, on the curse of the demon play,
While the sound of her voice made music, and remorse in his
heart waked hell !

And Swiveller, too, the careless—the irresponsible Dick—
 Brought hither the old-young Marchioness for a breath of Heaven's
 purer air,
 When they went through the old, old story, how she nursed him
 when he was sick,
 And now, for the brief hour serious, he vowed she should be his
 care.

Hundreds of other Faces throng through that vista dim,
 Hopeful, and happy, and eager; sorrowful, patient, and pained;
 And I seem to hear voices around me, more solemn and sweet than
 a hymn.

As the spell of the Master is on me, and the land of enchantment
 I've gained.

Back to the turmoil and traffic, and roar of the hurrying street
 I pass with a heart grown softened, I feel and can understand
 The paths of pain and of longing in the myriad hearts that beat,
 Since I for a brief hour wandered alone into Dickens Land.

Will. Edwardes-Sprange, Lincoln's Inn, August 3, 1903,
 in *Public Opinion*, September 4, 1903.

DICKENS.

CHIEF in thy generation born of men
 Whom English praise acclaimed as English-born
 With eyes that matched the world-wide eyes of morn
 For gleam of tears or laughter, tenderest then
 When thoughts of children warmed their light, or when
 Reverence of age with love and labour worn,
 Or godlike pity fired with godlike scorn,
 Shot through them flame that winged thy swift live pen:
 Where stars and suns that we behold not burn,
 Higher even than here, though highest was here thy place,
 Love sees thy spirit laugh and speak and shine
 With Shakespeare and the soft bright soul of Sterne,
 And Fielding's kindest might and Goldsmith's grace;
 Scarce one more loved or worthier love than thine.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, from *Swinburne's Poems*,
 vol. v. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1904).



"'HENRY' ASKING FOR MORE"

Vide Oliver Twist.

Cartoon by Leech, in Punch, March 30, 1844.

XVIII

MISCELLANEA

DICKENS AND "PUNCH" CARTOONS.

In 1884 Lord Brougham, when officiating as President of the Privy Council Amendment Bill, realised that the pecuniary emoluments derived from that position were what is technically termed "no go," and accordingly made an effort to get an appointment under the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Act. John Leech humorously conveyed the sense of this incident in a clever adaptation of Cruikshank's familiar etching in *Oliver Twist*, where that youthful hero is represented as "asking for more," with his lordship as Oliver, holding a bowl with the figures "5000"; John Bull, with the soup-ladle, stands by the copper, marked "Exchequer," while beyond are seen some juvenile inmates of the workhouse represented by the Duke of Wellington and other Ministers.

In 1850 Lord Brougham was so generally active that *Punch* saw an opportunity of representing him as the diminutive Miss Mowcher, perched on a table in the act of exercising her tonsorial art, as seen in Phiz's illustration for *David Copperfield*.

At the close of the session of 1844, Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham are depicted as Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig in that memorable scene where the two nurses take tea together—as shown in Phiz's etching—and Sir Robert "propoges" the toast, "Here's better luck next Session." In the following year Sir Robert is represented as that dogmatic personage, Sir John Bowley, who interrogates Trotty Veck (Lord John Russell), parodying the words of Dickens's Christmas Story, *The Chimes*, then just published: "You have no bill or demand upon me? If you have, present it. I allow nothing to be carried into the new year."

In January 1846 Leech gave us Robert Peel as the Artful Dodger, on his first meeting with poor Oliver Twist (Lord John Russell), whom he greets with the somewhat personal remark, "Oh, how jolly green you must be to think you could form a Ministry." And in the same month we again find Sir Robert posing as the principal figure in an amusing skit on Free Trade; here he impersonates Tilly Slowboy, from *The Cricket on the Hearth*, who nurses "Cobden's Baby" (Free Trade), addressing it in the manner peculiar to the original Tilly, "Dids its Dukes of Richmonds says its was a humbugs?"



"SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG"

Vide Martin Chuzzlewit

"Sairey, I propoge a toast—'Here's better luck next Session!'"

Cartoon by Leech, in Punch, July 27, 1844

Sir Robert Peel as Mr. Dombey forms the subject of the cartoon on 28th August 1847, adapted by Leech from Phiz's etching representing Little Paul interrogating his father on the question of Money; with Lord John Russell as the junior Dombey. But *Mr. Punch* had evidently a liking for Lord John, as evidenced in Leech's scene from *The Haunted Man* (1849), where we find him as Johnny Tetterby holding the baby Tetterby (Financial Reform), and surrounded by all the other Tetterbys (Peel, Wellington, Brougham, Disraeli), with Mrs. Tetterby as Britannia, and Mr. Tetterby as John Bull, the latter thus addressing his son: "Johnny, my child, take care of her, for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow; take care of her, or never look your mother in the face again." The picture is adapted by Leech from his original design for Dickens's story.

In November 1867 a drawing by Tenniel was published paraphrasing Cruikshank's etching in *Oliver Twist*, of a scene in Fagin's Academy, where Disraeli figures as that notorious vagabond, instructing his colleagues of the "Political School" how to withdraw a paper roll (Reform Bill) from the coat-tail pocket of a suspended dummy bearing a counterfeit presentment of Lord John Russell; this is an obvious allusion to the question of Reform then before Parliament, the verses which accompany the woodcut being in Fagin's colloquial style.

On 2nd May 1885 appeared an amusing cartoon by Tenniel in which Mr. Gladstone is represented as "the Political Mrs. Gummidge," sitting by the fire in Peggotty's Boat, bemoaning her misfortunes; a pot of Russian stew simmers on the fire, while on the floor we may notice the old lady's knitting (Egypt), "a nondescript piece of work—seemed to be a regular Egyptian labyrinth for complicated tangle, and a very Penelope's web for inconclusiveness and power of alternate weaving and unweaving." "Cheer up, Grand Mawther!" cries Mr. Peggotty-Bull. Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone is inconsolable, and presently replies in whining tones, "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles and they make me contrary. I make the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!!!" But the cream of the jest is to be found in John Peggotty-Bull's deeply-sympathising "aside," when, pointing to the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield over the mantelpiece, he remarks, "She's been thinking of the old 'un!"

At Christmas 1885 appeared a humorous political rendering of Dickens's *Carol*, with the title as follows: "A Christmas Carol; being a few scattered staves from a familiar Composition, rearranged for performance by a Distinguished Musical Amateur, during the Holiday Season at H—rw—rd—n." The illustrations, drawn by Mr. Harry Furniss in imitation of the originals by Leech, represent Mr. Gladstone as Scrooge, Lord Beaconsfield (Bendizzy) as Marley's Ghost, and *Mr. Punch* as Bob Cratchit(?); and the text bears upon Mr. Gladstone's political career.

Of all Dickens's characters, the especial favourites of *Punch*



"THE ARTFUL DODGER"

'Oh, how jolly green you must be to think you could form a ministry!'

Cartoon by Leech, in Punch, January 10, 1846

seem to be Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris. Note in the illustration the special significance attaching to the artist's meaning in portraying Mrs. Harris as the back view of Mrs. Gamp. But these ladies are generally represented by *Punch* as friendly newspapers, *The Standard* and *The Morning Herald*—a clever hit, as practically the latter was a myth, one paper being merely a reprint of the other.—Abridged from an article on "Dickens and *Punch*," by F. G. Kitton, in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1891.

FRITH'S PORTRAIT OF DICKENS.

It was at this time (1859) that John Forster called upon me [W. P. Frith, R.A.] to paint a portrait of his friend Dickens. I need scarcely say with what delight, mixed with fear, I heard of this commission—delight because of my veneration for the author, and my love for the man; fear that I might fail, as so many had done already. Forster had hinted his wish to me a year or two before, when Dickens had adopted the moustache—a hirsute appendage of which Forster had a great horror; and with reason, as regarded Dickens, for it partly covered, and certainly injured, a very handsome and characteristic mouth. "This is a whim—the fancy will pass. We will wait till the hideous disfigurement is removed," said Forster; but we waited in vain. Indeed, we waited till the beard was allowed to grow upon the chin as well as upon the upper lip, so, fearing that if we waited longer there would be little of the face to be painted, if whiskers were to be added to the rest, the order was given and the portrait begun. As I had heard that portrait-painters had often derived advantage from photography, I asked Dickens to give me a meeting at Mr. Watkins's, who was thought one of the best photographers of that day.

In due course the photograph was taken; but not very successfully, nor did I derive the slightest assistance from it in the prosecution of the portrait. The change in Dickens's appearance that had taken place during the twenty-five years that had elapsed since Maclise had painted him so admirably, was very striking. The sallow skin had become florid, the long hair of 1835 had become shorter and darker, and the expression settled into that of one who had reached the topmost rung of a very high ladder, and was perfectly aware of his position.

Between Maclise's picture and my own, many portraits of Dickens had been taken, most of them—indeed, according to the sitter himself, all of them—absolute failures. I was curious with regard to one which I knew had been begun, but not finished, by an eminent Academician; and during one of the sittings to me, I inquired the reason of the delay.

"Well, the truth is," said Dickens, "I sat a great many times. At first the picture bore a strong resemblance to Ben Caunt" (a prize-fighter of that day); "then it changed into somebody else; and at last I thought it was time to give it up, for I had sat there and looked at the thing till I felt I was growing like it."



"THE POLITICAL TILLY SLOWBOY AND COBDEN'S BABY"

"Tilly (*loq.*). Dids its Dukes of Richmonds says its was a humbugs?"

Cartoon by Leech, in Punch, January 31, 1846

On our conversation turning on the preconceived idea that people always entertain of celebrities in literature or art, to whose personal appearance they are strangers, he said he had had frequent experience of the dismay which seemed to take possession of persons on their first introduction to him. "And they occasionally allow disappointment to take the form of positive objection. For instance," said he, "Scheffer, who is a big man, I believe, in your line, said, the moment he saw me, 'You are not at all like what I expected to see you; you are like a Dutch skipper.' As for the picture he did of me, I can only say that it is neither like me nor a Dutch skipper."

I can only remember one unfavourable criticism of my portrait of Dickens, and that was by a lady who knew him well. . . . However, I was amply compensated by the universal approval of all Dickens's family and friends—Stone, Egg, Leech, Mark Lemon, and Shirley Brooks, etc. etc.—who said, "At last we have the real man;" and best satisfied of all was John Forster. Forster was a gruff man with the kindest heart in the world; and I now take leave of him with heartfelt recognition of the generous praise that cheered me during my work, and of the noble liberality with which it was rewarded. The portrait was admirably engraved by Mr. Barlow, R.A., and is now in the South Kensington Museum. —F 6.

THE MACLISE PORTRAIT—AND SOME OTHERS.

There were "presentments" of our novelist long before he sat to the genial Maclise. A miniature exists by Mrs. Janet Barrow, who took it in 1830. It has been artistically engraved by Edwin Roffe. Other pre-Maclise likenesses were by Miss Rose Drummond, George Cruikshank, and Samuel Lawrence. Lawrence's head was full of life and expression, and proved one of the most brilliant sketches ever made by that artist. During the time *Nicholas Nickleby* was in course of publication (it was finished in 1839) Dickens sat to Daniel Maclise, who became one of the novelist's most cherished friends. The artist was unsuccessful at first with the work. Dickens wrote, 28th June 1839: "I have countermanded the face. Maclise has made another face of me, which all people say is astonishing. The improved portrait is that of a handsome young man, with long chestnut hair showing a tendency to curl." When exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840 the canvas drew forth great admiration. Thackeray, in *Fraser's Magazine*, in writing on the Royal Academy Exhibition, thus refers to it: "Look at that portrait of Mr. Dickens, well arranged as a picture, good in colour and light and shadow, and as a likeness perfectly amazing; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real identical man Dickens. The artist must have known the inward 'Boz,' as well as the outward, before he made this admirable representation of him. That cheerful intellectuality is about the man's eyes, and large forehead. The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous. The past



"DOMBEY AND SON"

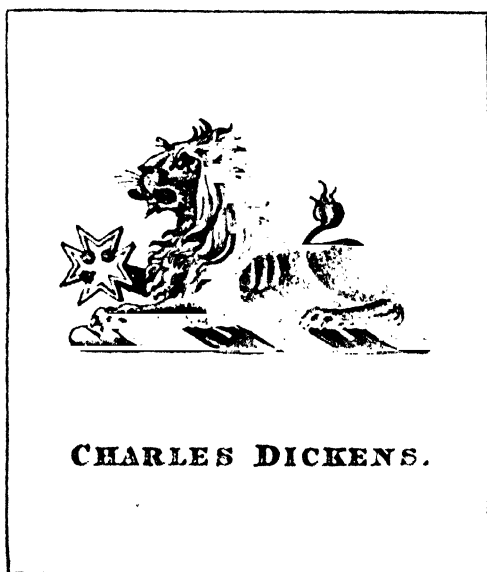
"Mr. Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him (the boy) some explanation involving the terms circulating-medium, currency, depreciation of currency paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth."

Cartoon by Leech, in Punch, August 23, 1847

and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future for this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz, reign over thy comic kingdom; long may they pay tribute, whether of three-pence weekly or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince, at thy imperial feet Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty and his humble tribute of praise.¹⁷ Maclise, a well-known name in English art in the mid-Victorian age, died in April 1870. Dickens felt the shock greatly, and was quite overcome when referring to his old friend at the Annual Royal Academy dinner on the evening of the day of the artist's funeral.—*Household Words*, 26th March 1904.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S COLLECTION.

We have had occasion already to call attention to the collection of Dickensiana in the library of Mr. E. S. Williamson, private secretary



Facsimile of Dickens's book-plate, from which the heraldic lion has been copied for the decoration of the small tablet printed on the back of the frontispieces, and for the device on the side cover, of every volume in the "Charles Dickens Library"

to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto. Two items of unusual interest have recently been added by Mr. Williamson to his collection. One is an enlarged photogravure from a negative of a



"A SCENE FROM 'THE HAUNTED MAN'."

"Tetterby and Co (Mr. John Bull). Johnny, my child, take care of her, for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow; take care of her, or never look your mother in the face again."

Cartoon by Leech, in Punch, February 19, 1849

literary and dramatic group in Albert Smith's garden, London, taken some thirty-five years ago, which was unearthed in 1893, by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, booksellers, High Holborn. There are twenty-four portraits in the group. Charles Dickens may be seen reclining in the foreground, and surrounding him are Charles Dickens, junior, Albert Smith, G. C. Stanfield, Shirley Brooks, Marcus Stone, Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon, and the Misses Hogarth and Dickens—all apparently excellent portraits. The other item is of even greater interest, namely, two volumes from the library of Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill, with his book-plate and label. The work is the *Life of Sir John Eliot*, by John Forster, the lifelong friend and well-known biographer of Dickens. Through Mr. Williamson's courtesy we have reproduced Dickens's book-plate from the work taken from his library shelves, which may, therefore, be regarded as genuine, and is the more interesting because of several spurious book-plates which have been given out lately as belonging to Dickens.—*The Bookman* (New York), March 1899.

THE SALES OF DICKENS.

Mr. Chapman, of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, gave to a representative of the *Daily Chronicle* (25th June 1892) statistics respecting the sale of Dickens's works. Taking the *Pickwick Papers* to illustrate the general appreciation of Dickens, Mr. Chapman gave the following figures: Original Edition (21s.)—from July 1862, to March 1891—copies sold, 7250; Library Edition (16s.)—from December 1857, to June 1884—copies sold, 14,500; Popular Library Edition—from June 1879, to May 1890—copies sold, 7750; Charles Dickens Edition (4s.)—from May 1867, to November 1891—copies sold, 219,750; Illustrated Library Edition (2 vols., 20s.)—from July 1873, to March 1891—copies sold, 7000; Crown Edition (5s.)—published March 1890—copies sold, 12,000; Cabinet Edition (3s.)—from December 1879, to December 1888—copies sold, 32,000; Two-shilling Editions—from June 1865, to 1891—copies sold, 250,250; Household Edition (5s.)—from 1873 to 1891—copies sold, 118,000; Pictorial Edition (3s. 6d.)—published March 1891—copies sold, 5000; Edition de Luxe (42s.), copies sold, 1000.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall find that for many years past the sales of Dickens's books have averaged considerably over a quarter of a million copies annually, and that, so far from there being any decline, the interest in Dickens and his consequent sales are increasing every year. It would appear that the difference in the individual sales of Dickens's books is remarkably small, especially when one thinks of the long list of them. The least popular is the *Child's History of England*, and, as might be supposed, the standing favourite is *Pickwick*. During the past three years, however, there has been a great increase in the sale of the *Tale of Two Cities*—so much so that it would come first by many copies for those particular years. Why is this? No doubt it is mostly due to the success of Mr. Martin Harvey's play, *The Only Way*. While this piece—



"EAGIN'S POLITICAL SCHOOL"

"Now, mark this; because these are things which you may not have heard in any speech which has been made in the city of Edinburgh. (Laughter and cheers.) I had—if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—to *educate our party*. It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform."—*Mr. Disraeli's Speech at the Edinburgh Banquet*

Cartoon by Tenniel, in Punch, November 9, 1867

the story dramatised—was being performed in London there was a brisk demand daily for the book. If it is being performed in the provinces Messrs. Chapman & Hall can follow the tour by means of the orders which reach them for the *Tale of Two Cities*.

Next to *Pickwick*, the permanent favourite, judged by circulation, is *David Copperfield*, and, indeed, there is not much to choose between the two. From them there is a rather considerable drop to *Oliver Twist* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the sales of which in the three years mentioned have differed from each other only to the



"BENDIZZY'S GHOST"

Drawing by Harry Furniss, in *Punch*, December 26, 1885.

extent of three hundred copies. Three other stories which may be ranked together are *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, and *Bleak House*. *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend* come along in company, with *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the Christmas books not far behind. *Martin Chuzzlewit* is an illustration of the slightness of vicissitude that Dickens's works have shown. When it was published he declared that it was a hundred times the best thing he had done. But somehow the original sales were quite disappointing, and Dickens was really anxious as to whether the reading public were not forsaking him. Every year it improved its position, and



"THE POLITICAL 'MRS. GUMMIDGE'"

"Mrs. Gummidge—Gladstone. I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and make them contrary. I make the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it ! ! !"

"John Peggotty—Bull (deeply sympathising—aside). She's been thinking of the old 'un'!"—*David Copperfield*

Cartoon by Tenniel, in Punch, May 2, 1885

if that were to be estimated on its whole sales—and not on those of the past three years only—it would probably come next to *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*. In his recent article on Dickens, Mr. Swinburne declared that *Great Expectations* was, perhaps, the best of his novels. On sales it comes fourteenth in the list, but the recent sixpenny edition has given it a very large vogue with the public. Generally speaking, the public demand for individual novels by Dickens is in harmony with the verdicts which literary opinion has pronounced upon them. In other words, the books of his which the literary critics have exalted are also most bought by the public. In his case, the dictum—for which, perhaps, there is ground nowadays—that “sales” and quality are different affairs, would certainly not apply. No doubt a circumstance which has helped Dickens to withstand all competition is the variety and beauty of many of the editions of him that are available.—*Daily Chronicle*, September 11, 1902.

A plébiscite of the book trade, taken some years ago, proved that, of all English novelists, Dickens enjoyed by far the largest sale.—*Daily Telegraph*, January 12, 1910.

Henry C. Carey in 1853, in a volume of *Letters on International Copyright*, published by A. Hart, of Philadelphia, gives the following interesting facts of the sales of books in the United States fifty years ago, based on a very careful canvass of the publishing trade. . . . The sale of Mr. Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England [about 6000 volumes of each of his books] and that of the works of Mr. Dickens counts almost by millions of volumes. Of *Bleak House*¹ in all its various forms—in newspapers, magazines, and volumes—it has already amounted to several hundred thousands of copies.

DICKENS IN FRENCH.

Some of the titles under which Dickens's novels have been known to French readers are amusing. For instance, *Hard Times* becomes *Les Temps Difficiles*; but what can one suggest? The *Christmas Carol* is *Le Cantique de Noël*, which is not bad. *Mrs. Lirriper's*

¹ When *Bleak House* appeared in England in monthly numbers, it had so wide a circulation in that form, according to Mr. Carey, that it became a valuable medium for advertising, so that before its close the few pages of the tale were completely lost in sheets of advertisements which were stitched to them. The lowest price for such an advertisement was £1 sterling, and many were paid for at the rate of £5 and £6. From this there is nothing improbable in the supposition that, in addition to the large sum received for the tale, its author gained some £15,000 by his advertising sheets. The *Household Words* produces an income of £4000, though Dickens, having put it entirely in the hands of an assistant editor, has nothing to do with it beyond furnishing a weekly article. Through his talents alone he has raised himself from the position of a newspaper reporter to that of a literary *Cresus*.—Quoted from the *New York Publishers' Weekly* in the *London Publishers' Circular*, January 15, 1910.



"MR. GLADSTONE AS 'PICKWICK'"

Punch, March 18, 1882



"LORD DERBY AS 'MICAWBER'"

Punch, February 25, 1882



MRS. GAMP



MRS. HARRIS

"TWO OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMEN"

(Not hitherto included in any list)

Punch, December 8, 1888

Legacy as *L'Héritage de Mme. Lirriper* is not so successful. Then there are *Nobody's Luggage* as *Le Baggage de Personne*; *Little Dorrit* as *La Petite Dorrit*; and *The Pickwick Papers* as *Le Pickwick Club*.—*The Bookman* (New York), January 1903.

Sir Francis Burnand recently unearthed a journal started in 1855 called the *Journal pour tous*, containing an adaptation of *Pickwick*. In the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1908, Sir Francis gives us several extracts from this curious production.

The adapter came across the well-known description of the mouldy corners in the Temple where "innumerable rolls of parchment which have been perspiring in secret for the last century send forth an agreeable odour which is mingled by day with the scent of dry rot, and by night with the various exhalations which arise from damp cloaks, festering umbrellas, and the coarsest tallow candles." The Frenchman's rendering ran:

"Ce sont, pour la plupart, des salles basses, sentant le renfermé, où d'innombrables feuilles de parchemin qui y transpirent en secret depuis un siècle, émettent un agréable parfum, auquel vient se mêler, pendant la journée, une odeur de moisissure, et, pendant la nuit, des exhalaisons de manteaux, de parapluies humides et de chandelles rancées."

Sir Francis points out that by the word "humides" we have, instead of all the strange atmosphere of "festering," merely what Mr. Mantalini would have called a "demd moist, uncomfortable" umbrella.

Another failure of the French adapter is his rendering of Dickens's strong, terse description of the Chancery prisoner's death. Here is the English:

"The turnkey, stooping over the pillow, crew hastily back. 'He has got his discharge, by G——!' said the man."

"He had. But he had grown so like death in life, that they knew not when he died."

This is how the adapter "translates" it:

"Le guichetier s'étant courbé sur le traversin se releva précipitamment."

"'Ma foi!' dit-il, 'le voilà libéré, à la fin.'"

"Cela était vrai. Mais durant sa vie il était devenu si semblable à un mort, qu'on ne sut point dans quel instant il avait expiré."

Sam Weller calls his father "an old picter card born," which in French is watered down to "un grimacier." But Sam's "Vot are you bustin' vith now?" is spiritedly enough rendered "Qu'est-ce que vous avez à vous crever maintenant?" This scene, it appears, is really well done, with a genuine appreciation of the novelist's humour. "At the end of this number (No. 254) appears," writes Sir Francis Burnand, "the usual announcement that 'la fin' is to appear 'au prochain numéro.' But after carefully examining not only the index at the end of the volume, but also its remaining pages from 18 Février 1860 to 31 Mars of the same year, I can conscientiously affirm that there is no sign of Mr. Pickwick's reappearance either in or out of 'La Prison des Dettes.' I am inclined

to doubt if the close of Mr. Pickwick's incarceration ever came within the scope of the French adapter's original intention."

POPULARITY IN JAPAN.

At the annual dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution at the Trocadero on 7th May 1902, Sir Charles Dilke, in proposing the health of the Japanese Minister, said that when proposing a similar toast upon a similar occasion, Charles Dickens had mentioned that in Japan they were then forbidden to publish news on pain of death.

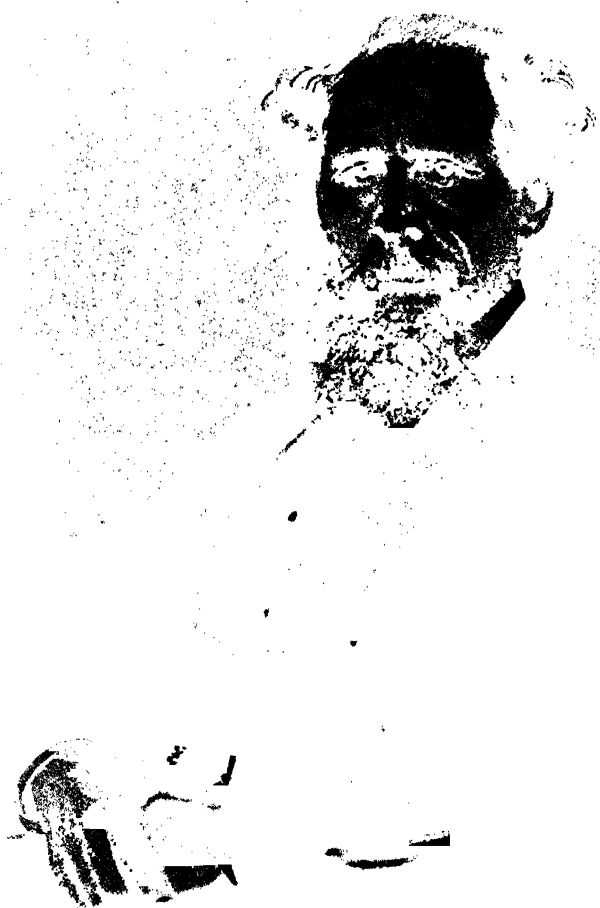
Responding, Viscount Hayashi said the great author's words did not now apply to Japan; for there were now nine hundred Japanese newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of many millions.

His Excellency added that he had read Dickens's works several times, and liked them. They were among the most popular works by authors foreign to Japan.

THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY.

The collection of Dickensiana given to the Guildhall Library on Dickens's birthday in February 1908 by the Dickens Fellowship has been indexed by Mr. J. W. T. Ley and Mr. William Miller, and though the collection was the work of one man, the late Mr. F. G. Kitton, the catalogue runs to over ten thousand entries. It is estimated that newspaper and magazine articles are appearing at the rate of about three hundred and fifty per annum, and a great proportion of these find their way to the collection.

GUIDE TO THE NOVELS



CHARLES DICKENS AT THE AGE OF FIFTY
From the Mason photograph

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB

SCENE : *London, Rochester, Ipswich, Bath, and the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.*

TIME : 1827-1831.

As the title indicates, *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* are a series of incidents, rather than a story with a definite plot. The *Papers*, in fact, chronicle the comical adventures of a number of friends.

The most prominent of this friendly group is Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, the founder and president of the Pickwick Club, a club which has its headquarters in London, and whose aims are research and jovial entertainment. The president is a corpulent, kindly gentleman, simple-minded, but with a taste for science. He obtains the consent of the club to take a small committee of friends with him on a series of personally conducted tours of investigation in the country. Tracy Tupman, Augustus Snodgrass, and Nathaniel Winkle are the three that make up the party.

The committee's first journey is to Rochester and the adjoining towns in Kent. Mr. Pickwick is rescued from the unwelcome attentions of a cabman by one Alfred Jingle, an eccentric strolling player, who talks in a curious, disconnected fashion. Jingle accompanies the party to Rochester, and he and Tupman go to a ball, Jingle in the borrowed clothes of Winkle. The behaviour of the strolling player causes Winkle to be challenged to a duel, which is, however, averted by timely explanations, and the friends go to a military review, where they only just manage to avoid the cross-firing. They meet a Mr. Wardle, and his two daughters and sister, of Dingley Dell, not to mention Joe, the fat boy.

Pickwick and his three friends are invited to Wardle's farm, where they go shooting. Winkle is unfortunate enough to miss his bird and shoot Tupman in the arm. Miss Wardle, the sister of Wardle, nurses him, and Tupman proposes to her. Jingle, however, puts in an appearance, wins the lady's affections, and elopes with her to London. Wardle and Pickwick give chase, and the pair are overtaken in London, when Jingle is bribed to relinquish his matrimonial designs.

At the inn where Jingle and Miss Wardle are discovered, Pickwick first has his attention drawn to Sam Weller, whom he decides to take into his services as valet. In trying to announce this to Mrs. Bardell, his landlady, Pickwick leaves her with the impression that he is making a proposal of marriage, and she faints in his arms.

When Pickwick disentangles himself from the dilemma, he and his friends, with Sam Weller, attend an election at Eatanswill. Here they

pay a visit to Mrs. Leo Hunter, authoress of the "Ode to an Expiring Frog." Jingle once more turns up, and Pickwick pursues him to Bury St. Edmunds, but the irrepressible strolling player and his servant, Job Trotter, prove themselves too much for Sam Weller and his master. Pickwick is enticed into the grounds of a ladies' boarding-school, to his own consternation as well as that of the inmates.

He pays another visit to Dingley Dell, accompanied by the faithful committee. Here they go hunting, and Pickwick is locked up in the pound for trespassing. On his return to London he makes arrangements to defend himself against his landlady, Mrs. Bardell, who has instituted an action for breach of promise. In the meantime he makes an excursion to Ipswich, and has there some exciting and amusing adventures. By mistake he enters the room of a spinster lady, who is in curl-papers, and her admirer threatens to fight him. The lady is so alarmed that she takes out a warrant against Pickwick, who is only released through the aid of Sam Weller. The latter discovers that Jingle and Trotter are deceiving the magistrate of the town, and he is thus able to pay off his score against them.

A Christmas visit is paid to Dingley Dell, where one of Wardle's daughters becomes Mrs. Trundle. This ends the first volume.

The opening of Volume Two still finds Pickwick and his friends at Dingley Dell. Augustus Snodgrass is in love with Emily Wardle, and Winkle with Arabella Allen. Two medical students, Bob Sawyer and his chum Ben Allen, brother of Arabella, arrive at Dingley Dell. Bob is a rival of Winkle's for the affections of the lady.

Pickwick returns to London to defend the breach of promise action. He loses it, and Mrs. Bardell is awarded £750 damages. Pickwick refuses to pay, and is threatened with imprisonment. He pays a visit to Bath during his temporary freedom, and attends a reception of society, Sam Weller attending one of footmen. Winkle has a night adventure with a lady and a sedan-chair, in consequence of which he leaves hurriedly for a neighbouring town, where he hears of Arabella Allen. Pickwick and Sam come to his rescue, and a meeting is arranged between Winkle and his lady-love. Sam profitably employs himself, meanwhile, courting Mary, a pretty housemaid.

Pickwick, still refusing to pay the damages against him, is cast into Fleet Prison. Sam, who desires to attend his master, causes himself to be arrested as a debtor, with the aid of Tony, his father. Pickwick finds, to his astonishment, Jingle and Trotter in the prison for debt. He, generously, relieves their distress.

Pickwick remains three months in the prison, and at the end of that time is surprised at the arrival of Mrs. Bardell. She is incarcerated by her lawyers for non-payment of the costs of her action. Pickwick relents, and pays these costs, she signing an agreement to forgo the damages. Jingle and Trotter are also released through his generosity, and start afresh as emigrants.

On his release, Pickwick undertakes an expedition on the behalf of Winkle, who has married Arabella Allen. Her brother Ben, who opposed the marriage, is reconciled to Winkle by Pickwick. Winkle's father is also visited, and is soon on good terms with his new daughter-in-law.

Pickwick almost immediately becomes entangled in another dilemma with Snodgrass, who contemplates eloping with Emily Wardle. Mr. Wardle, however, consents to the marriage, the elopement is rendered unnecessary, and the happy pair are united at Pickwick's house in

Dulwich. The Club is dissolved, and here its founder passes the remainder of his life, attended by the faithful Sam, and Sam's wife, Mary.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARABELLA ALLEN, *sister of Benjamin Allen, and afterwards wife of Mr. Winkle.*

Black-eyed young lady, in a very nice little pair of boots with fur round the top.

Ch. xxviii, xxx, xxxix, xlviii, liii, liv, lvi, lvii.

BENJAMIN ALLEN, *a medical student and friend of Bob Sawyer, to whom he proposes to marry his sister Arabella.*

Mr. Benjamin Allen was a coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles, and wore a white neckerchief. Below his single-breasted black surtout, which was buttoned up to his chin, appeared the usual number of pepper-and-salt coloured legs, terminating in a pair of imperfectly polished boots. Although his coat was short in the sleeves, it disclosed no vestige of a linen wristband; and although there was quite enough of his face to admit of the encroachment of a shirt collar, it was not graced by the smallest approach to that appendage.

Ch. xxx, xxxii, xxviii, xlviii, l, li, liv, lvi, lvii.

MR. AYRESLEIGH, *a prisoner for debt whom Pickwick meets in the coffee-room at Coleman Street.*

A middle-aged man in a very old suit of black, who looked pale and haggard.

Ch. xl.

THE ONE-EYED BAGMAN, *a jovial man whom Pickwick meets at The Peacock Inn, Eatanswill. Relates "The Bagman's Story," and "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle."*

A stout hale personage of about forty, with only one eye—a very bright black eye, which twinkled with a roguish expression of fun and good humour.

Ch. xiv, xlviii, xlix.

JACK BAMBER, *an old man whom Pickwick meets at The Magpie and Stump, and who relates "The Old Man's Tale about a Queer Client."*

A little, yellow, high-shouldered man . . . a fixed grim smile perpetually on his countenance . . . a long skinny hand with nails of extraordinary length.

Ch. xx.

ANGELO CYRUS BANTAM, ESQ., M.C., *a friend of Captain Dowler, and Master of Ceremonies at the ball at Bath which Pickwick attends.*

Dressed in a very bright blue coat with resplendent buttons, black trousers, and the thinnest possible pair of highly polished boots. A gold eyeglass was suspended from his neck by a short broad black ribbon; a gold snuff-box was lightly clasped in his left hand; gold rings innumerable glittered on his fingers; and a large diamond pin, set in gold, glistened in his shirt frill. He had a gold watch, and a gold curb chain with large gold seals; and he carried a pliant ebony cane with a heavy gold top. His linen was of the very whitest, finest, and stiffest;

his wig of the glossiest, blackest, and curliest. His snuff was prince's mixture; his scent, *bouquet de roi*. His features were contracted into a perpetual smile; and his teeth were in such perfect order that it was difficult at a small distance to tell the real from the false.

Ch. xxv.

MRS. MARTHA BARDELL, *landlady of Pickwick in Goswell Street, who thinks Pickwick has proposed marriage to her, and sues him for breach of promise.*

Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased Custom-House officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighbouring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

Ch. xii, xxvi, xxxiv, xlv.

MASTER TOMMY BARDELL, *son of the foregoing.*

Ch. xii.

BETSEY, *servant girl at Mrs. Raddle's.*

A dirty slipshod girl in black cotton stockings, who might have passed for the neglected daughter of a superannuated dustman in very reduced circumstances.

Ch. xxxii.

PRINCE BLADUD, *founder of the public baths at Bath.*

The illustrious Prince, being afflicted with leprosy, shunned the Court of his royal father, and consorted moodily with husbandmen and pigs.

Ch. xxxvi.

MR. BLOTTON, *a member of the Pickwick Club.*

With a mean desire to tarnish the lustre of the immortal name of Pickwick, actually undertook a journey to Cobham, in person, to disprove the antiquity of the inscription on the famous stone at Cobham.

Ch. i.

CAPTAIN BOLDWIG, *owner of the premises on which Pickwick and his friends trespass while shooting.*

A little fierce man, in a stiff black neckerchief and blue surtout, who, when he did condescend to walk about his property, did it in company with a thick rattan stick with a brass ferrule, and a gardener and sub-gardener, with meek faces, to whom (the gardeners, not the stick) Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity.

Ch. xix.

MISS BOLO, *a fashionable lady at Bath.*

Ch. xxv.

MRS. BUDGER, *a widow, and Mr. Tupman's partner in a quadrille at the ball at Rochester.*

A little old widow, whose rich dress and profusion of ornament bespoke her a most desirable addition to a limited income.

Ch. ii.

COLONEL BULDER, head of the garrison at Rochester, and present at the charity ball.

Ch. ii.

MRS. AND MISS BULDER, wife and daughter of the foregoing, and present at the charity ball.

Ch. ii.

SERJEANT BUZFUZ, counsel of Mrs. Bardell in her trial for breach of promise.

"Who's that red-faced man, who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," replied Perker.

Ch. xxxiv.

THE CHANCERY PRISONER, an old man imprisoned in the Fleet.

A tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, in an old greatcoat and slippers; with sunken cheeks, and a restless, eager eye. His lips were bloodless, and his bones were sharp and thin.

Ch. xlii, xliii.

THE CLERGYMAN, one of the guests at Mr. Wardle's, who sings the song of "The Ivy Green," and relates the story of "The Convict's Return."

Ch. vi, xi, xxviii.

SIR THOMAS CLUBBER, head of the dockyard at Rochester, who attends the charity ball.

Ch. ii.

LADY CLUBBER AND THE MISSES CLUBBER, wife and daughters of the foregoing, who attend the Rochester ball.

Ch. ii.

MRS. BETSEY CLUPPINS, a friend of Mrs. Bardell.

A little, brisk, busy-looking woman.

Ch. xxvi, xxxiv, xlv.

MRS. CRADDOCK, landlady of Mr. Pickwick at Bath.

Ch. xxxvi, xxxvii.

CROOKEY, an attendant at the sponging-house in Coleman Street.

Who might have passed for a neglected twin-brother of Mr. Smouch . . . looked something between a bankrupt grazier and a drover in a state of insolvency.

Ch. xl.

THE HONOURABLE MR. CRUSHTON, a gentleman whom Pickwick meets at Bath, and a friend of Captain Dowler.

Ch. xxxv.

DODSON AND FOGG, attorneys for Mrs. Bardell, a shady pair who take up the case in the hope of getting the costs from Mr. Pickwick.

Ch. xx, xxxiv, liii.

CAPTAIN DOWLER, formerly in the army, and whom Pickwick meets at The White Horse Cellar.

A stern-eyed man of about five-and-forty, who had a bald and glossy

forehead, with a good deal of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and large black whiskers. He was buttoned up to the chin in a brown coat; and had a large sealskin travelling cap, and a greatcoat and cloak lying on the seat beside him.

Ch. xxv, xxvi, xxviii.

MRS. DOWLER, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxv, xxvi.

DUBBLEY, *one of the officers of the Mayor's Court at Ipswich.*

A dirty-faced man, something over six feet high, and stout in proportion.

Ch. xxiv.

MR. DUMKINS, *a member of the All-Muggleton Cricket Club.*

Ch. vii.

EMMA, *a servant girl of Mr. Wardle.*

Ch. xxviii.

HORATIO FIZKIN, ESQ., *candidate for Parliament, defeated by the Honourable Samuel Slumkey.*

A tall, thin gentleman, in a stiff, white neckerchief.

Ch. xiii.

WILKINS FLASHER, *a stockbroker.*

Ch. lv.

MR. FOGG, *see Dodson and Fogg.*

GOODWIN, *servant of Mrs. Pott.*

A young lady . . . useful in a variety of ways, but none more so than in the particular department of constantly aiding and abetting her mistress in every wish and inclination opposed to the desires of the unhappy Pott.

Ch. xviii.

THOMAS GROFFIN, *one of the jury in the case of Bardell versus Pickwick.*

A tall, thin, yellow-visaged man. . . . "I am to be sworn, my lord, am I? Very well, my lord, then there'll be murder done before this trial's over. . . . I've left nothing but an errand boy in my shop. . . . The prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts means oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum."

Ch. xxxiv.

DANIEL GRUMMER, *a constable at the Mayor's Court at Ipswich.*

Elderly gentleman in top-boots, who was chiefly remarkable for a bottle nose, a hoarse voice, a snuff-coloured surtout, and a wandering eye.

Ch. xxiv, xxv.

MR. GRUNDY, *a frequenter of The Magpie and Stump.*

Ch. xx.

MR. GUNTER, *a friend of Bob Sauryer.*

In a shirt emblazoned with pink anchors, expressed his decided unwillingness to accept of any sauce on gratuitous terms from the irascible young gentleman with the scorbutic countenance, or any other person who was ornamented with a head.

Ch. xxxii.

MRS GWYNN, *governess at Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, at Bury St. Edmunds.*

Ch. xvi.

HARRIS, *a greengrocer.*

Ch. xxxviii.

JACK HOPKINS, *a medical student and friend of Bob Sawyer.*

He wore a black velvet waistcoat, with thunder-and-lightning buttons; and a blue-striped shirt, with a white false collar.

Ch. xxvii.

ANTHONY HUMM, *chairman of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association.*

A sleek, white-faced man, in a perpetual perspiration.

Ch. xxviii.

HUNT, *gardener to Captain Boldwig.*

Ch. xix.

MRS. LEO HUNTER, *a literary lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Eaton-swill.*

"She dotes on poetry, sir. She adores it; I may say her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it."

Ch. xv.

MR. LEO HUNTER, *husband of the foregoing.*

Ch. xv.

JEM HUTLEY, *called "Dismal Jemmy," brother of Job Trotter, and an itinerant actor, and relater of "The Stroller's Tale."*

His eyes were almost unnaturally bright and piercing; his cheek bones were high and prominent; and his jaws were long and lank.

Ch. iii, v.

ISAAC, *a coach-driver.*

A shabby man in black leggings . . . seated on the box smoking a cigar.

Ch. xlv.

MR. JACKSON, *clerk to Dodson and Fogg.*

Ch. xx, xxxi, xlv.

ALFRED JINGLE, *a strolling player who imposes on Pickwick and his friends as a person of importance. He finally gets into the Fleet Prison, from which he is released by the generosity of Pickwick.*

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting the back; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched-up hat; and glimpses of his bare wrist might be observed, between the tops of his gloves and the cuffs of

his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard ; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

Ch. ii, iii, vii-x, xv, xxv, xlii, xlv, xlvii, liii.

MR. JINKS, *a clerk at the Mayor's Court at Ipswich.*

A pale, sharp-nosed, half-fed, shabbily clad clerk, of middle age.

Ch. xxiv, xxv.

JOE, *servant to Mr. Wardle, and who had a habit of going to sleep on the slightest provocation.*

"Damn that boy ! he's gone to sleep again. Joe, Joe !" (Sundry taps on the head with a stick, and the fat boy, with some difficulty, roused from his lethargy.) "Come, hand in the eatables."

There was something in the sound of the last word which roused the unctuous boy. He jumped up ; and the leaden eyes, which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks, leered horribly upon the food as he unpacked it from the basket.

Ch. iv-ix, xxviii, liv, lvi.

MR. LOWTEN, *clerk to Mr. Perker.*

A puffy-faced young man.

Ch. xx, xxi, xxxi, xl, xlvii, liii, liv.

SOLOMON LUCAS, *a seller of fancy dresses.*

His wardrobe was extensive—very extensive—not strictly classical perhaps, not quite new, nor did it contain any one garment made precisely after the fashion of any age or time, but everything was more or less spangled.

Ch. xv.

MR. LUFFEY, *vice-president of the Dingley Dell Cricket Club.*

Ch. vii.

PETER MAGNUS, *fellow-traveller with Pickwick from London to Ipswich.*

A red-haired man with an inquisitive nose . . . mysterious-spoken personage, with a bird-like habit of giving his head a jerk every time he said anything.

Ch. xxii, xxiv.

MR. MALLARD, *clerk to Serjeant Snubbin.*

An elderly clerk, whose sleek appearance and heavy gold watch-chain presented imposing indications of the extensive and lucrative practice of Serjeant Snubbin.

Ch. xxxi, xxxiv.

MR. MARTIN, *a prisoner in the Fleet.*

Ch. xlii.

MARY, *servant girl at Mr. Nupkins's ; marries Sam Weller.*

Ch. xxv, xxxix, xlvii, liii, liv, lvi.

THE MISSES MATINTER, *ladies attending the ball at Bath.*

Ch. xxxv.

MR. MILLER, *a guest at Mr. Wardle's.*

Ch. vi, xxviii.

MR. MIVINS, called "*The Zephyr*," a prisoner in the Fleet.

A man in a broad-skirted green coat, with corduroy knee-smalls, and grey cotton stockings.

Ch. xli, xlii.

MR. JONAS MUDGE, secretary of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association.

Clandler's shopkeeper, an enthusiastic and disinterested vessel, who sold tea to the members.

Ch. xxiii.

LORD MUTANHED, a fashionable gentleman at the ball in Bath, and friend of Captain Dowler.

Splendidly dressed young man . . . with long hair and particularly small forehead. "The richest man in Ba—ath at this moment."

Ch. xxv.

MUZZLE, footman in the service of George Nupkins.

Ch. xxiv, xxv.

NAMBY, a sheriff's officer who arrests Mr. Pickwick.

Dressed in a particularly gorgeous manner, with plenty of articles of jewellery about him—and a rough greatcoat to crown the whole.

Ch. xl.

MR. NODDY, a friend of Bob Sawyer.

Ch. xxxii.

GEORGE NUPKINS, Esq., Mayor of Ipswich.

As grand a personage as the fastest walker would find out, between sunrise and sunset, on the twenty-first of June, which being, according to the almanack, the longest day in the whole year, would naturally afford him the longest period in his search.

Ch. xxiv, xxv.

MRS. NUPKINS, wife of the foregoing.

A majestic female in a pink gauze turban and a light brown wig.

Ch. xxv.

MISS HENRIETTA NUPKINS, daughter of the foregoing.

Ch. xxv.

DOCTOR PAYNE, surgeon of the Forty-Third Regiment, and a friend of Doctor Slammer.

Ch. ii, iii.

MR. SOLOMON PELL, an attorney at the Insolvent Court in Portugal Street.

A fat, flabby, pale man, in a surtout which looked green one minute and brown the next, with a velvet collar of the same chameleon tints. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry tweak which it had never recovered.

Ch. xliii, lv.

MR. PERKER, election agent for the Honourable Samuel Slumkey, and afterwards attorney to Mr. Pickwick.

He was a little, high-dried man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, and small, restless, black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling, on each

side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature.

Ch. x, xiii, xxxi, xxxiv, xxxv, xlvii, liii, liv.

MR. PHUNKY, *junior counsel with Serjeant Snubbin in the case of Burdell versus Pickwick.*

Ch. xxxi, xxxiv.

SAMUEL PICKWICK, *founder of the Pickwick Club, and chief character of the book.*

A casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head and circular spectacles, which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face, during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become, when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded. What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation: his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters, which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries.

Ch. i-xxviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxlvii, xxxix-xlviii, l-lvi.

MR. PODDER, *a member of the All-Muggleton Cricket Club.*

Ch. vii.

MR. POTT, *editor of the "Eatanswill Gazette."*

A tall, thin man, with a sandy-coloured head inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended with a look of unfathomable profundity. He was dressed in a long brown surtout, with a black cloth waistcoat, and drab trousers. A double eyeglass dangled at his waistcoat; and on his head he wore a very low-crowned hat with a broad brim.

Ch. xiii, xv, xviii.

MR. PRICE, *a coarse young man whom Pickwick meets in the sponging-house in Coleman Street.*

A coarse, vulgar young man of about thirty, with a sallow face and a harsh voice.

Ch. xl.

MRS. MARY ANN RADDLE, *landlady of Bob Sawyer, and sister to Mrs. Cluppins.*

A little, fierce woman.

Ch. xxxii, xlvi.

MR. RADDLE, *husband of the foregoing.*

"My husband sits sleeping downstairs taking no more notice than if I was a dog in the street. A base, faint-hearted, timorous wretch."

Ch. xxxii, xlv.

MRS. ROGERS, *a lodger at Mrs. Bardell's.*

Ch. xlv.

TOM ROKER, *turnkey at the Fleet Prison.*

Ch. xl-xlv.

MRS. SUSANNAH SANDERS, *friend of Mrs. Bardell.*

A big, fat, heavy-faced personage.

Ch. xxv, xxxiv.

BOB SAWYER, *a medical student and friend of Ben Allen, whose sister he wishes to marry.*

Mr. Bob Sawyer, who was habited in a coarse blouse coat, which, without being either greatcoat or surtout, partook of the nature and qualities of both, had about him that sort of slovenly smartness, and swaggering gait, which is peculiar to young gentlemen who smoke in the streets by day, shout and scream in the same by night, call waiters by their Christian names, and do various other acts and deeds of an equally facetious description. He wore a pair of plaid trousers, and a large rough double-breasted waistcoat; and, out of doors, carried a thick stick with a big top. He eschewed gloves, and looked, upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.

Ch. xxx, xxxii, xxxviii, xlviii, l-iii, lvii.

FRANK SIMMERY, *a young stockbroker.*

Ch. lv.

MR. SIMPSON, *a prisoner in the Fleet.*

Leaning out of the window as far as he could without overbalancing himself, endeavouring, with great perseverance, to spit upon the crown of the hat of a personal friend on the parade below.

Ch. xlii.

MR. SKIMPIN, *junior counsel with Serjeant Buzfuz in the case of Bardell versus Pickwick.*

Ch. xxxiv.

DOCTOR SLAMMER, *surgeon to the Ninety-Seventh Regiment, who challenges Mr. Winkle to a duel.*

One of the most popular personages, in his own circle, present, was a little fat man, with a ring of upright black hair round his head, and an extensive bald plain on the top of it—Doctor Slammer, surgeon to the 97th. The Doctor took snuff with everybody, chatted with everybody, laughed, danced, made jokes, played whist, did everything, and was everywhere. To these pursuits, multifarious as they were, the little Doctor added a more important one than any—he was indefatigable in paying the most unremitting and devoted attention to a little old widow, whose rich dress and profusion of ornament bespoke her a most desirable addition to a limited income.

Ch. ii, iii.

THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL SLUMKEY, *candidate for Parliament for Eatanswill.*

Blue candidate for Parliament for Eatanswill, in top-boots, and blue neckerchief, patted the babies on the head, kissed one of 'em.

Ch. xiii.

MR. SLURE, *editor of the "Eatanswill Independent."*

He was a shortish gentleman, with very stiff black hair, cut in the porcupine or blacking-brush style, and standing stiff and straight all over his head; his aspect was pompous and threatening; his manner was peremptory; his eyes sharp and restless; and his whole bearing bespoke a feeling of great confidence in himself, and a consciousness of immeasurable superiority over all other people.

Ch. li.

SMANGLE, *a prisoner in the Fleet.*

A tall fellow, with an olive complexion, long dark hair, and very thick bushy whiskers meeting under his chin. He wore no neckerchief—on his head he wore one of the common eighteenpenny French skull-caps, with a gaudy tassel dangling therefrom, very happily in keeping with a common fustian coat.

Ch. xli, xlii, xlv.

JOHN SMAUKER, *footman in the service of Anglo Cyrus Bantam.*

Ch. xxv, xxxvii.

JOSEPH SMIGGERS, *perpetual vice-president of the Pickwick Club.*

Ch. i.

MISS SMITHERS, *a young lady-boarder at Westgate House, Bury St. Edmunds.*

The belle of the house.

Ch. xvi.

COUNT SMORLTORK, *a foreigner whom Pickwick meets at Mrs. Leo Hunter's.*

A well-whiskered individual in a foreign uniform. The famous foreigner—gathering materials for his great work on England.

Ch. xv.

MR. SMOUCH, *a sheriff's assistant who takes Mr. Pickwick to the Fleet.*

Ch. xl.

THE HONOURABLE WILMOT SNIPE, *ensign of the Ninety-Seventh.*

"Great family—Snipes—very."

Ch. ii.

AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS, *member of the Pickwick Club.*

The poetic Snodgrass . . . poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue coat with a canine-skin collar.

Ch. i-vi, viii, xi-xv, xviii, xxiv xxvi, xviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvi, xlv, xlvii, liv, lvii.

SERGEANT SNUBBIN, *senior counsel for Mr. Pickwick in the case of Bardell versus Pickwick.*

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five-and-forty, or—as the novels say—he might be fifty. He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is so often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during many years to a weary and laborious course of study; and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eyeglass which dangled from a broad black

riband round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress; while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had.

Ch. xxxi, xxxiv.

LADY SNUTHANUTH, a fashionable lady whom Pickwick meets at Bath.

Ch. xxv, xxvi.

MR. STAPLE, a cricketer at Dingley Dell.

Ch. vii.

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH, the judge who presided at the trial of Bardell versus Pickwick.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition), was a most particularly short man, and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

Ch. xxxiv.

THE REVEREND MR. STIGGINS, called "*The Shepherd*," an intemperate, canting parson, at Emanuel Chapel.

He was a prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long thin countenance and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eye—rather sharp, but decidedly bad. He wore very short trousers, and black cotton stockings, which, like the rest of his apparel, were particularly rusty. His looks were starched, but his white neckerchief was not; and its long limp ends straggled over his closely buttoned waistcoat in a very uncouth and unpicturesque fashion. A pair of old, worn, beaver gloves, a broad-brimmed hat, and a faded green umbrella, with plenty of whalebone sticking through the bottom as if to counterbalance the want of a handle at the top, lay on a chair beside him; and being disposed in a very tidy and careful manner seemed to imply that the red-nosed man, whoever he was, had no intention of going away in a hurry.

Ch. xxvii, xxxiii, xlv, lii.

MR. STRUGGLES, a cricketer at Dingley Dell.

Ch. vii.

BROTHER TADGER, a member of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association.

A little emphatic man, with a bald head and drab shorts.

Ch. xxxiii.

LIEUTENANT TAPPLETON, Doctor Slammer's second in his intended duel with Mr. Winkle.

Ch. ii, iii.

MISS TOMKINS, *principal of the Westgate Boarding-School for Young Ladies, at Bury St. Edmunds.*

Ch. xvi.

MRS. TOMLINSON, *postmistress at Rochester, and one of the company at the charity ball.*

Ch. ii.

JOB TROTTER, *servant of Mr. Alfred Jingle.*

Young fellow in mulberry-coloured livery, who had a large, sallow, ugly face, very sunken eyes, and a gigantic head, from which depended a quantity of lank black hair.

Ch. xvi, xx, xxiii, xxv, xlii, xlv-xlvii, lvi, lvii.

MR. TRUNDLE, *a young man who marries Isabella Wardle, but who doesn't speak throughout the story.*

Ch. iv, vi, viii, xvi, xxii, xix, xxviii, lvii.

TUCKLE, *a footman at Bath.*

A stoutish gentleman in a bright crimson coat, with long tails, vividly red breeches, and a cocked hat.

Ch. xxxvii.

TRACY TUPMAN, *member of the Pickwick Club.*

The too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardour of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form.

Ch. i-ix, xi-xv, xviii, xix, xxiv xxvi, xxviii, xxx, xxxii, xxxiv, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, lvii.

RICHARD UPWITCH, *a greengrocer, and one of the jury in the case of Bardell versus Pickwick.*

Ch. xxxiv.

MR. WARDLE, *of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, and a friend of Mr. Pickwick.*

A stout old gentleman, in a blue coat and bright buttons, corduroy breeches and top-boots.

Ch. iv, vi-xi, xvi-xix, xxviii, xxx, li, lvi.

MISS EMILY WARDLE, *daughter of the foregoing. Marries Mr. Snodgrass.*

Ch. iv, vi-xi, xxviii, xxx, li, lvi.

MISS ISABELLA WARDLE, *another daughter of Mr. Wardle. Marries Mr. Trundle.*

Ch. iv, vi-viii, xxviii, lvii.

MISS RACHAEL WARDLE, *sister of Mr. Wardle.*

Ch. iv, vi-ix.

MRS. WARDLE, *mother of Mr. Wardle.*

A very old lady, in a lofty cap and a faded silk gown.

Ch. vi-ix, xxviii, lvii.

MR. WATTY, *a client of Mr. Perker.*

A rustily-clad, miserable-looking man in boots with tops, and gloves without fingers. There were traces of privation and suffering, almost despair, in his lank and careworn countenance.

Ch. xxvi.

SAM WELLER, *valet to Mr. Pickwick.*

A man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots. . . . He was habited in a coarse, striped waistcoat with black calico sleeves, and blue glass buttons; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style round his neck, and an old white hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. There were two rows of boots before him, one cleaned and the other dirty, and at every addition to the clean row, he paused from his work, and contemplated its results with evident satisfaction.

Ch. x, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xviii-xx, xxii-xxviii, xxx-xxxv, xxxvi-xlvi, l-lii, lv-lvii.

TONY WELLER, *father of Samuel Weller, and who marries a Mrs. Clarke.*

Round his neck he wore a crimson travelling shawl, which merged into his chin by such imperceptible gradations, that it was difficult to distinguish the folds of the one from the folds of the other. Over this, he mounted a long waistcoat of a broad pink-striped pattern, and over that again, a wide-skirted green coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, whereof the two which garnished the waist were so far apart, that no man had ever beheld them both, at the same time. His hair, which was short, sleek, and black, was just visible beneath the capacious brim of a low-crowned brown hat. His legs were encased in knee-cord breeches and painted top-boots; and a copper watch-chain terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waistband.

Ch. xx, xxii, xxiii, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, xliii, xlv, lii, lv, lvi.

MRS. TONY WELLER, *wife of the foregoing, and formerly, Mrs. Clarke.*

"There never was a nicer woman as a widder than that 'ere second ventur o' mine. All I can say on her now is, that as she was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition. She don't act as a wife."

Ch. xxvii, xlv.

WHIFFERS, *a footman at Bath.*

Ch. xxxvii.

MR. WICKS, *a clerk in the office of Dodson and Fogg.*

In a brown coat, and brass buttons, inky drabs, and bluchers.

Ch. xx.

WILKINS, *gardener to Captain Boldwig.*

Ch. xix.

MR. WINKLE, SENIOR, *an old wharfinger at Birmingham, and father of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.*

Ch. l, lvi.

NATHANIEL WINKLE, *member of the Pickwick Club. Marries Arabella Allen.*

In a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely fitting drabs.

*Ch. i-v, vii, ix, xi-xiii, xv, xviii, xix, xxiv-xxvi, *xxviii, xxx-xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvi, xxxviii, xxxix, xlii, xlvii, liv, lvi, lvii.*

MISS WITHERFIELD, *a middle-aged lady, engaged to Mr. Magnus.*

Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair."

Ch. xxii, xxiv.

MRS. COLONEL WUGSBY, *a fashionable lady whom Pickwick meets at Bath.*

Ch. xxv, xxvi.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST

SCENE: *chiefly London and district.*

TIME: 1825-1837.

The Adventures of Oliver Twist deal with thieves, criminals, and the poor of the social community. Oliver, an innocent boy, is shown in contrast with these evil characters.

A young woman, evidently of a fairly good class, but wearing no wedding-ring, gives birth to a boy in a workhouse of a certain town about seventy-five miles from London. The mother dies after the child's birth, and the boy is named Oliver Twist by the parish beadle. Oliver becomes one of the half-starved children in the workhouse orphanage, and is ill-treated until he is nine years old, when Bumble, the beadle, sets him to work, picking oakum, in the workhouse proper. The food supply, chiefly gruel, is so small that the boys cast lots as to who shall ask for more. The lot falls on Oliver, who falls into disgrace with the "board" on making his meek request.

He is let out as an apprentice to an undertaker named Sowerberry, and is there only a short time when he fights and conquers Noah Claypole, a bullying apprentice. For this Oliver again falls into disgrace, and runs away to London. As he approaches the city, he meets Jack Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," who is employed by Fagin, a Jew, as a boy pickpocket. Through the "Artful Dodger" Oliver encounters the Jew, and is taken out on an expedition with Dawkins and Charley Bates, a fellow-pickpocket. Oliver does not suspect their evil deeds, and he runs away in astonishment when he sees them pick a gentleman's pocket. He is pursued, captured, and taken before a magistrate. However, Mr. Brownlow, the gentleman who was robbed, believes in Oliver's innocence, and has him released, and takes him home and befriends him.

The Jew is determined to get the boy back again, for he thinks that he has learnt too many secrets of the thieves' den. Bill Sikes, a brutal housebreaker, and his mistress, Nancy, capture Oliver and take him back to Fagin's haunt. He is then forced to go with Sikes on one of his expeditions, so that he may not be able to betray his companions, becoming a thief himself. The burglary fails, and Oliver, who is wounded, is left lying in a ditch. The next morning he reaches the house into which Sikes had attempted to break, and Mrs. Maylie and her adopted niece, Rose, believe his story. They, with the aid of Doctor Losberne, take care of him during his illness, and throw the officers of the law off the scent.

Shortly afterwards Rose becomes very ill, and Harry Maylie, Mrs. Maylie's son, appears on the scene. He presses Rose to marry him, but she refuses because of a supposed blot on her family history.

Fagin again searches for Oliver, aided by Monks, a mysterious persecutor of the boy. Oliver has an unlooked-for champion in Nancy, who tells Rose, at some risk to herself, of the plots made against the innocent boy. Rose relates the whole matter to Mr. Brownlow, and they have another interview with Nancy.

Nancy is followed by Noah Claypole, who has joined Fagin, and he tells the Jew and Sikes of everything. The housebreaker becomes so infuriated that he savagely murders his mistress with a club. He then flies, followed by his dog, and after wandering about the country for some time comes back to London, thinking that after all it is the safest place to hide in. The dog is seen, and Sikes is partly traced through it, and in attempting to escape accidentally hangs himself.

By means of the evidence that Mr. Brownlow has collected, the gang of thieves is broken up, and Fagin is tried for his crimes and executed. The "Artful Dodger" has previously been transported, and Charley Bates reforms. Noah Claypole escapes by turning King's evidence. Mr. Brownlow discovers that Monks is a half-brother of Oliver, who is a natural son. His father is dead, but in his will he left provision for both sons, and for this reason Monks had attempted to ruin the boy. Monks also states that Rose Maylie is the sister of Oliver's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Bumble are shown to be in the plot against Oliver, and lose their offices in the workhouse, of which they finally become inmates.

Monks goes to America with his share of the legacy, and dies there in prison. Oliver becomes the protégé of Mr. Brownlow, Harry Maylie marries Rose, and they, with their friends Doctor Losborne and the eccentric Grimwig and the faithful servants Giles and Brattles, form a happy little family.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ANNY, *a pauper.*

Ch. xxiv, li.

BARNEY, *one of Fagin's confederates, and employed at The Three Crisples Inn, Little Saffron Hill.*

Ch. xv, xxi, xlii, xlv.

CHARLEY BATES, *one of the thieves in the employ of Fagin*

Ch. ix, x, xii, xiii, xiv, xviii, xxv.

BAYTON, *one of the poor of the parish*

Ch. i.

BECKY, *barmaid at The Red Lion Inn.*

Ch. xxi.

MRS. BEDWIN, *housekeeper to Mr. Brownlow.*

A motherly old lady, very neatly and precisely dressed.

Ch. xii, xiv, xvi, xli, li.

BET or BETSY, *a thief in the employ of Fagin, and a companion of Nancy.*

Wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind.

Ch. ix, xiii, xvi, xxiii.

BILL, *a gravedigger.*

Ch. v.

BLATHERS, *Bow Street officer.*

A portly man in a greatcoat—a stout personage of middle height, aged about fifty; with shiny black hair, cropped pretty close; half-whiskers, a round face, and sharp eyes.

Ch. xxxi.

MORRIS BOLTER, *see Noah Claypole.*

BRITTLES, *a servant of Mrs. Maylie.*

Ch. xxviii, xx, xxxi, liii.

MR. BROWNLOW, *a kindly old gentleman who befriends Oliver Twist.*

A very respectable-looking personage, with powdered head and gold spectacles. He was dressed in a bottle-green coat, with a black velvet collar; wore white trousers; and carried a smart bamboo cane under his arm.

Ch. x-xii, xvi, xli, xlii, xlix, li-liii.

BULL'S-EYE, *the dog belonging to Bill Sikes.*

A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places.

Ch. xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xxxix, xlviii, l.

MR. BUMBLE, *a parish beadle, tyrannical and selfish. He marries the matron of a workhouse, and in the end he and his wife become inmates of the same workhouse over which they ruled.*

He was in the full bloom and pride of beadlehood; his cocked hat and coat were dazzling in the morning sun; and he clutched his cane with the vigorous tenacity of health and power. Mr. Bumble always carried his head high; but this morning it was higher than usual. There was an abstraction in his eye, an elevation in his air, which might have warned an observant stranger that thoughts were passing in the beadle's mind too great for utterance. . . .

Mr. Bumble stopped not to converse with the small shopkeepers and others who spoke to him, deferentially, as he passed along. He merely returned their salutations with a wave of his hand; and relaxed not in his dignified pace, until he reached the farm where Mrs. Mann tended the infant paupers with parochial care.

Ch. i, iii-v, vii, xvii, xxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, li.

CHARLOTTE, *servant to Mrs. Sowerberry.*

Ch. iv-vi, xviii, xlii, liii.

TOM CHITLING, *an apprentice of Fagin.*

He had small twinkling eyes, and a poek-marked face; wore a fur cap, a dark corduroy jacket, greasy fustian trousers, and an apron.

Ch. xviii, xxv, xxxix, l.

NOAH CLAYPOLE, *a charity boy apprenticed to Sowerberry, and who afterwards goes to London and becomes a thief.*

A large-headed, small-eyed youth, of lumbering make, and heavy countenance—a red nose, and yellow smalls.—Mother a washerwoman, and father a drunken soldier.

Ch. v, vi, xviii, xlii, xliii, xlv-xlvii, liii.

MRS. CORNEY, *matron of the workhouse where Oliver was born, afterwards married to Mr. Bumble.*

A poor desolate creature . . . a discreet matron.

Ch. xviii, xxix, xxxi, xxxvii, xxxviii, li.

TOBY CRACKIT, *a housebreaker.*

He was dressed in a smartly cut snuff-coloured coat, with large brass buttons, and orange neckerchief; a coarse, staring shawl-pattern waist-coat; and drab breeches. Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers, ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather weak in the legs; but this circumstance by no means detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he contemplated, in their elevated situation, with lively satisfaction.

Ch. xxiii, xxv, xxviii, xxxix, l.

JOHN DAWKINS, *alias "The Artful Dodger," a pickpocket in the service of Fagin the Jew. He is caught at last, and sentenced to transportation for life.*

He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty & juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age; with rather bow-legs, and little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment; and would have done so, very often, if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back, half-way up his arm, to get his hands out of the sleeves: apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers: for there he kept them. He was, altogether, as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his bluchers. Oliver concluded that, being of a dissipated and careless turn, the moral precepts of his benefactor had hitherto been thrown away upon him.

Ch. viii-x, xii, xiii, xvi, xviii, xix, xxv, xxxix, xlii.

LITTLE DICK, *companion of Oliver at a branch workhouse.*

Ch. vii, xvii.

"THE ARTFUL DODGER," *see John Dawkins.*

DUFF, *a Bow Street officer.*

A red-headed, bony man, in top-boots; with a rather ill-favoured countenance, and a turned-up, sinister-looking nose.

Ch. xxxi.

FAGIN, *a trainer of thieves and pickpockets, whom he called his "apprentices." After a long evil career he is sentenced to death for being concerned in a murder.*

A very old shrivelled Jew, whose villainous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare; and seemed to be dividing his attention between a frying-pan and a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds, made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor; and seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes, and drinking spirits with the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a

few words to the Jew; and then turned round and grinned at Oliver; as did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand. . . .

It was late next morning when Oliver awoke, from a sound, long sleep. There was no other person in the room but the old Jew, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast, and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it round and round, with an iron spoon. He would stop every now and then to listen when there was the least noise below; and when he had satisfied himself, he would go on, whistling and stirring again as before. . . . When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way. The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt: buttoned his coat tight round him, and putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets any hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fireplace, and sometimes at the door, making believe that he was staring with all his might into shop windows. At such times, he would look constantly round him, for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time, the two boys followed him closely about: getting out of his sight, so nimbly, every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, the Dodger trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief, even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was; and then the game began all over again.

Ch. viii, ix, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xx, xxv, xxvi, xxxiv, xxxix, xlii-xlv, xlvii, lii.

MR. FANG, a violent, overbearing magistrate.

A lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern and much flushed.

Ch. xi.

AGNES FLEMING, mother of Oliver Twist.

Ch. i, liii.

ROSE FLEMING, see Rose Maylie.

GAMFIELD, a chimney sweep.

Whose villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty.

Ch. iii.

MR. GILES, butler and steward to Mrs. Maylie.

Ch. xxviii-xxxi, xxxiv, xxxv, liii.

MR. GRIMWIG, a friend of Mr. Brownlow, and for a long time unconvinced of Oliver's innocence.

A stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-

brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt frill stuck out from his waistcoat; and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange; the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head on one side when he spoke, and of looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time, which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot.

Ch. xiv, xvii, xli, li, liii.

KAGS, a returned transport.

Ch. i.

EDWARD LEEFORD, *see* Monks.

LIMBKINS, chairman of the workhouse board.

Ch. ii, iii.

MR. LIVELY, salesman in Field Lane, and receiver of stolen goods.

Ch. xxvi.

MR. LOSBERNE, a surgeon and friend of the Maylie family.

Known through a circuit of ten miles round as "The Doctor," had grown fat, more from good humour than from good living; and was as kind and hearty, and withal as eccentric an old bachelor, as will be found in five times that space, by any explorer alive.

Ch. xxix-xxxvi, xli, xlix, li, liii.

MRS. MANN, matron of the branch workhouse where Oliver is "farmed."

Ch. i, xvii.

MARTHA, a pauper.

A withered old female pauper. Her body was bent by age; her limbs trembled with palsy; her face, distorted with a mumbling leer, resembled more the grotesque shaping of some wild pencil than the working of Nature's hand.

Ch. xxiii, xxiv, li.

HARRY MAYLIE, son of Mrs. Maylie, afterwards married to Rose.

About five-and-twenty years of age, and was of middle height; his countenance was frank and handsome, and his demeanour easy and prepossessing.

Ch. xxxiv, xxxvi, li, liii.

ROSE MAYLIE, adopted niece of Mrs. Maylie, and really the sister of Oliver's mother.

In the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood—she was not past seventeen, cast in so slight and exquisite a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful that earth seemed not her element.

Ch. xxviii, xxix, xxx-xxxiii, xxxv, xxxvi, xl, xli, xlii, li, liii.

MRS. MAYLIE, a lady who befriends Oliver.

Well advanced in years; but the high-backed oaken chair in which she sat was not more upright than she. Dressed with the utmost nicety and precision, in a quaint mixture of bygone costume, with some slight concessions to the prevailing taste—she sat in a stately manner, with her hands folded.

Ch. xxix-xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xli, li, liii.

MONES, half-brother to *Oliver Twist*, whose real name is *Edward Leejford*. He persecutes *Oliver*, and gives *Fagin* a large reward to keep the boy in his hands. *Mr. Brownlow* discovers his villainy, and compels him to hand over one-half of the fortune remaining in his hands for the benefit of *Oliver*. He is forced to leave the country, and dies abroad in prison.

Ch. xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xxxvii-xxxix, xlix, li, liii.

NANCY, mistress of *Bill Sikes*, and a thief in the service of *Fagin*. She is murdered by *Sikes*.

A couple of young ladies. . . . They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps; but they had a good deal of colour in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, *Oliver* thought them very nice girls indeed.

Ch. ix, xiii, xv, xvi, xix, xx, xxvi, xxix, xl, xlii-xliii.

OLD SALLY, an inmate of the workhouse, who robs *Oliver's* mother on her death-bed.

Ch. xxiv.

BILL SIKES, a brutal thief and housebreaker. *Fagin* tells *Sikes* that *Nancy*, his mistress, has informed against him; he brutally murders her, and flees into the country. He returns to London, and is tracked to his hiding-place. In endeavouring to escape from the roof by means of a rope he is caught in it by the neck and strangled.

A stoutly built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velvet coat, very soiled drab breeches, laced-up half-boots, and grey cotton stockings, which inclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves; the kind of legs that, in such costume, always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty Belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke; disclosing, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes; one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow. . . .

In the obscure parlour of a low public-house, situate in the filthiest part of Little Saffron Hill; a dark and gloomy den, where a glaring gas-light burnt all day in the winter-time, and where no ray of sun ever shone in the summer; there sat, brooding over a little pewter measure and a small glass, strongly impregnated with the smell of liquor, a man in a velvet coat, drab shorts, half-boots, and stockings, whom, even by that dim light, no experienced agent of police would have hesitated for one instant to recognise as *Mr. William Sikes*. At his feet sat a white-coated, red-eyed dog; who occupied himself, alternately, in winking at his master with both eyes at the same time, and in licking a large, fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict.

Ch. xiii, xv, xvi, xix-xxii, xxviii, xxxix, xlii, xliii, l.

MR. SOWERBERRY, an undertaker to whom *Oliver* is apprenticed.

A tall, gaunt, large-jointed man, attired in a suit of threadbare black, with darned cotton stockings of the same colour, and shoes to answer.

His features were not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he was in general rather given to professional jocosity.

Ch. iv, v, vii.

MRS. SOWERBERRY, *wife of the foregoing.*

A short, thin, squeezed-up woman, with a vixenish countenance.

Ch. iv-vii.

OLIVER TWIST, *an orphan boy, and hero of the story.*

Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale, thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast. It had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any ninth birthday at all.

Ch. i-xii, xiv-xvi, xviii, xx-xxii, xxviii-xxvi, xli, li-lvii.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

SCENE: *London, Yorkshire, and Portsmouth.*

TIME: *circa 1830-1831.*

DICKENS'S first idea for this story was that of attack against the cheap schools of Yorkshire. From this the novel expanded into the adventures of a young man on starting out in the world.

A greedy miser and moneylender, Ralph Nickleby, has an only brother who dies and leaves a wife, a daughter Kate, and a son Nicholas, aged about nineteen. They apply to Ralph Nickleby for assistance, of which he gives as little as possible and as grudgingly as possible. He and young Nicholas dislike each other from the first, and the moneylender obtains a situation for his nephew at a Yorkshire boarding-school, controlled by Wackford Squeers, a one-eyed man, brutal and ignorant, is assisted by his wife at "Dotheboys Hall," where teaching is a farce and the food of the worst.

Young Nickleby interposes on behalf of Smike, an ill-treated drudge at the school, who has run away, and on being recaptured is on the point of receiving an unmerciful thrashing. Squeers, infuriated at the interference, turns upon Nicholas, who knocks him down and gives him a sound thrashing, in spite of the efforts of the remaining elements of the Squeers family on behalf of their lord and master. Nicholas leaves the school in consequence, the brutal way in which the boys are treated having sickened him before the final episode.

He decides to walk to London, and has the unlooked-for assistance of John Browdie, an honest Yorkshireman. Nicholas is accompanied to the metropolis by Smike, who has begged to be allowed to follow and serve him. In London they are aided by a clerk of Ralph Nickleby, Newman Noggs. The miser has his clerk in his power, but while Noggs is apparently a harmless old man he is really waiting for the day when he can have his revenge.

Nicholas refrains from making his presence in London known, and for a time becomes a tutor to the Kenwidges. His sister Kate, who is at the millinery establishment of Madame Mantalini, and his mother are living in a wretched building belonging to Ralph Nickleby. With the help of Newman Noggs, however, they are able to live fairly comfortably. Kate is pestered with the attentions of Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht, both blackguards, but who are introduced to her through the domineering of her uncle.

Nicholas appears again in order to explain his conduct over Squeers, and quarrels with Ralph, who threatens to stop helping Kate and her mother unless he leaves them. The prospects of the young man are

small, so he is forced to leave London with Smike, and they arrive at Portsmouth. Here they join the theatrical company of Vincent Crummles, who takes a fancy to them, and both Nicholas and Smike achieve some success. They are, however, called back to London by an urgent letter from Newman Noggs. There Nicholas finds that his uncle has taken his sister away from Madame Mantalini's, and placed her with the Witterllys, a family aspiring to join the ranks of society. Meanwhile Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht are still pestering Kate with their attentions, and through a conversation which Nicholas overhears in a coffee-house between the two men, he gives the former a well-deserved thrashing.

Kate and Mrs. Nickleby leave the money lender's house, and Nicholas writes a bitter letter to his uncle breaking off all connection with him. He takes his sister from the Witterllys, and with Smike they all take a temporary home with Miss La Creevy, a portrait painter who had been kind to them in former days. Nicholas, in his search for work, meets the Cheeryble Brothers. These two, Charles and Edwin, have become wealthy, and are noted for their generosity, and they engage young Nickleby as an assistant to Tim Linkinwater, a kind-hearted old man. The Cheeryble Brothers further help the family by letting them a little comfortable cottage at a low rent.

Shortly afterwards Wackford Squeers captures Smike in the street, and is on the point of taking the weak-minded fellow to Yorkshire again, when he is rescued by John Browdie, who has come to London on his wedding-trip. Ralph Nickleby aids Squeers in his designs against Smike, and they pretend that they have discovered, in one Snawley, the father of the unfortunate youth. The three go to the cottage of the Nicklebys and attempt to carry Smike off, but are defeated by John Browdie and Nicholas. About this time, Frank Cheeryble, nephew of the Cheeryble Brothers, appears on the scene, and also Madeline Bray, a young lady with whom Nicholas falls in love. She is supporting her sick father with the help of the kindly brothers.

Arthur Gride, a moneylending friend of Ralph, and Nicholas's uncle form a plot against Madeline. Gride possesses himself of a deed relating to some property coming to her, and with the help of Mr. Bray attempts to marry her. The plot is almost successful, but is frustrated by the appearance of Nicholas and the sudden death of Mr. Bray. Through Newman Noggs, Nicholas has learnt of the plot, and he takes Madeline to his mother and Kate, who nurse her through a serious illness. The deed in favour of Madeline is finally recovered and taken care of by the Cheeryble Brothers, who discover that she is the heiress to several thousand pounds. Smike, whose body has never recovered from its ill-treatment in his boyhood, gradually becomes worse, and, although Nicholas takes him to the country where he had spent his early years, he is unable to save him, and the poor fellow dies. Just before his death he confesses that he was hopelessly in love with Kate.

The wickedness of Ralph Nickleby is now gradually brought to light. Snawley and Gride are captured, and Wackford Squeers is imprisoned. It transpires that Smike is the son of Ralph by a secret marriage, and his father had believed that he had died in his youth. The shock of the discovery that he has been persecuting his own son, and that that son was befriended by his nephew, is so great that he hangs himself.

Nicholas refuses to inherit his uncle's money, although he is the rightful heir to it. Kate rejects Frank Cheeryble on the ground of the difference of their prospects, and Nicholas refrains from proposing to

Madeline because of her wealth. The Cheeryble Brothers, however, take the matter in hand, and the two couples are married. Nicholas and Frank and Tim Linkinwater become members of the firm, and the latter marries Miss La Creevy.

Squeers is sentenced to imprisonment abroad, and when the news reaches "Dotheboys Hall" it causes a wild demonstration of delight against Mrs. Squeers, and the school is broken up. Newman Noggs gains his self-respect now Ralph Nickleby no longer is his master. Lord Frederick Verisopht is killed in a duel with Sir Mulberry Hawk, who is forced to go to the Continent in consequence. Crummles, the actor-manager, goes to America, accompanied by the members of his family, and the story comes to a happy conclusion.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

CAPTAIN ADAMS, *one of the seconds in the duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht.*

Ch. I.

THE AFRICAN KNIFE-SWALLOWER, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Ch. xlviii.

ALPHONSE, *the page of Mrs. Wuttitlerly.*

So little, indeed, that his body could not hold, in ordinary array, the number of small buttons which are indispensable to a page's costume, and they were consequently obliged to be stuck on four abreast.

Ch. xxi, xxviii, xxxii.

MASTER BELLING, *one of the pupils of Mr. Squeers.*

On the trunk was perched his lace-up half-boots and corduroy trousers dangling in the air—a diminutive boy, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees.

Ch. iv.

MISS BELVAWNEY, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Seldom aspired to speaking parts, and usually went on as a page in white silk hose, to stand with one leg bent, and contemplate the audience, or twisting up the ringlets of the beautiful Miss Bravassa.

Ch. xxiii, xxi, xxix.

MRS. BLOCKSON, *a charwoman employed by Miss Knag.*

Ch. xviii.

MR. BOBSTER, *father of the young lady whom Noggs mistook for Madeline Bray.*

Ch. xl.

MISS CECILIA BOBSTER, *daughter of the foregoing.*

Ch. xl.

BOLDER, *a pupil of Mr. Squeers.*

An unhealthy looking boy, with warts all over his hands.

Ch. viii.

MR. BONNEY, *a friend of Ralph Nickleby.*

A pale gentleman with his hair standing up in great disorder all over his head, and a very narrow cravat tied loosely round his throat.

Ch. ii.

MR. BORUM, *a gentleman at the house of whom Nicholas and Miss Snevellicci call.*

Ch. xxiv.

MRS. BORUM, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxiv.

AUGUSTUS BORUM, *son of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxiv.

CHARLOTTE BORUM, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Borum.*

Ch. xxiv.

EMMA BORUM, *a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Borum.*

Ch. xxiv.

MISS BRAVASSA, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Had once had her likeness taken in character—whereof impressions were hung up for sale in the pastry-cook's window, and the greengrocer's, and the circulating library, and the box office, whenever the announce bills came out for her annual night.

Ch. xxiii-xxv, xxix.

MADELINE BRAY, *daughter of a lady who was a great friend of the Cherrybles Brothers. She marries Nicholas Nickleby.*

A young lady who could be scarcely eighteen, of very slight and delicate figure, but exquisitely shaped, who, walking timidly up to the desk, made an inquiry, in a very low tone of voice, relative to some situation as governess, or companion to a lady. She raised her veil for an instant, while she preferred the inquiry, and disclosed a countenance of most uncommon beauty, though shaded by a cloud of sadness, which in one so young was doubly remarkable. . . . She was neatly, but very quietly attired; so much so, indeed, that it seemed as though her dress, if it had been worn by one who imparted fewer graces of her own to it, might have looked poor and shabby.

Ch. xvi, xl, xli, xlvii, li, lii, lii-lvi, lxiii, lxx.

MR. WALTER BRAY, *father of the foregoing, and a broken-down, selfish debauchee.*

He was scarce fifty, perhaps, but so emaciated as to appear much older. His features presented the remains of a handsome countenance.

Ch. xli, xlvii, lii-liv.

BROOKER, *a former clerk of Ralph Nickleby, and a felon and outcast.*

A spare, dark, withered man, with a stooping body and a very sinister face rendered more ill-favoured by hollow and hungry cheeks deeply sunburnt; and thick black eyebrows, blacker in contrast with the perfect whiteness of his hair. Roughly clothed in shabby garments, of a strange and uncouth make, and having about him an indefinable manner of depression and degradation.

Ch. xlii, lx, lxx.

JOHN BROWDIE, *an honest Yorkshireman who befriends Nicholas.*

His hair was very damp from recent washing, and a clean shirt, whereof the collar might have belonged to some giant ancestor . . . together with a waistcoat of similar dimensions—something over six feet high.

Ch. ix, xiii, xxxix, xlii, xliii, xlv, lxiv.

MR. BULPH, *a pilot who keeps a lodging-house at which Mr. Crummles stays.*

Ch. xxiii.

MR. CHARLES CHEERYBLE, *one of the Cheeryble Brothers, a kindly hearted old merchant who befriends Nicholas Nickleby.*

He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large, to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat buttoned; and his dimpled double-chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff-starched, apoplectic cravats, but a good, easy, old-fashioned white neckcloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse for it. But what principally attracted the attention of Nicholas, was the old gentleman's eye—never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye, as that. And there he stood, looking a little upward, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch-chain: his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head (but that was evidently accident; not his ordinary way of wearing it), with such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth, and such a comical expression of mingled sadness, simplicity, kind-heartedness, and good humour, lighting up his jolly old face, that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten meanwhile that there was such a thing as a soured mind or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world.

Ch. xxv, xxxvii, xl, xliii, xlv, xlv, lv, lx, lx, lxi, lxii, lxv.

MR. EDWIN CHEERYBLE, *brother of Mr. Charles Cheeryble.*

Another old gentleman, the very type and model of himself (Mr. Charles Cheeryble, whom see). The same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters—nay, there was even the very same white hat hanging against the wall.

For references, see Mr. Charles Cheeryble.

FRANK CHEERYBLE, *nephew of the Cheeryble Brothers, and who marries Kate Nickleby.*

A sprightly, good-humoured, pleasant fellow, with much both in his countenance and disposition that reminded Nicholas very strongly of the kind-hearted brothers. His manner was as unaffected as theirs.

Ch. xliii, xlix, lv, lvii, lix, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

COLONEL CHOWSER, *one of the guests at a dinner-party given by Ralph Nickleby.*

Ch. xix, l.

COBBEY, *a pupil of Mr. Squeers.*

Ch. viii.

MR. CROWL, *a fellow-lodger of Newman Noggs.*

A hard-featured, square-faced man, elderly and shabby. Wore a wig of short, red hair, which he took off with his bat, and hung upon a nail.

Ch. xiv, xv, xxvii.

MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES, *manager of a theatrical company, which Nicholas and Smike join.*

He had a very full under-lip, a hoarse voice, as though he were in the habit of shouting very much, and very short black hair, shaved off nearly to the crown of his head—to admit of his more easily wearing character wigs of any shape or pattern.

Ch. xxii-xxv, xxix, xxx, xlviii.

MRS. CRUMMLES, *wife of the foregoing.*

A stout portly female, apparently between forty and fifty, in a tarnished silk cloak, with her bonnet dangling by the strings in her hand, and her hair (of which she had a great quantity) braided in a large festoon over each temple.

Ch. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xxx, xlviii.

MASTER CRUMMLES and MASTER PERCY CRUMMLES, *sons of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxii, xxiii, xxx, xlviii.

MISS NINETTA CRUMMLES, *daughter of Mr. Crummles, and known as the "Infant Phenomenon."*

A little girl in a dirty white frock, with tucks up to the knees, short trousers, sandalled shoes, white spencer, pink gauze bonnet, green veil, and curl-papers.

Ch. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xlviii.

MR. CURDLE, *a Portsmouth gentleman, and the author of a pamphlet on the character of the nurse's deceased husband in "Romeo and Juliet."*

He wore a loose robe on his back, and his right forefinger on his forehead, after the portraits of Sterne . . . to whom somebody or other had once said he bore a striking resemblance.

Ch. xxiv.

MRS. CURDLE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxiv.

MR. and MRS. CUTLER, *friends of the Kenwigses.*

Ch. xiv.

DAVID, *butler to the Cheeryble Brothers.*

Of apoplectic appearance, with very short legs.

Ch. xxxvii, lxviii.

DIGBY, *theatrical name of Smike, whom see.*

MR. FOLAIR, *member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Ch. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xxx.

MISS GAZINGI, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

With an imitation boa tied in a loose knot round her neck, flogging Mr. Crummles, junior, with both ends, for fun.

Ch. xxviii.

THE GENTLEMAN IN SMALL CLOTHES, *in love with Mrs. Nickleby, but mad.*

"He is a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman, although he does wear smalls and grey worsted stockings."

Ch. xxxvii, xlv.

GEORGE, *a friend of the Kenwigses.*

Ch. xiv.

GRAYMARSH, *a pupil of Mr. Squencers.*

Ch. viii.

MISS GREEN, *a friend of the Kenwigses.*

Ch. xiv.

MR. GREGSBURY, *a member of Parliament to whom Nicholas applies for the situation of private secretary.*

A tough, burly, thick-headed gentleman, with a loud voice, a pompous manner, a tolerable command of sentences with no meaning in them.

Ch. xvi.

ARTHUR GRIDE, *the old miser who is associated with Ralph Nickleby in his evil schemes.*

He was a little old man, of about seventy or seventy-five years of ages of a very lean figure, much bent, and slightly twisted. He wore a grey coat with a very narrow collar, and old-fashioned waistcoat of ribbed black silk, and such scanty trousers as displayed his shrunken spindle-shanks in their full ugliness. The only articles of display or ornament in his dress were a steel watch-chain to which were attached some large gold seals, and a black ribbon into which, in compliance with an old fashion scarcely ever observed in these days, his grey hair was gathered behind. His nose and chin were sharp and prominent, his jaws had fallen inwards from loss of teeth, his face was shrivelled and yellow, save where the cheeks were streaked with the colour of a dry winter apple; and, where his beard had been, there lingered yet a few grey tufts which seemed, like the ragged eyebrows, to denote the badness of the soil from which they sprang. The whole air and attitude of the form was one of stealthy, cat-like obsequiousness; the whole expression of the face was concentrated in a wrinkled leer, compounded of cunning, lecherousness, slyness, and avarice.

Ch. xlvii, li, liii, liv, lvi, lx, lvi.

BARON OF GROSZWIG, *see Baron von Kolduchout.*

MRS. GRUDDEN, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

In a brown cloth pelisse and a beaver bonnet, who assisted Mrs. Crummles in her domestic affairs.

Ch. xxiii, xxiv, xxix, xxx, xlix.

HANNAH, *servant to Miss La Creevy.*

Ch. iii.

SIR MULBERRY HAWK, *a rascal and knave, who makes love to Kate Nickleby and is thrashed by Nicholas, and who afterwards kills Lord Frederick Verisopht in a duel.*

Another superlative gentleman, something older, something stouter, and something redder in the face (than Lord Verisopht).

Ch. xix, xxi-xxviii, xxxii, xxxviii, l, lvi.

MR. JOHNSON, *stage name of Nicholas Nickleby.*

MR. KENWIGS, *a turner in ivory, and a lodger in the same house as Newman Noggs.*

Who was looked upon as a person of some consideration on the premises, inasmuch as he occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms.

Ch. xiv-xvi, xxvi, lii.

MRS. KENWIGS, *wife of the foregoing.*

Quite a lady in her manners, and of a very genteel family . . . she was considered a very desirable person to know.

Ch. xiv-xvi, xxvi, lii.

MORLEENA KENWIGS, *daughter of the foregoing.*

Had flaxen hair, tied with blue ribbons, hanging in luxuriant pigtails . . . and wore little white trousers with frills round the ankles.

Ch. xiv-xvi, xxxvi, lii.

MISS KNAG, *forewoman in the millinery establishment of Madame Mantalini.*

A short, bustling, over-dressed female . . . who still aimed at youth, although she had shot beyond it years ago.

Ch. xvii, xviii, xx, xxi, xlv.

MR. MORTIMER KNAG, *brother of the foregoing.*

A tall, lank gentleman of solemn features, wearing spectacles, and garnished with much less hair than a gentleman bordering on forty or thereabouts usually boasts.

Ch. xviii.

BARON VON KOELDWETHOUT, *hero of a story told at a roadside inn when Nickleby and Squeers were detained there. He marries a daughter of the Baron von Swillenhause, and stays at an old castle at Grogzwig.*

Ch. vi.

BARONESS VON KOELDWETHOUT, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. vi.

MISS LA CREEVY, *a miniature painter, and a friend of the Nicklebys. She marries Tim Linkinwater.*

The little, bustling, active, cheerful creature existed entirely within herself, talked to herself, made a confidante of herself, was as sarcastic as she could be, on people who offended her, by herself; pleased herself, and did no harm. If she indulged in scandal, nobody's reputation suffered; and if she enjoyed a little bit of revenge, no living soul was one atom the worse. One of the many to whom, from straitened circumstances, a consequent inability to form the associations they would wish, and a disinclination to mix with the society they could obtain, London is as complete a solitude as the plains of Syria, the humble artist had pursued her lonely but contented way for many years; and, until the peculiar misfortunes of the Nickleby family attracted her attention, had made no friends, though brimful of the friendliest feelings to all mankind. There are many warm hearts in the same solitary guise as poor Miss La Creevy's.

Ch. iii, v, x, xi, xxi, xxiii, xxv, xxviii, xlix, lxi, lxiii, lxx.

MISS LANE, *governess in the family of Mr. Borum.*

Ch. xxiv.

MISS LEDROOK, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Ch. xxiii, xxv, xxx.

THOMAS LENVILLE, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

A dark-complexioned man, inclining indeed to sallow, with long, thick, black hair, and very evident indications (although he was close-shaved) of a stiff beard, and whiskers of the same deep shade. His age did not appear to exceed thirty—his face was long, and very pale, from the constant application of stage paint. He wore a checked shirt, an old green coat with new gilt buttons, a neckerchief of broad red and green stripes, and full blue trousers.

Ch. xxiii, xxiv, xxix.

MRS. LENVILLE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxiii, xxix.

MR. LILLYVICK, *a collector of water rates, and uncle to Mrs. Kenwigs.*

A short old gentleman in drabs and gaiters, with a face that might have been carved out of *lignum vitæ*, for anything that appeared to the contrary.

Ch. xiv-xvi, xxv, xxx, xxxvi, xlviii.

MISS LINKINWATER, *sister of Tim Linkinwater.*

Ch. xxxvii, lxiii.

TIM LINKINWATER, *head clerk to the Cheeryble Brothers. He marries Miss La Creevy.*

Punctual as the counting-house dial, which he maintained to be the best time-keeper in London next after the clock of some old, hidden, unknown church hard by (for Tim held the fabled goodness of that at the Horse Guards to be a pleasant fiction, invented by jealous West-enders), the old clerk performed the minutest actions of the day, and arranged the minutest articles in the little room, in a precise and regular order, which could not have been exceeded if it had actually been a real glass case fitted with the choicest curiosities. Paper, pens, ink, ruler, sealing-wax, wafers, pounce-box, string-box, fire-box, Tim's hat, Tim's scrupulously folded gloves, Tim's other coat—looking precisely like a back view of himself as it hung against the wall—all had their accustomed inches of space. Except the clock, there was not such an accurate and unimpeachable instrument in existence as the little thermometer which hung behind the door. . . .

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attio one single night."

Ch. xxv, xxxvii, xl, xliii, xlix, lv, lix-lxi, lxiii, lxx.

MR. LUMBURY, *the doctor who attends Mrs. Kenwigs.*

Ch. xxv.

MADAME MANTALINI, *a fashionable milliner and dressmaker.*

A buxom person, handsomely dressed.

Ch. x, xvii, xviii, xxi, xxix, xli.

MR. ALFRED MANTALINI, *husband of the foregoing.*

Dressed in a gorgeous morning gown, with a waistcoat and Turkish trousers of the same pattern, a pink silk neckerchief, and bright green slippers, and had a very copious watch-chain wound round his body.

Ch. x, xvii, xxi, xxiv, xlv, lxi.

MOBBS, *a pupil of Mr. Squeers.*

Ch. viii.

MR. GODFREY NICKLEBY, *father of Ralph and the elder Nicholas.*

Ch. i.

KATE NICKLEBY, *sister of Nicholas. Marries Frank Cherryble.*

A slight but very beautiful girl of about seventeen.

Ch. iii, v, x, xi, xvii-xxi, xxvii, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, xlix, lv, lxi, lxiii-lxv.

MRS. NICKLEBY, *widow of the elder and mother of the younger Nicholas Nickleby. She was a well-meaning woman but weak, "had dearly loved her husband, and still doted on her children." She was very talkative, remarkable for her inaccuracy of memory, the irrelevancy of her remarks, and the general inconsequence of her conversation.*

Ch. iii, v, x, xi, xviii-xx, xxi, xxvi-xxviii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, lv, lxi, lxiii, lxv.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, *the elder, father of Nicholas Nickleby, the younger.*

Was of a timid and retiring disposition.

Ch. i.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, *the younger, the character from whom the story takes its name.*

. . . And the uncle and nephew looked at each other for some seconds without speaking. The face of the old man was stern, hard-featured, and forbidding; that of the young one, open, handsome, and ingenuous. The old man's eye was keen with the twinklings of avarice and cunning; the young man's, bright with the light of intelligence and spirit. His figure was somewhat slight, but manly and well-formed; and apart from all the grace of youth and comeliness, there was an emanation from the warm young heart in his look and bearing that kept the old man down.

Ch. iii-ix, xii, xiii, xv, xvi, xx, xxii-xxv, xxix, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii, xli, xlii, xliii, xlv, xlvii, xlviii, xlix, li, lii, liii, lvi, lxiii-lxv.

RALPH NICKLEBY, *Nicholas's uncle, and a heartless moneylender and miser. He persecutes his nephew and Smike, and on discovering that the latter is his own son, hangs himself.*

He wore a bottle-green spencer over a blue coat; a white waistcoat, grey mixture pantaloons, and Wellington boots drawn over them; the corner of a small-plaited shirt frill struggled out, as if insisting to show itself, from between his chin and the top button of his spencer, and the garment was not made low enough to conceal a long gold watch-chain, composed of a series of plain rings, which had its beginning at the handle of a gold repeater in Mr. Nickleby's pocket, and its termination in two little keys, one belonging to the watch itself, and the other to some patent padlock. He wore a sprinkling of powder upon his head, as if to make himself look benevolent; but if that were his purpose, he would perhaps have done better to powder his countenance also, for there was something in its very wrinkles, and in his cold restless eye,

which seemed to tell of cunning that would announce itself in spite of him. . . .

Stern, unyielding, dogged, and impenetrable, Ralph cared for nothing in life, or beyond it, save the gratification of two passions: avarice, the first and predominant appetite of his nature, and hatred, the second. Affecting to consider himself but a type of all humanity, he was at little pains to conceal his true character from the world in general, and in his own heart he exulted over and cherished every bad design as it had birth. The only scriptural admonition that Ralph Nickleby heeded, in the letter, was "know thyself." He knew himself well, and choosing to imagine that all mankind were cast in the same mould, hated them; for, though no man hates himself, the coldest among us having too much self-love for that, yet most men unconsciously judge the world from themselves, and it will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

Ch. i-iv, x, xix, xx, xxviii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, li, liv, lvi, lix, lx, lxii.

NEWMAN NOGGS, clerk to Ralph Nickleby, who causes him to lose his self-respect. He becomes a great friend of Nicholas, and is able to reveal his uncle's evil plots against him.

He was a tall man of middle-age, with two goggle eyes whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a rusty brown suit of clothes (if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all) much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons that it was quite marvellous how he contrived to keep them on. . . .

He rarely spoke to anybody unless somebody spoke to him . . . and rubbed his hands slowly over each other, cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other, and to render it impossible for anybody to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observer at first sight. . . .

He sat upon an uncommonly hard stool (to which he had communicated a high polish by countless gettings off and on) in a species of butler's pantry at the end of the passage, and always had a pen behind his ear when he answered the door.

Ch. ii-vi, xi, xiv-xvi, xxii, xxviii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xl, xlv, xlvii, li, lii, lvii, lix, lxi, lxi.

MISS HENRIETTA PETOWKER, an actress who marries Mr. Lillyvick and then elopes with a half-pay captain.

Ch. xiv, xv, xxv, xxx, xxxvi, xlviii.

PHIB, or PHOEBE, maid to Miss Squeers.

Ch. xii.

MR. PLUCK, a toady of Sir Mulberry Hawk.

Ch. xix, xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, l.

MATILDA PRICE, a friend of Fanny Squeers, and afterwards wife of John Browdie.

A miller's daughter of only eighteen, who had contracted herself

to the son of a small corn-factor, residing in the nearest market town. She was pretty, and a coquette, too, in her small way.

Ch. ix, xii, xxix, xlii, xliii, xlv, lxiv.

MR. PUGSTYLES, a constituent of *Mr. Gregsbury*.

Ch. xvi.

SIR MATTHEW PUPKER, a member of *Parliament*.

Ch. ii.

MR. PYKE, a toady of *Sir Mulberry Hawk*.

Ch. xix, xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, l.

MR. SCALEY, a *sheriff's officer*.

Proprietor of a white hat, and a red handkerchief, and a broad round face, and a large head, and . . . a green coat.

Ch. xxi.

MISS SIMMONDS, a workwoman at *Madame Mantalini's*.

Ch. xvii.

PEG SLIDERSKEW, housekeeper to *Arthur Gride*.

A short, thin, weasen, blear-eyed old woman, palsy-stricken and hideously ugly, wiping her shrivelled face upon her dirty apron.

Ch. li, liii, liv, lvii, lxx.

SMIKE, the drudge of *Mr. Squers*. He runs away with *Nicholas* to London, for whose sister he has a hopeless love. He is really the son of *Ralph Nickleby*, but dies from the effects of his early life.

Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with his singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. God knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame. . . .

The wretched creature, *Smike*, since the night *Nicholas* had spoken kindly to him in the schoolroom, had followed him to and fro with an ever restless desire to serve or help him, anticipating such little wants as his humble ability could supply, and content only to be near him. He would sit beside him for hours looking patiently into his face, and a word would brighten up his care-worn visage, and call upon it a passing gleam even of happiness. He was an altered being; he had an object now, and that object was to show his attachment to the only person—that person a stranger—who had treated him, not to say with kindness, but like a human creature.

Ch. vii, viii, xii, xliii, xv, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxv, xxix, xxx, xxxii, xxxiv, xxxviii—xl, xlv, xlix, lv, liiii.

MR. SHAWLEY, the tool of *Ralph Nickleby*, and who claims *Smike* as his son, in order to separate him from *Nicholas*.

A sleek, fat-nosed man, clad in sombre garments, and long, black

gaiters, and bearing in his countenance an expression of much mortification and sanctity.

Ch. iv, xxxviii, xlv, liz.

MRS. SNAWLEY, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxxviii, liz.

MISS SNEVELLICCI, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Who could do anything from a medley dance to Lady Macbeth—always played some part in blue silk knee-smalls at her benefit—glancing from the depths of her coal-scuttle bonnet.

Ch. xxiii-xxv, xxix, xxx, xlviii.

MR. SNEVELLICCI, *father of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxx.

MR. SNEWKES, *a friend of the Kenwigses.*

Ch. xiv.

THE HONOURABLE MR. SNOBB, *a guest at the dinner given by Ralph Nickleby.*

A gentleman with the neck of a stork and the legs of no animal in particular.

Ch. xix.

WACKFORD SQUEERS, *a typical specimen of a Yorkshire schoolmaster, brutal, rapacious, ignorant. In the end he is sentenced to be transported for seven years.*

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental, being of a greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fan-light of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which time his expression bordered closely on the villainous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two- or three-and-fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black, but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

Ch. iv-ix, xiii, xxxiv, xxxviii, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lvi, lvii, liz, lx, lxx.

MRS. SQUEERS, *wife of the foregoing.*

"You will have a father in me, my dears, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers." . . . The lady was of a large raw-boned figure, about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night-jacket, with her hair in papers. She had also a dirty nightcap on, relieved by a yellow cotton handkerchief which tied it under her chin.

Ch. vii, viii, ix, xiii, lxiv.

MISS FANNY SQUEERS, *daughter of Mr. Squeers.*

In her three-and-twentieth year—not tall like her mother, but short like her father; from the former she inherited a voice of harsh quality; from the latter a remarkable expression of the right eye, something akin to having none at all; her hair—it had more than a tinge of red—

curled in five distinct rows, and arranged dexterously over the doubtful eye.

Ch. ix, xii, xiii, xv, xxix, xli, lxiv.

MASTER WACKFORD SQUEERS, *son of Mr. Squeers.*

A striking likeness of his father. His chief amusement was to tread upon the other boys' toes.

Ch. viii, ix, xiii, xxix, xxxiv, xxxvii, xlii, lxiv.

BARON VON SWILLENHAUSEN, *see Baron von Korludwethout.*

MR. SNITTLE TIMBERRY, *a member of the theatrical company of Mr. Crummles.*

Ch. xxi.

MR. TOM TIX, *a broker.*

Ch. xlviii.

TOM, *clerk at the General Agency Office.*

A lean youth with cunning eyes, and a protruding chin.

Ch. xvi, xlvii.

TOMKINS, *a pupil of Mr. Squeers.*

Ch. xiii.

MR. TRIMMERS, *a friend of the Cherryble Brothers.*

Ch. xxxv.

LORD FREDERICK VERISOPHT, *a tool of Sir Mulberry Hawk, by whom he is killed in a duel.*

The gentleman exhibited a suit of clothes of the most superlative cut, and a pair of whiskers of similar quality, a moustache, a head of hair, and a young face.

Ch. xix, xxvi-xxviii, xxxvii, l.

MR. WESTWOOD, *one of the seconds in the duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht*

Ch. l.

WILLIAM, *a waiter at The Samson's Head.*

Ch. v.

MRS. JULIA WITITTERLY, *a lady of the middle class, who uses the airs of the aristocracy, and with whom Kate Nickleby lives for a short time as a companion.*

The lady had an air of sweet insipidity, and a face of engaging paleness; there was a faded look about her.

Ch. xxi, xxvii, xxviii.

MR. HENRY WITITTERLY, *husband of the foregoing.*

An important gentleman of about eight-and-thirty, of rather plebeian countenance, and with a very light head of hair.

Ch. xxi, xxvii, xxviii, xxxiii.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

SCENE : *London and the Midlands.*

TIME : 1840.

"THE Old Curiosity Shop" has very little to do with the story, which deals chiefly with Little Nell and her wanderings in search of a safe retreat for her grandfather and herself.

"Little Nell" Trent is a young, lovable girl who lives with her grandfather in an old curiosity shop, and keeps house for him. Nell's grandfather is, however, a confirmed gambler in the hope of making a fortune for his little housekeeper. He borrows money from, and falls into the clutches of, Daniel Quilp, an evil dwarf, who sells up the grandfather. The latter has a serious illness, which leaves him weakened in mind and body. He becomes so afraid of Quilp that he and Little Nell flee secretly. They meet two "Punch and Judy" men who allow them to accompany the show. After a time the girl and her grandfather become alarmed, and leave the travelling showmen.

They fall in with a schoolmaster who is mourning the death of his favourite pupil. Little Nell takes the place of the boy in the affections of the master, but she and her grandfather do not stay long. In their further wanderings they come upon a wax-work exhibition owned by a Mrs. Jarley, who is so pleased with Nell's pretty face that she engages her to exhibit the figures. The two wanderers become comparatively comfortable, when the old man meets with some card-sharpers, and the gambling instinct overcomes him again. He loses every penny that Nell earns, and she is forced to resume her wanderings with him to keep him from the danger. After many sufferings and hardships, they are rescued by their schoolmaster friend, who watches over them and makes a home for them in a town to which he is going. This home is a broken-down house near a church, the keys of which are left in the charge of Nell, and she is often to be found in the sacred building and the silent, deserted churchyard.

Meanwhile, Quilp has offered rewards for the discovery of the pair, and a brother of Nell's grandfather is devoting his energies also to finding them and helping them. This brother lodges with Sampson Brass, a lawyer who is in league with the dwarf. The brother becomes acquainted with Kit Nubbles, a good-natured honest youth who was one of the protectors of Little Nell in the old curiosity shop, and who cheered her with his merriment and queer antics. Kit and he obtain, through the "Punch and Judy" men, a clue to the old man and his grandchild. Kit is in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. Garland, and while there he incurs the hatred of Quilp, and Sampson Brass is commanded to accomplish his ruin. This he does by a false charge of theft; but the tables are

turned, Brass is sent to the chain-gang, the dwarf is drowned in attempting to escape, and Kit is liberated.

The search is still continued for Little Nell, and another clue is furnished by the Garlands. On driving post-haste to the town where they have taken shelter, the searchers find themselves too late. Nell had died only a few hours before, worn out by the struggle, and her grandfather is crazy with grief, and does not recognise his brother. He goes every day to Little Nell's grave, and is found one day lying dead upon it.

Dickens deals quickly with the rest of the characters. The more prominent have already been outlined, and notice may be taken here of Dick Swiveller, soldier of fortune, and the "Marchioness," who saved his life and married him; of Barbara, the sweetheart of Kit; of Mrs. Quilp, who lived in regular terror of her brutal husband; of Sally Brass, sister of Sampson Brass, with her heart of stone; and finally of Frederick Trent, the dissolute brother of Little Nell.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE BACHELOR, *a kind old gentleman at a village where Little Nell and her grandfather stay on their wanderings.*

The little old gentleman was the active spirit of the place—the adjuster of all differences, the promoter of all merry-makings, the dispenser of his friend's bounty, and of no small charity of his own besides: the universal mediator, comforter, and friend. None of the simple villagers had cared to ask his name, or, when they knew it, to store it in their memory. Perhaps from some vague rumour of his college honours, which had been whispered abroad on his first arrival, perhaps because he was an unmarried, unencumbered gentleman, he had been called the Bachelor. The name suited him, or suited him as well as any other, and the Bachelor he had ever since remained.

Ch. lii, liv, lv, lxi, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii.

BARBARA, *a housemaid at Mrs. Garland's, and afterwards wife of Kit Nubbles.*

A little servant girl, very tidy, modest, and demure, but very pretty too.

Ch. xxii, xxviii, xxxix, xl, lxvii, lxix, lxxiii.

SALLY BRASS, *sister of Sampson Brass.*

Clerk, assistant, housekeeper, secretary, confidential plotter, adviser, intriguer, and bill of cost increaser, Miss Brass—a kind of amazon at common law . . . was a lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, of gaunt and bony figure, and a resolute bearing, which if it repressed the softer emotions of love, and kept admirers at a distance, certainly inspired a feeling akin to awe in the breasts of those male strangers who had the happiness to approach her. In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother, Sampson—so exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson and which was Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eye-lashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were

quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quality, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. Her usual dress was a green gown, in colour not unlike the curtain of the office window, made tight to the figure, and terminating at the throat, where it was fastened behind by a peculiarly large and massive button.

Feeling, no doubt, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass wore no collar or kerchief except upon her head, which was invariably ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that happened to suggest itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardour to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way.

Ch. xxxiii-xxxviii, li, lvi-lx, lxiii-lxiv, lxvi, lxvii, lxxiii.

SAMPSON BRASS, a lawyer in league with Quilp.

He was a tall, meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes, and hair of a deep red. He wore a long black surtout reaching nearly to his ankles, short black trousers, high shoes, and cotton stockings of a bluish grey. He had a cringing manner but a very harsh voice, and his blandest smiles were so extremely forbidding, that to have had his company under the least repulsive circumstances, one would have wished him to be out of temper that he might only scowl.

It was a maxim with Mr. Brass that the habit of paying compliments kept a man's tongue oiled without any expense; and, as that useful member ought never to grow rusty or creak in turning on its hinges in the case of a practitioner of the law, in whom it should be always glib and easy, he lost few opportunities of improving himself by the utterance of handsome speeches and eulogistic expressions. And this had passed into such a habit with him that, if he could not be correctly said to have his tongue at his fingers' ends, he might certainly be said to have it anywhere but in his face: which being, as we have already seen, of a harsh and repulsive character, was not oiled so easily, but frowned above all the smooth speeches—one of nature's beacons warning off those who navigated the shoals and breakers of the World, or of that dangerous strait the Law, and admonishing them to seek less treacherous harbours, and try their fortune elsewhere.

Ch. xi-xiii, xxxiii-xxxviii, li, lvi, lviii-lx, lxiii-lxvii, lxxiii.

MR. CHEGGS, a market-gardener, and a rival of Dick Swiveller for Sophy Wackles, whom he finally marries.

Mr. Cheggs was a market-gardener, and shy in the presence of ladies.
Ch. viii.

MISS CHEGGS, sister of the foregoing.

Ch. viii.

MR. CHUCKSTER, clerk in the offices of Witherden the notary, and a friend of Dick Swiveller.

Ch. xiv, xx, xxxviii, xl, lvi, lx, lxv, lxix, lxxiii.

THE CLERGYMAN, *the kind pastor of the village where Little Nell and her grandfather stay.*

Ch. lii, lxxiii.

TOM CODLIN, *one of the Punch and Judy showmen with whom the two wanderers travel for a few days.*

Had a surly, grumbling manner, and an air of always counting up what money they hadn't made.

Ch. xvi-xix, xxvii, lxxiii.

OLD DAVID, *assistant to the sexton in the village where Little Nell dies.*

"You're getting very deaf, Davy, very deaf to be sure!"

Ch. liv.

MISS EDWARDS, *a pupil at the establishment of Miss Monflathers.*

This young lady, being motherless and poor, was apprenticed at the school.

Ch. xxxi, xxxii.

RICHARD EVANS, *a pupil of Mr. Marton.*

An amazing boy to learn, blessed with a good memory and a ready understanding.

Ch. lii.

MR. GARLAND, *a kind-hearted old gentleman with whom Kit Nubbles lives after leaving Little Nell.*

A little, placid-faced old gentleman.

Ch. xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii-xl, lx, lxvi-lxx, lxxii.

MRS. GARLAND, *wife of the foregoing.*

Beside the little old gentleman sat a little old lady, plump and placid like himself.

Ch. xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii-xl, lxvii-lxix, lxxiii.

MR. ABEL GARLAND, *son of the foregoing, and articled to Mr. Witherden.*

Mr. Abel had a quaint old-fashioned air about him, looked nearly of the same age as his father, and bore a wonderful resemblance to him in face and figure . . . in the neatness of the dress and even in the club-foot, he and the old gentleman were precisely alike.

Ch. xiv, xx, xxxviii-xli, lx, lxv, lxvii-lxix, lxxiii.

GEORGE, *driver of the caravan of Mrs. Jarley, whom he afterwards marries.*

Appeared in a sitting attitude, supporting on his legs a baking-dish and a half-gallon stone-bottle, and bearing in his right hand a knife, and in his left a fork.

Ch. xxvi, xxviii, xlvii.

MRS. GEORGE, *a friend of Mrs. Quilp.*

"Before I'd let a man order me about as Quilp orders her . . . I'd kill myself, and write a letter just to say he did it."

Ch. iv.

GRANDFATHER OF LITTLE NELL, *owner of the Old Curiosity Shop.*

He is a confirmed gambler, borrows money from Quilp the dwarf, and pledges his stock for the loans. He is sold up and turned out, weak in mind and body. With his granddaughter he wanders about the country until at last they find shelter through the goodness of a schoolmaster, Mr. Marton. When Little Nell dies, worn out with exposure and privation, the old man soon afterwards follows her.

A little old man with long grey hair, whose face and figure, as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, I could plainly see. Though much altered by age, I fancied I could recognise in his spare and slender form something of that delicate mould which I had noticed in the child [Little Nell]. Their bright blue eyes were certainly alike, but his face was so deeply furrowed, and so very full of care, that here all resemblance ceased. . . . Coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought which convinced me that he could not be, as I had been at first inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage or imbecility. . . .

After the death of Little Nell, her grandfather every day visited her grave.

At length they found one day that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him, far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave, he said.

They hastened there, and, going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept a watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and muttered, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave for her. How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free, broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped was yet to be—rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Oh! let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

Ch. i-iii, ix, xi, xii, xv-xix, xxiv-xxxii, xlii-xlvi, lii, liv, lv, lxxi, lxxii.

MR. GRINDER, a showman.

Ch. xvii.

JAMES GROVES, landlord of The Valiant Soldier Inn, outwardly honest, but actually in league with card-sharpers.

"Jem Groves—honest Jem Groves, as is a man of unblemished moral character, and has a good dry skittle-ground."

Ch. xxix, lxxiii.

MR. HARRIS, called "*Short*," or "*Trotters*," or both indiscriminately, a travelling showman.

A little, merry-faced man, with a twinkling eye and a red nose.

Ch. xvi-xix, xxvii, lxxiii.

HARRY, favourite pupil of *Mr. Marton*.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still clung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth.

Ch. xxiv, xxv.

MRS. JARLEY, proprietor of a wax-work exhibition, which *Little Nell* joins. *Marries George, the driver of her caravan.*

At the open door [of the caravan], graced with a bright brass knocker, sat a Christian lady, stout and comfortable to look upon, who wore a large bonnet trembling with bows. And that it was not an unprovided or destitute caravan was clear from this lady's occupation, which was the very pleasant and refreshing one of taking tea. The tea-things, including a bottle of rather suspicious character and a cold knuckle of ham, were set forth upon a drum, covered with a white napkin; and there, as if at the most convenient round-table in all the world, sat this roving lady, taking her tea and enjoying the prospect. . . .

[She] unfolded [a] scroll, whereon was the inscription, "One hundred figures the full size of life," and then another scroll, on which was written, "The only stupendous collection of real wax-work in the world," and then several smaller scrolls with such inscriptions as "Now exhibiting within"—"The genuine and only Jarley"—"Jarley's unrivalled collection"—"Jarley is the delight of the Nobility and Gentry"—"The Royal Family are the patrons of Jarley." When she had exhibited these leviathans of public announcement to the astonished child, she brought forth specimens of the lesser fry in the shape of hand-bills, some of which were couched in the form of parodies on popular melodies, as "Believe me if all Jarley's wax-work so rare"—"I saw thy show in youthful prime"—"Over the water to Jarley"; while, to consult all tastes, others were composed with a view to the lighter and more facetious spirits, as a parody on the favourite air of "If I had a donkey," beginning

If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. JARLEY'S wax-work show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him?
Oh, no no!

Then run to Jarley's--

—besides several compositions in prose, purporting to be dialogues between the Emperor of China and an oyster, or the Archbishop of Canterbury and a Dissenter on the subject of church rates, but all having the same moral, namely, that the reader must make haste to Jarley's, and that children and servants were admitted at half-price. When she had brought all these testimonials of her important position in society to bear, Mrs. Jarley rolled them up, and put them carefully away. . . .

Ch. xxvi-xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xlvii, lxxiii.

JERRY, proprietor of a troop of dancing dogs.

A tall, black-whiskered man in a velvetene coat.

Ch. xvii, xix, xxxvii.

MRS. JINIWIN, *mother of Mrs. Quilp.*

Mrs. Quilp's parent was known to be laudably shrewish in her disposition, and inclined to resist male authority.

Ch. iv-vi, xxiii, xlix, l, lxxiii.

JOE JOWL, *a gambler who tempts Little Nell's grandfather to rob from Mrs. Jarley.*

A bulky fellow of middle age, with large black whiskers, broad cheeks, a coarse wide mouth, and bull neck.

Ch. xxix, xlii, lxxiii.

ISAAC LIST, *fellow-gambler with Joe Jowl.*

A slender figure—stooping, and high in the shoulders—with a very ill-favoured face, and a most sinister and villainous squint.

Ch. xxix, xxx, xlii, lxxiii.

THE "MARCHIONESS," *a name given to the small servant at Sampson Brass's, and whom Dick Swiveller marries.*

A small, slipshod girl, in a dirty coarse apron and bib. . . . "Yes, I do plain cooking," replied the child. "I'm housemaid too; I do all the work of the house."

Ch. xxxiv-xxxvi, li, lvii, lviii, lxiv-lxvi, lxxiii.

MR. MARTON, *an old schoolmaster who befriends Little Nell and her grandfather.*

He was a pale, simple-looking man, of a spare and meagre habit, and sat among his flowers and beehives, smoking his pipe, in the little porch before his door.

Ch. xxiv-xxvi, xlv, xlvii, lii-liv, lxxi, lxxiii.

MISS MONELATHERS, *principal of a boarding-school for young ladies.*

Ch. xxxi.

CHRISTOPHER NUBBLES, *called Kit, friend of Little Nell. When she and her grandfather go away, Kit is employed by Mr. Garland. He is falsely accused of theft by Sampson Brass, but his innocence is proved. He marries Barbara.*

A shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and, resting himself now on one leg, and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the doorway, looking into the parlour with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld. . . .

He had a remarkable manner of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. . . .

It must be specially observed in justice to poor Kit that he was by no means of a sentimental turn, and perhaps had never heard that adjective in all his life. He was only a soft-hearted, grateful fellow, and had nothing genteel or polite about him; consequently, instead of going home again in his grief to kick the children and abuse his mother (for when your finely strung people are out of sorts they must have everybody else unhappy likewise), he turned his thoughts to the vulgar expedient of making them more comfortable if he could.

Ch. i, iii, vi, x, xi, xiii, xiv, xx, xxii, xxviii-xli, xlviii, lvi-lxi, lxiii, lxiv, lxviii-lxxii.

JACOB NUBBLES, *brother of Kit Nubbles.*

Ch. x, xiii, xxi, xxii, xxxix, xli, lxi, lxix, lxxii.

MRS. NUBBLES, *mother of Kit Nubbles.*

"Wait till he's a widder and works like you do, and gets as little, and does as much, and keeps his spirits up the same."

Ch. x, xiii, xxi, xxii, xxxix, xli, xlvii, xlviii, lxi, lxiii, lxix, lxxii.

JOHN QWEN, *a pupil of Mr. Marton.*

"A lad of good parts, sir, and frank, honest temper."

Ch. lii.

DANIEL QUILP, *a hideous, evil dwarf. He is drowned in the Thames while attempting to escape from the police.*

An elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow. . . .

The creature appeared quite horrible with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round and round, and round again—with something fantastic even in his manner of performing this slight action—and, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air, glanced upwards with a stealthy look of exultation that an imp might have copied and appropriated to himself. . . .

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the waterside, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the ventures of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House, and made appointments on 'Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day.

Ch. iii-vi, ix, xi, xiii, xxiii, xxvii, xxx, xli, xlviii, l, lx, lxii, lxix, lxxii, lxxiii.

MRS. BETSEY QUILP, *wife of the foregoing.*

"Pretty Mrs. Quilp, obedient, timid, loving Mrs. Quilp"—Thus her lord and master. A pretty, little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman.

Ch. iv-vi, xiii, xxi, xxvii, xlix, l, lxvii, lxxiii.

TOM SCOTT, *Quilp's boy, who afterwards becomes a professional tumbler.*

Ch. iv-vi, xi, xiii, xxvii, xlix-li, lxvii, lxxiii.

THE OLD SEXTON, *an old man at a village where Little Nell and her grandfather stay.*

Ch. liii-lv, lxx, lxxii.

MRS. HENRIETTA SIMMONS, *a neighbour of Mrs. Quilp.*

Ch. iv.

THE SINGLE GENTLEMAN, *brother of Little Nell's grandfather.*

Ch. xxiv-xxviii, xl, xli, xlvii, xlviii, lv, lvi, lxvi, lxix-lxxiii.

MR. SLUM, *a writer of poetical advertisements.*

A tallish gentleman with a hook nose and black hair, dressed in a military surtout very short and tight in the sleeves, and which had once been frogged and braided all over, but was now sadly shorn of its garniture and quite threadbare—dressed too in ancient grey pantaloons fitting tight to the leg, and a pair of pumps in the winter of their existence.

"Will you believe me," said Mr. Slum, "when I say it's the delight of my life to have dabbled in poetry, when I think I've exercised my pen upon this charming theme? By the way,—any orders? Is there any little thing I can do for you?"

Ch. xxviii.

SWEET WILLIAM, *a travelling showman.*

Probably as a satire upon his ugliness . . . as he had rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth.

Ch. xix.

DICK SWIVELLER, *a roystering, good-hearted fellow; clerk to Sampson Brass, and a friend of Fred Trent. He is nursed through a serious illness by the "Marchioness," whom he finally marries.*

He took occasion to apologise for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes": by which expression he was understood to convey, in the most delicate manner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk. . . .

It was perhaps not very unreasonable to suspect from what had already passed, that Mr. Swiveller was not quite recovered from the effects of the powerful sunlight to which he had made allusion; but if no such suspicion had been awakened by his speech, his wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face, would still have been strong witnesses against him. His attire was not, as he had himself hinted, remarkable for the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. It consisted of a brown body-coat with a great many brass buttons up the front and only one behind, a bright check neckerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very large and very ill-favoured handkerchief; his dirty wristbands were pulled down as far as possible and ostentatiously folded back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger and a black ball in its grasp. With all these personal advantages (to which may be added a strong savour of tobacco smoke, and a prevailing greasiness of appearance) Mr. Swiveller leant back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

and occasionally pitching his voice to the needful key, obliged the company with a few bars of an intensely dismal air, and then, in the middle of a note, relapsed into his former silence. . . .

Ch. ii, iii, vii, viii, xiii, xxi, xxiii, xxiv-xxviii, xlviii-l, lvi-lxvi, lxxiii.

FREDERICK TRENT, brother to *Little Nell*.

"A profligate, sir, who has forfeited every claim not only upon those who have the misfortune to be of his blood, but upon society, which knows nothing of him but his misdeeds."

Ch. ii, iii, vii, viii, xxi, l, lxxiii.

LITTLE NELL TRENT, heroine of the story. *She and her grandfather are turned into the street by Quilp, and they wander together over the country. After many hardships and adventures, she is taken care of by Mr. Marton, a kind-hearted schoolmaster, but she slowly sinks and dies.*

A pretty little girl who begged to be directed to a certain street at a considerable distance. . . .

She put her hand in mine as confidently as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together: the little creature accommodating her pace to mine, and rather seeming to lead and take care of me than I to be protecting her. I observed that every now and then she stole a curious look at my face as if to make quite sure that I was not deceiving her, and that these glances (very sharp and keen they were too) seemed to increase her confidence at every repetition.

For my part, my curiosity and interest were at least equal to the child's, for child she certainly was, although I thought it probable, from what I could make out, that her very small and delicate frame imparted a peculiar youthfulness to her appearance. Though more scantily attired than she might have been, she was dressed with perfect neatness, and betrayed no marks of poverty or neglect.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river-side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And, even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day

became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening. . . .

Ch. i-vi, ix-xii, xv-xix, xxiv-xxxii, xlii-xlvi, liii-lv, lxxi, lxxii.

"TROTTERS," *see Mr. Harris.*

VUFFIN, *a showman.*

Ch. xix.

MISS JANE WACKLES, *youngest daughter of Mrs. Wackles.*

"The art of needle-work, marking, and samplery, by Miss Jane Wackles," at the Ladies' Seminary. Miss Jane numbered scarcely sixteen years.

Ch. viii.

MISS MELISSA WACKLES, *eldest daughter of Mrs. Wackles.*

"English grammar, composition, geography, and the use of the dumb-bells, by Melissa Wackles," at the Ladies' Seminary. Miss Melissa verged on the autumnal.

Ch. viii.

MISS SOPHY WACKLES, *second daughter of Mrs. Wackles.*

"She's all my fancy painted her, sir, that's what she is."

Ch. viii.

MRS. WACKLES, *proprietor of a small day-school for young ladies at Chelsea.*

"Corporal punishment, fasting, torturing, and other terrors, by Mrs. Wackles," at the Ladies' Seminary.

Ch. viii.

DAME WEST, *grandmother of a favourite pupil of Mr. Marton.*

Ch. xxv.

WHISKER, *a pony belonging to Mr. Garland.*

Ch. xiv, xx, xxii, xxxviii, xl, xli, lxi, lxiii, lxx, lxvi, lxxiii.

MR. WITHERDEN, *a notary.*

Short, chubby, fresh-coloured, brisk, and pompous.

Ch. xiv, xx, xxxviii, xl, xli, lxi, lxiii, lxx, lxvi, lxxiii.

BARNABY RUDGE

SCENE : *London and vicinity.*

TIME : 1775-1780.

THIS story deals with the Gordon "No Popery" riots of 1780. It opens five years earlier, at the Maypole Inn, twelve miles from London, where John Willet, the burly, dull landlord, has three cronies who help him to bully his son Joe, who, although grown up, is still treated as a boy. One of these cronies tells a stranger the story of the murder of Reuben Haredale, twenty-two years earlier. The murdered man, who was the owner of the Warren, had been found dead in his bedroom, and a large sum of money was found to be missing. At the same time the steward and the gardener disappeared, and, though suspected and searched for, they had not been found. "Mr. Rudge, however, the steward," said the narrator of the story, "was found, months afterwards, at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds." The gardener was suspected of the double crime, but had never been captured.

Geoffrey Haredale, brother of the murdered man, and the inheritor of the estate, is also under suspicion, and this embitters his whole life. He lives in great seclusion on the half-ruined estate, and is kind only towards two persons, his niece, Emma Haredale, and Mrs. Rudge, wife of the former steward. Barnaby Rudge, the character from whom the book takes its name, is the son of the latter, and is born the day after the murder. The shock to his mother makes him mentally weak, and gives him an inborn horror of blood, although he is gentle, kind-hearted, and a favourite with all. He possesses a raven, Grip, which is his constant companion, and noted for its croaking, "Polly put the kettle on," and "I'm a devil." The mysterious stranger, to whom the story of the murder is related in the Maypole, commits a highway robbery the same night. He has some hold over Mrs. Rudge, and she is so frightened at his visits to her, that she flees with her son to a distant village, where they are lost sight of for five years.

Geoffrey Haredale was the scapegoat of John Chester at school, and they are now bitter enemies. Chester, who afterwards becomes Sir John, although outwardly a gentleman, is really a scoundrel, and his ambition is to marry his son Edward to someone who is rich enough to replenish the family coffers, which have been emptied by his own expensive habits. Edward Chester is, however, of a different breed from his father, and has fallen in love with Emma Haredale, a marriage with whom is against the wishes of John Chester and Geoffrey Haredale, and the two latter join together to prevent it.

The lovers are beguiled into a quarrel, and Edward disagrees with his

father and leaves England. About this time John Chester succeeds in spoiling another love affair, between Joe Willet, who is a friend of his son, and Dolly Varden. Dolly Varden is the daughter of Gabriel Varden, a kindly locksmith of London. He looks with favour on Joe Willet's wooing, but Mrs. Varden, a religious fanatic, helped by Miss Miggs, a servant, is against it, and this fact is made use of by John Chester to Joe's detriment. The latter joins the army, and is sent to America, while Dolly becomes the companion to Emma Haredale.

The story goes forward five years, to 1780, when Lord George Gordon, the Protestant zealot, begins his "No Popery" crusade. He gathers together, by speeches and pamphlets, a mob of forty thousand men, mostly the refuse of London, and with them he intends to stir up a demonstration against Parliament. Barnaby Rudge gets involved in the turmoil, for Mrs. Rudge, being discovered by her persecutor, flees to the city. The mob runs riot, private houses are burnt, chapels pulled down, the Warren is destroyed, because Haredale is a Catholic, and Dolly Varden and Emma Haredale are kidnapped. Haredale himself, who has been away, returns to the Warren and finds it in ashes, and the girls gone; but he seizes a man wandering in the ruins, who proves to be Rudge the steward, whom every one has believed to have been murdered. It transpires that Rudge killed his master and the gardener, the latter's body being disguised so that he is mistaken for the murderer; and since then Rudge had been hiding in the neighbourhood in constant fear that his wife, who knew his secret, would disclose it, though herself innocent.

The former steward is confined in Newgate Prison, but the rioters soon afterwards break it open, and all the prisoners are released. Gabriel Varden refuses to pick the lock of the prison, and narrowly escapes with his life in consequence. The insurrection is conquered at last by the troops, and among the rioters captured is Barnaby. The place of concealment of Dolly Varden and Emma Haredale is discovered by Geoffrey Haredale, Edward Chester, and Joe Willet. Joe had returned to England after losing an arm in the American Revolution. He marries Dolly, and Edward is united to Emma Haredale, with whom he goes to the West Indies, where he has a profitable business. Gabriel Varden gives his daughter a handsome dowry, and Joe is able to repair the Maypole Inn, which had been half ruined by the mob, and to look after his father until the latter's death a few years later.

Barnaby Rudge is sentenced to be hanged together with other ring-leaders, but a pardon arrives for him in time through the agency of Gabriel Varden and others. His father is executed, and he and his mother thenceforward lead a happy and contented life with Grip on the farm of the Maypole.

Among the other rioters who suffer the capital punishment, are Hugh, a half-savage who had been hostler at the Maypole, and who turns out to be the natural son of Sir John Chester, and Dennis, the former hangman. Sir John Chester is killed in a duel with Geoffrey Haredale, who goes abroad and takes refuge in a convent, where he dies. Mrs. Varden, no longer under the influence of Miggs, overcomes her narrow views; and Simon Tappertit, the locksmith's foolish apprentice, who was in love with Dolly and was a great admirer of his own shapely legs, has them crushed in the rising. Miggs becomes a female turnkey at Bridewell, which position she holds until her death, thirty years later.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MR. AKERMAN, head jailer at Newgate.

Ch. lxiv, lxxvii.

THE BLACK LION, landlord of a public-house of the same name.

Ch. xxxi.

MR. (afterwards SIR JOHN) CHESTER, a man without heart and without principle. He is killed in a duel by Mr. Geoffrey Haredeale.

He was a staid, grave, placid gentleman, something past the prime of life, yet upright in his carriage, for all that, and slim as a greyhound. He was well mounted upon a sturdy chestnut cob, and had the graceful seat of an experienced horseman; while his riding-gear, though free from such fopperies as were then in vogue, was handsome and well chosen. He wore a riding-coat of a somewhat brighter green than might have been expected to suit the taste of a gentleman of his years, with a short black velvet cape, lace pocket-holes and cuffs, all of a jaunty fashion; his linen, too, was of the finest kind, worked in a rich pattern at the wrists and throat, and scrupulously white. Although he seemed, judging from the mud he had picked up on the way, to have come from London, his horse was as smooth and cool as his own iron-grey periwig and pigtail. Neither man nor beast had turned a single hair; and, saving for his soiled skirts and spatter-dashes, this gentleman, with his blooming face, white teeth, exactly ordered dress, and perfect calmness, might have come from making an elaborate and leisurely toilet, to sit for an equestrian portrait. . . .

Mr. Chester reclined upon a sofa in his dressing-room in the Temple, entertaining himself with a book. . . .

"I thought I was tolerably accomplished as a man of the world; I flattered myself that I was pretty well versed in all those little arts and graces which distinguish men of the world from boors and peasants, and separate their character from those intensely vulgar sentiments which are called the national character. Apart from any natural prepossession in my own favour, I believed I was. Still, in every page of this enlightened writer, I find some captivating hypocrisy which has never occurred to me before, or some superlative piece of selfishness to which I was utterly a stranger. I should quite blush for myself before this stupendous creature, if, remembering his precepts, one might blush at anything. An amazing man! a nobleman indeed! any King or Queen may make a lord, but only the Devil himself—and the Graces—can make a Chesterfield."

Ch. x-zii, xiv, xv, xxiii, xxiv, xxvi-xxx, xxxii, xl, xliii, liii, lxxv, lxxxi.

EDWARD CHESTER, the son of Sir John Chester. Marries Miss Emma Haredeale.

A young man of about eight-and-twenty, rather above the middle height, and though of a somewhat slight figure, gracefully and strongly made. He wore his own dark hair, and was accoutred in a riding-dress, which, together with his large boots (resembling in shape and fashion those worn by our Life Guardsmen at the present day), showed indisputable traces of the bad condition of the roads. But, travel-stained though he was, he was well and even richly attired, and without being over-dressed looked a gallant gentleman.

Lying upon the table beside him, as he had carelessly thrown them

down, were a heavy riding-whip and a slouched hat, the latter worn no doubt as being best suited to the inclemency of the weather. There, too, were a pair of pistols in a holster-case, and a short riding-cloak. Little of his face was visible, except the long dark lashes which concealed his downcast eyes, but an air of careless ease and natural gracefulness of demeanour pervaded the figure, and seemed to comprehend even these slight accessories, which were all handsome, and in good keeping.

Ch. i, ii, v, vi, xiv-xv, xix, xxix, xxxii, lxvii, lxxi, lxxii, lxxix, lxxxii.

TOM COBB, *general chandler and post-office keeper.*

Beyond all question the dullest dog of the party.

Ch. i, xxx, xxxiii, liv.

GENERAL CONWAY, *a member of Parliament and an opponent of Lord George Gordon.*

"I am a soldier, and I will protect the freedom of this place with my sword."

Ch. xlix.

SOLOMON DAISY, *parish clerk and bell-ringer at Chigwell.*

A little man—had round, black, shiny eyes like beads—wore at the knees of his rusty black breeches, and on his rusty black coat, and all down his long-flapped waistcoat, queer little buttons like nothing except his eyes. He seemed all eyes from head to foot.

Ch. i-iii, xi, xxx, xxxiii, liv, lvi.

NED DENNIS, *the hangman, and one of the ringleaders of the Gordon rioters.* He aided in the burning and destruction of Newgate Jail, and when the riots were over he was arrested and condemned to death.

A squat, thick-set personage, with a low retreating forehead, a coarse shock head of hair, and eyes so small and near together, that his broken nose alone seemed to prevent their meeting and fusing into one of the usual size. A dingy handkerchief, twisted like a cord about his neck, left its great veins exposed to view, and they were swollen and starting, as though with gulping down strong passions, malice, and ill-will. His dress was of threadbare velveteen—a faded, rusty, whitened black, like the ashes of a pipe or a coal fire after a day's extinction; discoloured with the soils of many a stale debauch, and reeking yet with pot-house odours. In lieu of buckles at his knees, he wore unequal loops of pack-thread; and in his grimy hands he held a knotted stick, the knob of which was carved into a rough likeness of his own vile face.

"I'm of as gen-tee! a calling, brother, as any man in England—as light a business as any gentleman could desire. . . . No 'prenticing. It comes by natur. . . . Look at that hand of mine—many and many a job that hand has done, with a neatness and dex-terity never known afore. When I look at that hand," said Mr. Dennis, shaking it in the air, "and remember the helegant bits of work it has turned off, I feel quite molloncholy to think it should ever grow old and feeble. But sich is life!"

He heaved a deep sigh as he indulged in these reflections, and, putting his fingers with an absent air on Hugh's throat, and particularly under his left ear, as if he were studying the anatomical developement of that part of his frame, shook his head in a despondent manner and actually shed tears.

Ch. xxxvii-xl, xliv, xlix, l. lii-liv, lix, lx, lxii-lxx, lxix-lxxi, lxxiv-lxxvii.

GASHFORD, *the unprincipled secretary of Lord George Gordon. He sold his master's secrets as long as he could, became a Government spy—and poisoned himself in the end.*

Gashford, the secretary, was tall, angularly made, high-shouldered, bony, and ungraceful. His dress, in imitation of his superior, was demure and staid in the extreme; his manner, formal and constrained. This gentleman had an overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in. His manner was smooth and humble, but very sly and slinking. He wore the aspect of a man who was always lying in wait for something that *wouldn't* come to pass; but he looked patient—very patient—and fawned like a spaniel dog. Even now, while he warmed and rubbed his hands before the blaze, he had the air of one who only presumed to enjoy it in his degree as a commoner; and though he knew his lord was not regarding him, he looked into his face from time to time, and, with a meek and deferential manner, smiled as if for practice. . . .

Ch. xxxv-xxxviii, xliii, xlv, xlvii-l, lii, liii, lxi, lxxii.

MARK GILBERT, *one of the "Prentice Knights, or United Bulldogs," a secret society of the London apprentices for resisting the tyranny of their masters.*

"Age nineteen. Bound to Thomas Curzon, hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate. Loves Curzon's daughter. Cannot say that Curzon's daughter loves him. Should think it probable."

Ch. viii-xxix.

COLONEL GORDON, *member of Parliament, and an opponent of his kinsman, Lord George Gordon.*

Ch. xlix.

LORD GEORGE GORDON, *the leader of the "No Popery" riots in 1780. He was arrested, charged with high treason, and committed to the Tower, but was acquitted. After committing various political offenders in England and abroad, he was imprisoned in Newgate for nearly six years. He died in prison in 1793.*

He was about the middle height, of a slender make, and sallow complexion, with an aquiline nose, and long hair of a reddish brown, combed perfectly straight and smooth about his ears, and slightly powdered, but without the faintest vestige of a curl. He was attired, under his great-coat, in a full suit of black, quite free from any ornament, and of the most precise and sober cut. The gravity of this dress, together with a certain lankness of cheek and stiffness of deportment, added nearly ten years to his age, but his figure was that of one not yet past thirty. . . .

His very bright large eye betrayed a restlessness of thought and purpose, singularly at variance with the studied composure and sobriety of his mien, and with his quaint and sad apparel. It had nothing harsh or crude in its expression; neither had his face, which was thin and mild, and wore an air of melancholy; but it was suggestive of an indefinable uneasiness, which infected those who looked upon him, and filled them with a kind of pity for the man: though why it did so, they would have had some trouble to explain. . . .

This lord was sincere in his violence and in his wavering. A nature prone to false enthusiasm, and the vanity of being a leader, were the worst qualities apparent in his composition. All the rest was weakness—sheer weakness; and it is the unhappy lot of thoroughly weak men,

that their very sympathies, affections, confidences—all the qualities which in better-constituted minds are virtues—dwindle into foibles or turn into downright vices.

Ch. xxxv-xxxvii, xliii, xlviii-l, lvii, lxxiii, lxxvii.

TOM GREEN, a soldier.

Ch. lviii.

GRIP, a raven, and the constant companion of Barnaby Rudge.

Balancing himself on tiptoe, as it were, and moving his body up and down in a sort of grave dance, rejoined, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil."

Ch. v, vi, x, xvii, xxv, xlv-xlvii, lvii, lviii, lxxiii, lxxv-lxxvii, lxxix, lxxvii.

JOHN GRUBBY, servant to Lord George Gordon.

A square-built, strong-made, bull-necked fellow of the true English breed—was to all appearance five-and-forty, had a great blue cockade in his hat, which he appeared to despise mightily.

Ch. xxxv, xxxvii, xxxviii, lvi, lvi, lxxvii.

MR. GEOFFREY HAREDALE, a country gentleman living at "The Warren."
He kills Sir John Chester in a duel, and leaves England, ending his days in a religious establishment abroad.

A burly, square-built man, negligently dressed, rough and abrupt in manner, stern, and, in his present mood, forbidding both in look and speech.

Ch. i, x-xii, xiv, xx, xxv-xxvii, xxix, xxxiv, xlii, xliii, lvi, lxi, lvi, lvii, lxi, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxxi, lxxxi.

MISS EMMA HAREDALE, niece of the foregoing, and afterwards wife of Edward Chester.

An orphan, foster-sister of Dolly Varden—a lovely girl.

Ch. i, iv, xii-xv, xv, xxv, xxvii-xxix, xxxii, lix, lxx, lxi, lxxix, lxxxi.

HUGH, the natural son of Sir John Chester, and a leader in the Gordon riots. He was captured, tried, and executed. Sir John is aware of his relationship to him, but allows him to go to the gallows without lifting a finger on his behalf.

A young man, of a hale, athletic figure, and a giant's strength, whose sunburnt face and swarthy throat, overgrown with jet-black hair, might have served a painter for a model. Loosely attired, in the coarsest and roughest garb, with scraps of straw and hay—his usual bed—clinging here and there, and mingling with his uncombed locks, he had fallen asleep in a posture as careless as his dress. The negligence and disorder of the whole man, with something fierce and sullen in his features, gave him a picturesque appearance, that attracted the regards even of the Maypole customers who knew him well, and caused Long Parkes to say that Hugh looked more like a poaching rascal to-night than ever he had seen him yet. . . .

"That chap, whose mother was hung, when he was a little boy, along with six others, for passing bad notes—and it's a blessed thing to think how many people are hung in batches every six weeks for that and such-like offences, as showing how wideawake our Government is—that chap that was then turned loose, and had to mind cows, and frighten birds away, and what not, for a few pence to live on, and so got on by degrees to mind horses, and to sleep in course of time in lofts and litter,

instead of under haystacks and hedges, till at last he come to be hostler at the Maypole for his board and lodging and a annual trifle—that chap that can't read nor write, and has never had much to do with anything but animals, and has never lived in any way but like the animals he has lived among, is a animal. And," said Mr. Willet, arriving at his logical conclusion, "is to be treated accordingly."

Ch. x-xii, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxix, xxxiv-xxxv, xxxvii-xl, xli, xlviii-l, liii-liv, lix, lx, lxiii-lxv, lxvii-lxix, lxxiv, lxxvi-lxxviii.

MR. LANGDALE, a distiller.

A portly old man, with a very red, or rather purple, face.

Ch. xiii, lxi, lxvi, lxvii, lxxxi.

MISS MIGGS, servant of Mrs. Varden. *She loved Sim Tappertit, and follows and watches over him during the Gordon riots. She finally becomes female turnkey for the County Bridewell, "which she held till her decease, more than thirty years afterwards, remaining single all the time."*

Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to pattens in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage. As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice; to be fickle, false, base, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which, scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her most) she was accustomed to wish with great emphasis that the whole race of women could but die off, in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store; nay, her feeling for her order ran so high, that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair, round number—say ten thousand—of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself, with a joy past all expression.

Ch. vii, ix, xiii, xviii, xix, xxii, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxix, xli, li, lxiii, lxx, lxxi, lxxx, lxxxii.

PHIL PARKES, a ranger who frequents the Maypole Inn.

Ch. i, xi, xxx, xxxiii, liv.

PEAK, valet to Sir John Chester.

Ch. xxiii, xxiv, xxxii, lxxv, lxxxii.

BARNABY RUDGE, the character from which the story takes its name. *His constant companion is a raven, "Grip." He is condemned to death for complicity in the Gordon riots, but a pardon is secured for him.*

He was about three-and-twenty years old, and, though rather spare, of a fair height and strong make. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and, hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his restless looks an expression quite unearthly—enhanced by the paleness of his complexion, and the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes. Startling as his aspect was, the features were good, and there was something even plaintive in his wan and haggard aspect. But the absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than in a dead one; and in this unfortunate being its noblest powers were wanting.

His dress was of green, clumsily trimmed here and there—apparently by his own hands—with gaudy lace; brightest where the cloth was most worn and soiled, and poorest where it was at the best. A pair of

tawdry ruffles dangled at his wrists, while his throat was nearly bare. He had ornamented his hat with a cluster of peacock's feathers, but they were limp and broken, and now trailed negligently down his back. Girded to his side was the steel hilt of an old sword without blade or scabbard; and some parti-coloured ends of ribands and poor glass toys completed the ornamental portion of his attire. The fluttered and confused disposition of all the motley scraps that formed his dress, bespoke, in a scarcely less degree than his eager and unsettled manner, the disorder of his mind, and by a grotesque contrast set off and heightened the more impressive wildness of his face. . . .

Some time elapsed before Barnaby got the better of the shock he had sustained, or regained his old health and gaiety. But he recovered by degrees; and although he could never separate his condemnation and escape from the idea of a terrific dream, he became, in other respects, more rational. Dating from the time of his recovery, he had a better memory and greater steadiness of purpose; but a dark cloud overhung his whole previous existence, and never cleared away.

He was not the less happy for this; for his love of freedom and interest in all that moved or grew, or had its being in the elements, remained to him unimpaired. He lived with his mother on the Maypole farm, tending the poultry and the cattle, working in a garden of his own, and helping everywhere. He was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one. Never was there a lighter-hearted husbandman, a creature more popular with young and old, a blither or more happy soul than Barnaby: and though he was free to ramble where he would, he never quitted her, but was for evermore her stay and comfort.

Ch. iii-vi, x-xii, xvii, xxv, xxvi, xlv-l, lii, liii, lvi, lviii, lx, lxii, lxv, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxv-lxxvii, lxxix, lxxxii.

MR. RUDGE, father of Barnaby—He was formerly steward of Mr. Reuben Haredale, whom he murdered. He is finally captured and executed.

A man wrapped in a loose riding-coat with huge cuffs ornamented with tarnished silver lace and large metal buttons, who sat apart from the regular frequenters of the house, and wearing a hat flapped over his face, which was still further shaded by the hand on which his forehead rested. . . .

The stranger took off his hat, and disclosed the hard features of a man of sixty or thereabouts, much weather-beaten and worn by time, and the naturally harsh expression of which was not improved by a dark handkerchief which was bound tightly round his head, and, while it served the purpose of a wig, shaded his forehead, and almost hid his eyebrows. If it were intended to conceal or divert attention from a deep gash, now healed into an ugly seam, which when it was first indicted must have laid bare his cheekbone, the object was but indifferently attained, for it could scarcely fail to be noted at a glance. His complexion was of a cadaverous hue, and he had a grizzly jagged beard of some three weeks' date. . . .

Among all the dangerous characters who prowled and skulked in the metropolis at night, there was one man from whom many as uncouth and fierce as he shrank with an involuntary dread. Who he was, or whence he came, was a question often asked, but which none could answer. His name was unknown, he had never been seen until within eight days or thereabouts, and was equally a stranger to the old ruffians, upon whose haunts he ventured fearlessly, as to the young. He could

be no spy, for he never removed his slouched hat to look about him, entered into conversation with no man, heeded nothing that passed, listened to no discourse, regarded nobody that came or went. But so surely as the dead of night set in, so surely this man was in the midst of the loose concourse in the night-cellar where outcasts of every grade resorted; and there he sat till morning.

Ch. i-iii, v, vi, xvi-xviii, xxviii, xlv, xlv, lv, lvi, lxi, lxii, lxx, lxviii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxvi.

* *Mrs. MARY RUDGE, mother of Barnaby Rudge.*

She was about forty—perhaps two or three years older—with a cheerful aspect, and a face that had once been pretty. It bore traces of affliction and care, but they were of an old date, and Time had smoothed them. Anyone who had bestowed but a casual glance on Barnaby might have known that this was his mother, from the strong resemblance between them; but where in his face there was wildness and vacancy, in hers there was the patient composure of long effort and quiet resignation.

One thing about this face was very strange and startling. You could not look upon it in its most cheerful mood without feeling that it had some extraordinary capacity of expressing terror. It was not on the surface. It was in no one feature that it lingered. You could not take the eyes, or mouth, or lines upon the cheek, and say, if this or that were otherwise, it would not be so. Yet there it always lurked—something for ever dimly seen, but ever there, and never absent for a moment. It was the faintest, palest shadow of some look, to which an instant of intense and most unutterable horror only could have given birth; but indistinct and feeble as it was, it did suggest what that look must have been, and fixed it in the mind as if it had had existence in a dream.

Ch. ix-vi, xvi, xviii, xxv, xxvi, xlii, xli-l, lvi, lxii, lxix, lxxiii, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxxi.

STAGG, a blind man and proprietor of a drinking-cellar and a skittle-ground.

Wore an old tie-wig as bare and frowzy as a stunted hearthbroom. His eyes were closed, but had they been wide open it would have been easy to tell, from the attentive expression of his face, that he was blind.

Ch. viii, xxi, xlv, xlv, lxii, lxix.

SIMON TAPPERTIT, apprentice to Gabriel Vardon, and captain of the "Prentice Knights." He takes part in the Gordon riots, and has both legs crushed.

An old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed, he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process, which he termed "eying her over"; but it must be added, that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same

gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive.

Ch. iv, vii-ix, xviii, xix, xxii, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxix, xlviii-lii, lix, lx, lxiii, lxx, lxxi, lxxii.

DOLLY VARDEN, daughter of Gabriel Varden, and beloved by Joe Willet, whom she finally marries.

As to Dolly, there she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-coloured mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood, a little straw hat trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side—just enough, in short, to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised. And not to speak of the manner in which these cherry-coloured decorations brightened her eyes, or vied with her lips, or shed a new bloom on her face, she wore such a cruel little muff, and such a heart-rending pair of shoes, and was surrounded and hemmed in, as it were, by aggravations. . . .

When and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, captivating, maddening little puss in all this world, as Dolly! What was the Dolly of five years ago, to the Dolly of that day! How many coach-makers, saddlers, cabinet-makers and professors of other useful arts, had deserted their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and, most of all, their cousins, for the love of her! How many unknown gentlemen—supposed to be of mighty fortunes, if not titles—had waited round the corner after dark, and tempted Miggs the incorruptible, with golden guineas, to deliver offers of marriage folded up in love-letters! How many disconsolate fathers and substantial tradesmen had waited on the locksmith for the same purpose, with dismal tales of how their sons had lost their appetites, and taken to shut themselves up in dark bedrooms, and wandering in desolate suburbs with pale faces, and all because of Dolly Varden's loveliness and cruelty! How many young men, in all previous times of unprecedented steadiness, had turned suddenly wild and wicked for the same reason, and, in an ecstasy of unrequited love, taken to wrench off door-knockers and invert the boxes of rheumatic watchmen! How had she recruited the king's service, both by sea and land, through rendering desperate his loving subjects between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five! How many young ladies had publicly professed, with tears in their eyes, that for their tastes she was much too short, too tall, too bold, too cold, too stout, too thin, too fair, too dark—too everything but handsome! How many old ladies, taking counsel together, had thanked Heaven their daughters were not like her, and had hoped she might come to no harm, and had thought she would come to no good, and had wondered what people saw in her, and had arrived at the conclusion that she was "going off" in her looks, or had never come on in them, and she was a thorough imposition and a popular mistake!

Ch. iv, xii, xix-xxii, xxvii, xxxi, lix, lxx, lxxi.

GABRIEL VARDEN, Dolly Varden's father, an honest locksmith of London.

A round, red-faced, sturdy yeoman, with a double chin, and a voice husky with good living, good sleeping, good humour, and good health. He was past the prime of life, but Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young

and in full vigour. With such people the grey head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life. [He was] bluff, hale, hearty, and in a green old age : at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world. Although muffled up in divers coats and handkerchiefs—one of which, passed over his crown and tied in a convenient crease of his double chin, secured his three-cornered hat and bob-wig from blowing off his head—there was no disguising his plump and comfortable figure; neither did certain dirty finger-marks upon his face give it any other than an odd and comical expression, through which its natural good humour shone with undiminished lustre.

Ch. ii-vii, xiii, xiv, xix, xxi, xxii, xxvii, xli, xlii, li, lxiii, lxiv, lxvi, lxvii, lxviii, lxix, lxx, lxxi, lxxii, lxxiii, lxxiv, lxxv, lxxvi, lxxix, lxxx, lxxxi.

MRS. VARDEN, *wife of Gabriel Varden and mother of Dolly.*

Mrs. Varden was a lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper—a phrase which being interpreted signifies a temper tolerably certain to make everybody more or less uncomfortable. Thus it generally happened that, when other people were merry, Mrs. Varden was dull; and that when other people were dull, Mrs. Varden was disposed to be amazingly cheerful. Indeed, the worthy housewife was of such a capricious nature, that she not only attained a higher pitch of genius than Macbeth, in respect of her ability to be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in an instant, but would sometimes ring the changes backwards and forwards on all possible moods and flights in one short quarter of an hour; performing, as it were, a kind of triple bob major on the peal of instruments in the female belfry, with a skilfulness and rapidity of execution that astonished all who heard her.

Ch. iv, vii, xiii, xix, xxi, xxii, xxvii, xxxvi, xli, xlii, li, lxvi, lxvii, lxxx, lxxxi.

JOHN WILLET, *landlord of the Maypole Inn at Chigwell, and father of Joe.*

A burly, large-headed man with a fat face, which betokened profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits. It was John Willet's ordinary boast in his more placid moods that if he were slow he was sure; which assertion could in one sense at least be by no means gainsaid, seeing that he was in everything unquestionably the reverse of fast, and withal one of the most dogged and positive fellows in existence—always sure that what he thought or said or did was right, and holding it as a thing quite settled and ordained by the laws of nature and Providence, that anybody who said or did or thought otherwise must be inevitably and of necessity wrong.

Ch. i-iii, x-xiv, xix, xx, xxiv, xxix, xxx, xxxiii-xxxv, liv-lvi, lxvii, lxviii, lxxii.

JOE WILLET, *son of the foregoing, Marries Dolly Varden.*

A broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow of twenty, whom it pleased his father still to consider a little boy, and to treat accordingly.

Ch. i-iii, xiii, xiv, xix, xxi, xxii, xxx, xxxi, xli, lviii, lxvii, lxvi, lxvii, lxviii, lxxx, lxxxi.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

SCENE : *England, chiefly Wiltshire and London ; then in the United States.*

TIME : 1842.

THIS book is directed, to a great extent, against the vice of hypocrisy, as exemplified in the person of Pecksniff. Martin Chuzzlewit, senior, is an obstinate, selfish, miserly, old man, who is fawned on by his relatives on account of his wealth. The old man has nothing to do with any of them except his grandson, Martin Chuzzlewit, junior ; and he also behaves kindly towards Mary Graham, an orphan who acts as his attendant. Mary and young Martin fall in love, and this being against his grandfather's wishes, the old and the young man quarrel, and young Martin becomes an apprentice to Seth Pecksniff, an "architect and surveyor" living at Salisbury. Pecksniff is, however, a hypocrite, and his apprentices do all his work for him. He welcomes Martin with open arms, hoping thereby to please the young man's grandfather, and if possible to marry him to one of his daughters, Charity and Mercy. Young Martin becomes acquainted with Tom Pinch, a kind-hearted fellow, who believes firmly in Pecksniff and fails to see through the arch-hypocrite's pretensions.

Young Martin does not stay with the Pecksniff family long, for his grandfather, hearing of his position, asks Pecksniff to get rid of him, which he promptly does. Martin, accompanied by Mark Tapley, formerly a hostler at an inn named the Blue Dragon, goes to America, and they stay for a time in New York. Here they are told of a rising western town named Eden, and Martin decides to spend what money he has on the acquirement of land there, with the end in view of becoming an architect. On going to Eden, they are astonished to find that the place is practically a swamp, and the few people who are there, stop at the risk of their lives.

In the meantime Pecksniff, with his hypocritical ways, has apparently fallen into old Martin's favour. He takes his daughters to London, where they stay at a boarding-house owned by Mrs. Todgers. Jonas Chuzzlewit, their cousin, invites them to dine with his father, Anthony Chuzzlewit, brother of old Martin, with whom he has quarrelled, and himself. Jonas and his father are both greedy and grasping, and the former at last becomes so much so that he wishes for his father's death. The wish is soon gratified, for Anthony dies about this time, and Pecksniff takes charge of the funeral arrangements. Mercy, the younger daughter of the latter, receives a proposal of marriage from Jonas, who shortly after becomes a director of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested

Loan and Life Insurance Company, a swindling concern originating with Tigg Montague, *alias* Montague Tigg.

Jonas becomes a shareholder, and Tigg, who desires to have him in his power, makes inquiries about his past life, which inquiries lead to the result that Jonas is suspected of killing his father. Montague Tigg threatens his victim, who promises to induce Pecksniff to invest money in the company, which the two eventually succeed in doing. Jonas murders his enemy in a lonely wood, in order that his secret may not be known. During this time Pecksniff has apparently become more and more in the good graces of old Martin, and the latter stays at the Pecksniffs' house, accompanied by Mary Graham.

Jonas marries Mercy, and treats her with great cruelty, while Charity goes to live with Mrs. Todgers. Pecksniff makes love to Mary Graham, who appeals to Tom Pinch for help. The latter has now begun to realise what a blackguard his employer is, but is dismissed, and journeys to London, where he meets a friend, John Westlock, a former pupil of Pecksniff's; and he and Tom, together with Tom's sister Ruth, set up an establishment, and Tom becomes a librarian by the help of some unknown person.

Mark Tapley and young Martin, who were left in America, have fallen on very bad times. Both are attacked by swamp-fever, and both, after looking death in the face, recover. A kind-hearted American, whom they have met, aids them to return to England. Martin has by this time realised his mistakes, and he goes to his grandfather to ask forgiveness. Pecksniff, however, prevents the reconciliation, and the young man returns to London where he finds Tom Pinch and John Westlock, through whom he discovers some of Jonas Chuzzlewit's past history. Old Martin also becomes aware of the facts, and Jonas is charged with the murder of his father. He clears himself, but is accused of killing Montague Tigg, and on his way to prison he poisons himself.

It becomes known that old Martin is the secret benefactor of Tom Pinch, in whose library one morning there is a meeting that astonishes those who attend it. Young Martin and Mary Graham, Tom Pinch and Mary, Mark Tapley and the landlady of the Blue Dragon, John Westlock, and Pecksniff, all find themselves there. The last-named is punished for his hypocrisy, young Martin is forgiven and with Mary Graham receives the old man's blessing, John Westlock marries Tom Pinch's sister, and Mark Tapley becomes the husband of the landlady of the Blue Dragon. Tom himself becomes attached to old Martin, who has thus acted the fairy godfather. Pecksniff becomes a begging-letter writer, while his daughter Mercy is watched over by old Martin; her sister Charity, being deserted by a boarder at Todgers whom she had almost lured into marriage, goes to live with her father again.

Among other characters that may be noted are Bailey, the remarkable boy first met at Todgers's; Paul Sweedlepipe, generally called "Poll," a barber; Chuffey, a clerk in the clutches of Jonas Chuzzlewit; Betsey Prig, a rough hospital nurse, and finally Sairey Gamp, a midwife who has become one of the most famous characters of fiction.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

BAILEY, JUNIOR, the boots at the "*Commercial Boarding House*" of Mrs. Todgers. He finally drifts into the barber business.

With a large red head, and no nose to speak of, and a very dirty

Wellington boot on his left arm—"I thought you was the Paper," replied the boy, "and wondered why you didn't shove yourself through the grating as usual."

Ch. viii, x, xi, xxvi-xxix, xxxviii, xli, xlii, xlix, lii.

MR. BEVAN, *an American from Massachusetts. Martin Chuzzlewit meets him at his New York boarding-house, and he advances him the money to enable him and Mark Tapley to return to England.*

Now, there had been at the dinner-table a middle-aged man with a dark eye and a sunburnt face, who had attracted Martin's attention by having something very engaging and honest in the expression of his features; but of whom he could learn nothing from either of his neighbours, who seemed to consider him quite beneath their notice. He had taken no part in the conversation round the stove, nor had he gone forth with the rest; and now, when he heard Martin sigh for the third or fourth time, he interposed with some casual remark, as if he desired, without obtruding himself upon a stranger's notice, to engage him in cheerful conversation if he could. His motive was so obvious, and yet so delicately expressed, that Martin felt really grateful to him, and showed him so in the manner of his reply. . . .

There was a cordial candour in his manner, and an engaging confidence that it would not be abused; a manly bearing on his own part, and a simple reliance on the manly faith of a stranger; which Martin had never seen before. He linked his arm readily in that of the American gentleman, and they walked out together.

Ch. xvi, xvii, xxi, xxxiii, xxxiv, xliii.

JULIUS WASHINGTON MERRYWEATHER BIB, *an American gentleman, and one of the committee that waits on the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxxiv.

MR. JEFFERSON BRICK, *war correspondent of the "Rowdy Journal."*

A small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt-collar turned down over a black ribbon, and his lank hair—a fragile crop—was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that none of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had here and there been grubbed up by the roots; which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation "snub," and it was very much turned up at the end, as with a lofty scorn.

Ch. xvi.

MRS. JEFFERSON BRICK, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xvi, xvii.

MR. OSCAR BUFFUM, *a member of the committee that waits upon the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxxiv.

BULLAMY, *a porter in the service of the Anglo-Bengalce Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company.*

People had been known to apply to effect an insurance on their lives for a thousand pounds, and looking at him, to beg, before the form of proposal was filled up, that it might be made two. And yet he was not

a giant. His coat was rather small than otherwise. The whole charm was in his waistcoat. Respectability, competence, property in Bengal or anywhere else, responsibility to any amount on the part of the company that employed him, were all expressed in that one garment.
Ch. xxvii, li.

GENERAL CYRUS CHOKE, *an American militia gentleman, member of the Eden Land Corporation and of the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers.*

Very lank gentleman, in a loose limp white cravat, a long white waistcoat, and a black greatcoat.
Ch. xxi.

MAJOR HANNIBAL CHOLLOP, *a man who calls on Martin Chuzzlewit at Eden.*

Mr. Chollop was, of course, one of the most remarkable men in the country; but he really was a notorious person besides. He was usually described by his friends, in the South and West, as "a splendid sample of our native raw material, Sir," and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational Liberty; for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving-pistols in his coat pocket, with seven barrels apiece. He also carried, amongst other trinkets, a sword-stick, which he called his "Tickler"; and a great knife, which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humour) he called "Ripper," in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the stomach of any adversary in a close contest. He had used these weapons with distinguished effect in several instances, all duly chronicled in the newspapers; and was greatly beloved for the gallant manner in which he had "jobbed out" the eye of one gentleman, as he was in the act of knocking at his own street-door.

Ch. xxxiii, xxiv.

MR. CHUFFEY, *Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit's clerk.*

The door of a small glass office, which was partitioned off from the rest of the room, was slowly opened, and a little, blear-eyed, weazen-faced, ancient man came creeping out. He was of a remote fashion, and dusty, like the rest of the furniture; he was dressed in a decayed suit of black; with breeches garnished at the knees with rusty wisps of ribbon, the very paupers of shoe-strings; on the lower portion of his spindle legs were dingy worsted stockings of the same colour. He looked as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and somebody had just found him in a lumber-closet.

Such as he was, he came slowly creeping on towards the table, until at last he crept into the vacant chair, from which, as his dim faculties became conscious of the presence of strangers, and those strangers ladies, he rose again, apparently intending to make a bow. But he sat down once more, without having made it, and, breathing on his shrivelled hands to warm them, remained with his poor blue nose immovable above his plate, looking at nothing with eyes that saw nothing, and a face that meant nothing. Take him in that state, and he was an embodiment of nothing. Nothing else. . . .

Ch. xi, xviii, xix, xxv, xlv, xlviii, xlix, li, liv.

ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT, *father of Jonas, and brother of Martin Chuzzlewit, the elder.*

The face of the old man was so sharpened by the wariness and cunning

of his life, that it seemed to cut him a passage through the crowded room, as he edged away behind the remotest chairs.

Ch. iv, viii, xii, xviii, xix.

GEORGE CHUZZLEWIT, *bachelor cousin of Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Who claimed to be young, but had been younger, and was inclined to corpulency, and rather overfed himself; to that extent, indeed, that his eyes were strained in their sockets, as if with constant surprise; and he had such an obvious disposition to pimples, that the bright spots on his cravat, the rich pattern on his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets, seemed to have broken out upon him.

Ch. iv, liv.

JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, *son of Anthony and nephew of old Martin Chuzzlewit.*

He marries the youngest daughter of Mr. Pecksniff, believing she will come into money, and treats her brutally. Becomes associated with Montague Tigg, finally murders him, and poisons himself on his way to prison.

The education of Mr. Jonas had been conducted from his cradle on the strictest principles of the main chance. The very first word he learnt to spell was "gain," and the second (when he got into two syllables), "money." But for two results, which were not clearly foreseen perhaps by his watchful parent in the beginning, his training may be said to have been unexceptionable. One of these flaws was, that having been long taught by his father to overreach everybody, he had imperceptibly acquired a love of overreaching that venerable monitor himself. The other, that from his early habits of considering everything as a question of property, he had gradually come to look, with impatience, on his parent as a certain amount of personal estate which had no right whatever to be going at large, but ought to be secured in that particular description of iron safe which is commonly called a coffin, and banked in the grave.

Ch. iv, viii, xi, xviii-xx, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxviii, xl-xlii, xlv, xlviii, li.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (*the elder*), *the brother of Anthony, and the grandfather of young Martin Chuzzlewit.*

"I am a rich man. Not so rich as some suppose, perhaps, but yet wealthy. I am not a miser, Sir, though even that charge is made against me, as I hear, and currently believed. I have no pleasure in hoarding. I have no pleasure in the possession of money. The devil that we call by that name can give me nothing but unhappiness. . . ."

"For the same reason that I am not a hoarder of money, I am not lavish of it. Some people find their gratification in storing it up; and others theirs in parting with it; but I have no gratification connected with the thing. Pain and bitterness are the only goods it ever could procure for me. I hate it. It is a spectre walking before me through the world, making every social pleasure hideous. . . ."

"You would advise me, for my peace of mind, to get rid of this source of misery, and transfer it to some one who could bear it better. Even you, perhaps, would rid me of a burden under which I suffer so grievously. But that is a main part of my trouble. In other hands, I have known money do good; in other hands, I have known it triumphed in, and boasted of with reason, as the master-key to all the brazen gates that close upon the paths to worldly honour, fortune, and enjoyment. To what man or woman—to what worthy,

honest, incorruptible creature—shall I confide such a talisman either now or when I die? Do you know any such person? Your virtues are of course inestimable, but can you tell me of any other living creature who will bear the test of contact with myself?”

Ch. iii, iv, x, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xliii, l-liv.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (*the younger*), *the hero of the story. He marries Mary Graham.*

The stranger became thoughtful likewise, and sat for five or ten minutes looking at the fire in silence. At length, he rose and divested himself of his shawl and greatcoat, which was a very warm and thick one; but he was not a whit more conversational out of his greatcoat than in it, for he sat down again in the same place and attitude, and, leaning back in his chair, began to bite his nails. He was young—one-and-twenty, perhaps—and handsome; with a keen, dark eye, and a quickness of look and manner which made Tom sensible of a great contrast in his own bearing, and caused him to feel even more shy than usual.

Ch. v-vii, xii-xvii, xxi, xxii, xxxiii-xxxv, xliii, xlviii-l, lii-liv.

CICERO, *a negro truckman in New York.*

Bought his freedom, which he got pretty cheap at last, on account of his strength being nearly gone, and he being ill.

Ch. xvii.

MISS CODGER, *a Western literary celebrity.*

Sticking on the forehead, by invisible means, was a massive cameo, in size and shape like the raspberry tart which is ordinarily sold for a penny, representing on its front the Capitol at Washington.

Ch. xxxiv.

DAVID CRIMPLE, *a pawnbroker, and afterwards secretary to the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company.*

This gentleman's name, by the way, had been originally Crimp; but as the word was susceptible of an awkward construction, and might be misrepresented, he had altered it to Crimple.

Ch. xiii, xxvii, xxviii, xlix, li.

COLONEL DIVER, *editor of the "Rowdy Journal."*

A sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either. Indeed it would have been difficult, on a much closer acquaintance, to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit. This gentleman wore a rather broad-brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance; and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude. He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surtout reaching nearly to his ankles, short loose trousers of the same colour, and a faded buff waistcoat, through which a discoloured shirt-frill struggled to force itself into notice, as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress, and maintaining a Declaration of Independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large proportions, were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against, half sat upon, the steamboat's side; and his thick cane, shod with a mighty ferrule at one end and armed with a great metal knob at the other, depended from a line-and-tassel on his wrist.

Ch. xvi.

DOCTOR GINERY DUNKLE, *one of the committee that waits on the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

A gentleman of great poetical elements.

Ch. xxxiv.

MR. FIPS, *a lawyer and agent of an unknown person (old Martin Chuzzlewit).*

Grave, business-like, sedate-looking . . . small and spare, and looked peaceable, and wore black shorts, and powder.

Ch. xxxix, xl, liii.

GENERAL FLADDOCK, *an American militia officer to whom Martin is introduced at New York.*

Ch. xv, xvii.

SAIREY GAMP, *a professional nurse.*

She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds: an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly; insomuch that, setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

Ch. xix, xxv, xxvi, xxix, xl, xlv, xlix, li, liii.

MR. GANDER, *a boarder at Mrs. Todgers's.*

Of the witty turn, who had originated the sally about "collars."

Ch. ix.

MARY GRAHAM, *old Martin Chuzzlewit's companion, and afterwards wife of young Martin Chuzzlewit.*

She was very young; apparently not more than seventeen; timid and shrinking in her manner, and yet with a greater share of self-possession and control over her emotions than usually belongs to a far more advanced period of female life. She was short in stature; and her figure was slight as became her years; but all the charm of youth and womanhood set it off, and clustered on her gentle brow. . . . Her attire was that of a lady, but extremely plain; and in her manner there was an indefinable something which appeared to be in kindred with her scrupulously unpretending dress. . . .

Had she been of the common metal of love-worn young ladies, she would have told him that she knew she had become a perfect fright; or that she had wasted away with weeping and anxiety; or that she was dwindling gently into an early grave; or that her mental sufferings were unspeakable; or would either by tears or words, or a mixture of

both, have furnished him with some other information to that effect, and made him as miserable as possible. But she had been reared up in a sterner school than the minds of most young girls are formed in ; she had had her nature strengthened by the hands of hard endurance and necessity ; had come out from her young trials constant, self-denying, earnest, and devoted ; had acquired in her maidenhood — whether happily in the end, for herself or him, is foreign to our present purpose to inquire—something of that nobler quality of gentle hearts which is developed often by the sorrows and struggles of matronly years, but often by their lessons only.

Ch. iii, v, vi, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxiii, xlii, li, liii.

COLONEL GROPER, *one of the committee that waits on the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxxiv.

MRS. HOMINY, *a literary celebrity whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets in America.*

She was very straight, very tall, and not at all flexible in face and figure. On her head she wore a great straw bonnet, with trimmings of the same, in which she looked as if she had been thatched by an unskilful labourer ; and in her hand she held a most enormous fan.

Ch. xxii, xxiii, xxxiv.

MAJOR HOMINY, *husband of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxii.

MR. IZZARD, *one of the committee that waits on the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxiv.

JACK, *driver of a stage-coach plying between London and Salisbury.*

Ch. xxvii.

JANE, *servant to Mr. Pecksniff.*

Ch. xxvi.

MR. JINKINS, *the oldest boarder at Mrs. Todgers's.*

Was of a fashionable turn ; being a regular frequenter of the Park on Sundays, and knowing a great many carriages by sight—was much the oldest of the party, being a fish-salesman's bookkeeper, aged forty—was the oldest boarder also ; and in right of his double seniority, took the lead in the house.

Ch. ix-xi, liv.

DOCTOR JOHN JOBLING, *medical officer of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company.*

His neckerchief and shirt-frill were ever of the whitest, his clothes of the blackest and sleekest, his gold watch-chain of the heaviest, and his seals of the largest. His boots, which were always of the brightest, creaked as he walked . . . he had a peculiar way of smacking his lips and saying " Ah ! " at intervals while patients detailed their symptoms, which inspired great confidence.

Ch. xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, xli.

MR. JODD, *a member of the committee that waits on the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxxiv.

CAPTAIN KEDGICK, *landlord of the National Hotel, at which Martin Chuzzlewit stays.*

Ch. xxii, xxxiv.

LAFAYETTE KETTLE, *an inquisitive American, and secretary of the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers.*

Languid and listless in his looks, his cheeks so hollow that he seemed to be always sucking them in ; and the sun had burnt him not a wholesome red or brown, but dirty yellow. He had bright dark eyes, which he kept half closed.

Ch. xxi, xxii.

MR. LEWSOME, *assistant to a doctor in London. He sells Jonas Chuzzlewit the drugs with which he poisons Anthony Chuzzlewit.*

Ch. xxv, xxix, xlviii, li.

MRS. LUPIN, *the landlady of the Blue Dragon Inn, and afterwards wife of Mark Tapley.*

The mistress of the Blue Dragon was in outward appearance just what a landlady should be ; broad, buxom, comfortable, and good-looking, with a face of clear red and white, which, by its jovial aspect, at once bore testimony to her hearty participation in the good things of the larder and the cellar, and to their thriving and healthful influences. She was a widow, but years ago had passed through her state of weeds, and burst into flower again ; and in full bloom she had continued ever since ; and in full bloom she was now ; with roses on her ample skirts, and roses on her bodice, roses in her cap, roses in her cheeks,—ay, and roses, worth the gathering too, on her lips, for that matter. She had still a bright black eye, and jet-black hair ; was comely, dimpled, plump, and tight as a gooseberry ; and though she was not exactly what the world calls young, you may make an affidavit, on trust, before any mayor or magistrate in Christendom, that there are a great many young ladies in the world (blessings on them, one and all !) whom you wouldn't like half as well, or admire half as much, as the beaming hostess of the Blue Dragon.

Ch. iii, iv, vii, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxvii, xliii, xlv, lii.

MR. AUGUSTUS MODDLE, *the youngest boarder at Mrs. Todgers's.*

Ch. ix-xi, xxxii, xxxvii, xlv, liv.

TIGG MONTAGUE. *see Montague Tigg.*

MR. MOULD, *an undertaker.*

A little elderly gentleman, bald, and in a suit of black ; with a note-book in his hand, a massive gold watch-chain dangling from his fob, and a face in which a queer attempt at melancholy was at odds with a smirk of satisfaction.

Ch. xix, xxv, xxix, xxxviii.

MRS. MOULD, *wife of the foregoing.*

Was plumper than the two (daughters) together.

Ch. xxv, xxix.

THE TWO MISSES MOULD, *daughters of the foregoing.*

So round and chubby were their fair proportions, that they might have been the bodies once belonging to angels' faces in the shop below, grown up, with other heads attached to them to make them mortal.

Ch. xxv.

PROFESSOR MULLIT, *a gentleman whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets in New York. He is a professor of education.*

Very short gentleman with red nose. . . . "He is a man of fine moral

elements, Sir—has written some powerful pamphlets, under the name of 'Suturb,' or Brutus reversed."

Ch. xvi.

MR. NADGETT, *a private detective in the employ of the Anglo-Bengalee Insurance Company.*

It was no virtue or merit in Nadgett that he transacted all his business secretly and in the closest confidence; for he was born to be a secret. He was a short, dried-up, withered, old man, who seemed to have secreted his very blood; for nobody would have given him credit for the possession of six ounces of it in his whole body. How he lived was a secret; where he lived was a secret; and even what he was, was a secret. In his musty old pocket-book he carried contradictory cards, in some of which he called himself a coal-merchant, in others a wine-merchant, in others a commission-agent, in others a collector, in others an accountant; as if he really didn't know the secret himself. . . .

He was mildewed, threadbare, shabby; always had flue upon his legs and back; and kept his linen so secret by buttoning up and wrapping over, that he might have had none—perhaps he hadn't. He carried one stained beaver glove, which he dangled before him by the forefinger as he walked or sat; but even its fellow was a secret.*

Ch. xxvii, xxviii, xxxviii, xl, xli, xlvii, li.

MR. NORRIS, *a New York gentleman.*

Ch. xvii.

MRS. NORRIS, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xvii.

THE TWO MISSES NORRIS, *daughters of the foregoing.*

Ch. xvii.

MAJOR PAWKINS, *a New York politician.*

A gentleman of Pennsylvanian origin, was distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; a heavy eye, and a dull, slow manner. In commercial affairs he was a bold speculator—in plainer words, he had a most distinguished genius for swindling.

Ch. xvi.

MRS. PAWKINS, *wife of the foregoing. She kept a boarding-house.*

Ch. xvi.

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF, *a cousin of old Martin Chuzzlewit, ostensibly an architect and land surveyor.*

It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff: especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man: fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there: but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for

he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace: a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-grey, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eyeglass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!"

The brazen plate upon the door (which, being Mr. Pecksniff's, could not lie) bore this inscription, "PECKSNIFF, ARCHITECT," to which Mr. Pecksniff, on his cards of business, added, "AND LAND SURVEYOR." In one sense, and only one, he may be said to have been a land surveyor on a pretty large scale, as an extensive prospect lay stretched out before the windows of his house. Of his architectural doings, nothing was clearly known, except that he had never designed or built anything; but it was generally understood that his knowledge of the science was almost awful in its profundity.

Ch. ii-vi, viii-xii, xviii-xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xliii, xlv, xlvii, lii, liv.

CHARITY PECKSNIFF, elder daughter of Seth Pecksniff. Called "*Cherry*," and betrothed to Augustus Moddle, who deserts her before the wedding.

Miss Pecksniff's nose was always red at breakfast-time. For the most part, indeed, it wore at that season of the day a scraped and frosty look, as if it had been rasped. "Charity," said Mr. Pecksniff, "is remarkable for strong sense, and for rather a deep tone of sentiment."

Ch. ii, iv-vi, viii-xi, xviii, xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxii, xxxvii, xlv, xlvii, liv.

MERCY PECKSNIFF, called "*Merry*," the younger daughter of Mr. Seth Pecksniff. Marries Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit.

She was the most arch, and at the same time the most artless creature. She was too fresh and guileless, and too full of childlike vivacity—to wear combs in her hair, or to turn it up or to frizzle it or braid it. She wore it in a crop, a loosely flowing crop, which had so many rows of curls in it that the top row was only one curl. Moderately buxom was her shape, and quite womanly too; but sometimes she even wore a pinafore.

Ch. ii, iv-vi, viii, x, xi, xx, xxii, xxiv, xxvi, xxviii, xxxvi, xl, xlv, xlvii, li, liv.

RUTH PINCH, sister of Tom Pinch, and governess in a wealthy brass and copper founder's family in Clerkenwell.

She had a good face; a very mild and prepossessing face; and a pretty little figure—slight and short, but remarkable for its neatness. There was something of her brother, much of him indeed, in a certain gentleness of manner, and in her look of timid trustfulness. . . .

Pleasant little Ruth! Cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet little Ruth! No doll's house ever yielded greater delight to its young mistress, than little Ruth derived from her glorious dominion over the triangular parlour and the two small bedrooms.

To be Tom's housekeeper. What dignity! Housekeeping, upon the commonest terms, associated itself with elevated responsibilities of all sorts and kinds; but housekeeping for Tom implied the utmost complication of grave trusts and mighty charges. Well might she take the keys out of the little chiffonier which held the tea and sugar; and out of the two little damp cupboards down by the fireplace, where the

very black beetles got mouldy, and had the shine taken out of their backs by envious mildew; and jingle them upon a ring before Tom's eyes when he came down to breakfast! Well might she, laughing musically, put them up in that blessed little pocket of hers with a merry pride!

Ch. ix, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, xl, xlv, xlviii, l, lii-liv.

TOM PINCH, *assistant to Pecksniff, in whom he had unbounded faith, but who discharges him when Tom finds out his villainy and hypocrisy.*

An ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald, availed himself of this permission; [he] stood hesitating, with the door in his hand. He was far from handsome, certainly; and was dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, of an uncouth make at the best, which, being shrunk with long wear, was twisted and tortured into all kinds of odd shapes; but notwithstanding his attire, and his clumsy figure, which a great stoop in his shoulders, and a ludicrous habit he had of thrusting his head forward, by no means redeemed, one would not have been disposed to consider him a bad fellow by any means. He was perhaps about thirty, but he might have been almost any age between sixteen and sixty: being one of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get it over at once.

Ch. ii, v-vii, ix, xii, xiv, xx, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxvi-xl, xlv, xlv, xlviii, l, lii, lii-liv.

MR. PIP, *a friend of Montague Tigg.*

Ch. xxxviii.

PROFESSOR PIPER, *one of the committee that waits on the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxxiv.

THE HON. ELIJAH POGRAM, *a member of Congress, the acquaintance of whom Martin Chuzzlewit makes in America.*

He had straight black hair, parted up the middle of his head, and hanging down upon his coat; a little fringe of hair upon his chin; wore no neckcloth; a white hat; a suit of black, long in the sleeves and short in the legs; soiled brown stockings, and laced shoes. His complexion, naturally muddy, was rendered muddier by too strict an economy of soap and water; and the same observation will apply to the washable part of his attire, which he might have changed with comfort to himself and gratification to his friends. He was about five-and-thirty; was crushed and jammed up in a heap, under the shade of a large green cotton umbrella; and ruminated over his tobacco-plug like a cow.

Ch. xxxiv.

BETSEY PRIG, *a nurse and friend of Mrs. Gamp.*

"The best of creatures, but she is otherwise engaged at night" . . . of the Gamp build, but not so fat; and her voice was deeper, and more like a man's. She had also a beard.

Ch. xxv, xxix, xlix.

ZEPHANIAH SCADDER, *agent of the Eden Land Corporation.*

He was a gaunt man in a huge straw hat, and a coat of green stuff—he had no cravat, and wore his shirt-collar wide open; so that every time he spoke something was seen to twitch and jerk up in his throat, like the little hammers in a harpsichord when the notes are struck.

Two grey eyes lurked deep within the agent's head, but one of them had no sight in it, and stood stock-still. Each long black hair upon his head hung down as straight as any plummet-line; but rumpled tufts were on the arches of his eyes.

Ch. xxi.

WILLIAM SIMMONS, *driver of van that carries Martin Chuzzlewit from Salisbury to Hounslow.*

A red-faced, burly young fellow; smart in his way, and with a good-humoured countenance.

Ch. xiii.

CHEVY SLYME, *a friend of Mr. Montague Tigg.*

Wretched and forlorn as he looked, Mr. Slyme had once been, in his way, the choicest of swaggerers: putting forth his pretensions, boldly, as a man of infinite taste and most undoubted promise. The stock-in-trade requisite to set up an amateur in this department of business is very slight, and easily got together; a trick of the nose and a curl of the lip sufficient to compound a tolerable sneer, being ample provision for any exigency. But, in an evil hour, this off-shoot of the Chuzzlewit trunk, being lazy, and ill qualified for any regular pursuit, and having dissipated such means as he ever possessed, had formally established himself as a professor of Taste for a livelihood; and finding, too late, that something more than his old amount of qualifications was necessary to sustain him in this calling, had quickly fallen to his present level, where he retained nothing of his old self but his boastfulness and his bile, and seemed to have no existence separate or apart from his friend Tigg.

Ch. iv, vii, li.

PUTNAM SMIF, *a young clerk in a dry goods store.*

Ch. xxii.

SOPHIA, *a pupil of Ruth Pinch.*

A premature little woman of thirteen years old, who had already arrived at such a pitch of whalebone and education that she had nothing girlish about her.

Ch. ix, xxxvi.

MR. SPOTTLETOE, *a relative of old Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Who was so bald, and had such big whiskers, that he seemed to have stopped his hair, by the sudden application of some powerful remedy, in the very act of falling off his head, and to have fastened it irrevocably on his face.

Ch. iv, liv.

MRS. SPOTTLETOE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Much too slim for her years, and of a poetical constitution.

Ch. iv, liv.

PAUL SWEEDLEPIPE, *called "Poll," a bird-fancier, and landlord of Mrs. Gamp.*

He was a little, elderly man, with a clammy cold right hand, from which even rabbits and birds could not remove the smell of shaving-soap. Poll had something of the bird in his nature; not of the hawk or the eagle, but of the sparrow, that builds in chimney-stacks, and inclines to human company. He was not quarrelsome, though, like the sparrow; but peaceful, like the dove. In his walk he strutted; and, in this respect, he bore a faint resemblance to the pigeon, as well

as in a certain prosiness of speech, which might, in its monotony, be likened to the cooing of that bird. He was very inquisitive; and when he stood at his shop-door in the evening-tide, watching the neighbours, with his head on one side, and his eye cocked knowingly, there was a dash of the raven in him. Yet there was no more wickedness in Poll than in a robin.

Ch. xix, xxvi, xxix, xlix, lii.

TACKER, *foreman and chief mourner for Mr. Mould the undertaker.*

His chief mourner, in fact—an obese person, with his waistcoat in closer connection with his legs than is quite reconcilable with the established ideas of grace; with that cast of feature which is figuratively called a bottle-nose; and with a face covered all over with pimples.

Ch. xix, xxv.

TAMAROO, *an old woman in the employ of Mrs. Todgers.*

This ancient female had been engaged in fulfilment of a vow, registered by Mrs. Todgers, that no more boys should darken the commercial doors; and she was chiefly remarkable for a total absence of all comprehension upon every subject whatever. She was a perfect Tomb for messages and small parcels; and when dispatched to the Post Office with letters, had been seen frequently endeavouring to insinuate them into casual chinks in private doors, under the delusion that any door with a hole in it would answer the purpose.

Ch. xxxii, liv.

MARK TAFLEY, *hostler at the Blue Dragon Inn, the landlady of which he afterwards marries. He goes to London, meets Martin Chuzzlewit, and accompanies him to America.*

A young fellow, of some five- or six-and-twenty perhaps, dressed in such a free and fly-away fashion, that the long ends of his loose red neckcloth were streaming out behind him quite as often as before; and the bunch of bright winter berries in the buttonhole of his velvet coat was as visible to Mr. Pinch's rearward observation, as if he had worn that garment wrong side foremost. . . .

Resolved in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world.

At night, when the cooking-fire was lighted on the deck, and the driving sparks that flew among the rigging, and the cloud of sails, seemed to menace the ship with certain annihilation by fire, in case the elements of air and water failed to compass her destruction; there again was Mr. Tapley, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices; compounding the strangest dishes; recognised by every one as an established authority; and helping all parties to achieve something, which, left to themselves, they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of. In short, there never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became on board that noble and fast-sailing line-of-packet ship, *The Screw*; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.

Ch. v, vii, xiii-xv, xvii, xxi-xxiii, xxxiii-xxxv, xliii, xlvi, li, liii.

MONTAGUE TIGG, *a sharper, and friend of Chevy Slyme. He is killed by Jonas Chuzzlewit.*

The gentleman was of that order of appearance which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though in respect of his dress he can hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a bluish grey,—violent in its colours once, but sobered now by age and dinginess,—and were so stretched and strained in a tough conflict between his braces and his straps, that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in colour blue and of a military cut, was buttoned and frogged, up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hair-dressers are accustomed to wrap about their clients during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a moustache—a shaggy moustache too; nothing in the meek and merciful way; but quite in the fierce and scornful style: the regular Satanic sort of thing—and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty; very bold and very mean; very swaggering and very slinking; very much like a man who might have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.

Ch. iv, vii, xii, xiii, xxii, xxviii, xxxviii, xl-xlii, xlv, xlvii.

MRS. TODGERS, *keeper of a commercial boarding-house.*

Rather a bony and hard-featured lady, with a row of curls in front of her head, shaped like little barrels of beer; and on the top of it something made of net—you couldn't call it a cap exactly—which looked like a black cobweb. She had a little basket on her arm, and in it a bunch of keys that jingled as she came.

Ch. viii-xi, xxii, xxxvii, xlv, liv.

MISS TOPPIT, *a literary lady whom Mrs. Hominy introduces to the Hon. Elijah Pogram.*

Ch. xxxiv.

JOHN WESTLOCK, *a pupil of Pecksniff, and a warm friend of Tom Pinch, whose sister he marries.*

Ch. ii, xii, xv, xxix, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, xl, xlv, xlviii, xlix, li-lvii.

MR. WOLF, *a friend of Montague Tigg.*

Ch. xxviii.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON

SCENE : *London, Brighton, France.*

TIME : *circa 1830-1846.*

PAUL DOMBEY, senior, is eight-and-forty years of age when the book opens, and his son, Little Paul, eight-and-forty minutes. The father is head of a large mercantile house in London, and is proud and arrogant. Little Paul's mother dies in giving him life, and he grows up with no companions save his sister Florence. Paul Dombey has neglected his daughter, and she is still further placed in the background after her mother's death. Her father's love, such as it is, is wholly given to his son, who as he grows older becomes a thoughtful, gentle-hearted child, passionately fond of his sister.

*Little Paul is, however, physically weak, and is sent to the house of Mrs. Pipchin at the seaside. At six he becomes a pupil of Doctor Blimber, but the forcing method that is in vogue at the school, instead of helping him to become stronger, weakens him, and in a few months he dies. His death widens the breach between Florence and her father.

Walter Gay, who is employed at Dombey's, brings her home one day when she has lost herself in London, and they become firm friends. He lives with Solomon Gills, his uncle, a ships' instrument maker, and Captain Cuttle, a one-handed seaman. Walter Gay makes an enemy of James Carker, the manager of Dombey's, who sends him abroad. Months pass without any news of the young man, and at last Solomon Gills goes in search of him, leaving Captain Cuttle in charge.

Here another character appears, Major Joseph Bagstock, who introduces Dombey to Edith Granger, and the pair are married. They are incompatible, for Edith is haughty and independent, and Dombey is plain-spoken and determined to have his own way. Mrs. Dombey, moreover, wins the affections of Florence, and this further turns Dombey against the two. He sends James Carker to his wife with messages which he knows will wound her pride, and she is at last goaded to such an extent that, for revenge, she determines to clope with her husband's manager, whom she really detests. Though she apparently flees with Carker, she does not live with him, and refuses to have anything to do with him when he follows her to France. On his return to England he is accidentally killed on the railway.

Florence, now a girl of seventeen, is once more alone, and she tries to comfort her father. He, however, infuriated with passion, ill-treats her, and tells her to join his wife. She flees from the house to Solomon Gills, only to find that he is away. But Captain Cuttle receives her, and watches over her until the unexpected return of Walter Gay. The

two fall in love with one another, and agree to get married before Walter's next voyage. Solomon Gills returns, and Walter and Florence after their wedding go for a long voyage. A year later the house of Dombey becomes bankrupt, and the head of the firm is broken in health and mind through brooding over his troubles. Florence wins her father's love at last, and persuades him to live with Walter and herself, where he ends his days happy with his grandchildren Paul and Florence.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ANNE, a housemaid at Mr. Dombey's, loved by Towlinson.

Ch. xviii, xxxi, xxxv, lix.

MAJOR JOSEPH BAGSTOCK, a retired army officer with an Oriental servant.

A wooden-featured, blue-eyed Major, with his eyes starting out of his head. . . . Although Major Bagstock had arrived at what is called, in polite literature, the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey downhill with hardly any throat, and a very rigid pair of jawbones, and long-flapped elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion in the state of artificial excitement already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with the fiction that she was a splendid woman who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club : in connection with little jocularities, of which old Joe Bagstock, old Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Josh Bagstock, or so forth, was the perpetual theme : it being, as it were, the Major's stronghold and donjon-keep of light humour, to be on the most familiar terms with his own name. . .

Notwithstanding his very liberal laudation of himself, however, the Major was selfish. It may be doubted whether there ever was a more entirely selfish person at heart ; or at stomach is perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decidedly endowed with that latter organ than that with the former. He had no idea of being overlooked or slighted by anybody.

Ch. vii, x, xx, xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxi, xxxvi, xl, li, lix, lx.

MR. BAPS, dancing-master at Doctor Blimber's.

Ch. xiv.

MRS. BAPS, wife of the foregoing.

Ch. xiv.

BERINTHLA, called " Berry," niece and servant to Mrs. Pipchin.

Possessing a gaunt and iron-bound aspect, and much afflicted with boils on her nose.

Ch. viii, xi.

BILER, see Robin Toodle.

MASTER BITHERSTONE, a child boarding at Mrs. Pipchin's.

Ch. viii, x, xli, lx.

DOCTOR BLIMBER, proprietor of a private school at Brighton, where Little Paul was educated.

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished ; a deep voice, and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always

expanded into a grin, as if he had, at that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Insomuch that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation to a nervous stranger, it was like a sentiment from the Sphinx, and settled his business.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hothouse, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round.

Ch. xi, xii, xix, xxiv, xli, lx.

MRS. BLIMBER, *wife of the foregoing.*

Was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said, at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented.

Ch. xi, xii, xix, xxiv, xli, lx.

MISS CORNELIA BLIMBER, *daughter of Doctor Blimber.*

A slim and graceful maid. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul.

Ch. xi, xii, xiv, xli, lx.

MRS. BLOCKITT, *nurse to Mrs. Dombey.*

A simpering piece of faded gentility, who did not presume to state her name as a fact, but merely offered it as a mild suggestion.

Ch. i.

MRS. BOKUM, *friend of Mrs. MacStinger, and her bridesmaid on her marriage to Jack Bunsby.*

Ch. lx.

BRIGGS, *a pupil of Doctor Blimber, and room-mate of Paul Dombey.*

The stony pupil—sat looking at his task in stony stupefaction and despair . . . he should wish himself dead, if it weren't for his mother and a blackbird he had at home.

Ch. xii, xiv, xli, lx.

MR. BROGLEY, *a broker, and friend of Sol Gills.*

Who kept a shop where every description of second-hand furniture was exhibited in the most uncomfortable aspect, and under circumstances and in combinations the most completely foreign to its purpose.

Mr. Brogley was a moist-eyed, pink-complexioned, crisp-haired man, of a bulky figure and an easy temper.

Ch. ix.

ALICE BROWN, *alias Alice Marwood, a former mistress of James Carker.*

A solitary woman of some thirty years of age; tall; well-formed; handsome; miserably dressed; the soil of many country roads in varied

weather—dust, chalk, clay, gravel, clotted on her grey cloak by the streaming wet; no bonnet on her head, nothing to defend her rich black hair from the rain, but a torn handkerchief.

Ch. xxxiii, xxxiv, xl, xlv, li, lii, lviii.

MRS. BROWN, called by herself "*Good Mrs. Brown,*" mother of the foregoing.

A very ugly old woman, with red rims round her eyes, and a mouth which mumbled and chattered of itself when she was not speaking. She was miserably dressed, and carried some skins over her arm.

Ch. vi, xxvii, xxxiv, xl, xlv, li, lviii.

CAPTAIN JACK BUNSBY, a friend of Captain Cuttle who always looks to him for advice. He is master of a vessel called the "*Cautious Clara,*" and finally marries Mrs. MacStinger.

Immediately there appeared, coming slowly up above the bulk-head of the cabin, another bulk-head—human, and very large—with one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses. This head was decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west, or south, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass, and to every point upon it. The head was followed by a perfect desert of chin, and by a shirt-collar and neckerchief, and by a dreadnought pilot-coat, and by a pair of dreadnought pilot-trousers, whereof the waistband was so very broad and high, that it became a succedaneum for a waistcoat; being ornamented near the wearer's breast-bone with some massive wooden buttons, like backgammon men. As the lower portions of these pantaloons became revealed, Bunsby stood confessed; his hands in their pockets, which were of vast size; and his gaze directed, not to Captain Cuttle or the ladies, but the mast-head.

Ch. xxiii, xxxix, lx.

HARRIET CARKER, sister of John and James Carker, and afterwards wife of Mr. Morfin.

This slight, small, patient figure, neatly dressed in homely stuffs—leaning on the man still young, but worn and grey—his sister who, of all the world, went over to him in his shame, and put her hand in his, and with a sweet composure and determination, led him hopefully upon his barren way.

Ch. xxii, xxxiii, xxxiv, lii, lxii.

JAMES CARKER, the managing clerk of Dombey and Son. He does all in his power to widen the breach between Mr. Dombey and his cold, proud wife, who consents to clope with him, leaving him, however, at the moment of their meeting at Dijon, whither they had fled by separate routes.

Mr. Carker was a gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were quite distressing. It was impossible to escape the observation of them, for he showed them whenever he spoke; and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile, however, very rarely, indeed, extending beyond his mouth), that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat. He affected a stiff white cravat, after the example of his principal, and was always closely buttoned up and tightly dressed. His manner towards Mr. Dombey was deeply conceived and perfectly expressed. He was familiar with him, in the very extremity

of his sense of the distance between them. "Mr. Dombey, to a man in your position from a man in mine, there is no show of subservience compatible with the transaction of business between us that I should think sufficient. I frankly tell you, Sir, I give it up altogether. I feel that I could not satisfy my own mind; and Heaven knows, Mr. Dombey, you can afford to dispense with the endeavour." If he had carried these words about with him printed on a placard, and had constantly offered it to Mr. Dombey's perusal on the breast of his coat, he could not have been more explicit than he was. This was Mr. Carker the Manager. . . .

The Manager sat at his desk, smooth and soft as usual, reading those letters which were reserved for him to open, backing them occasionally with such memoranda and references as their business purport required, and parcelling them out into little heaps for distribution through the several departments of the House. The post had come in heavy that morning, and Mr. Carker the Manager had a good deal to do.

The general action of a man so engaged—pausing to look over a bundle of papers in his hand, dealing them round in various portions, taking up another bundle and examining its contents with knitted brows and pursed-out lips—dealing, and sorting, and pondering by turns—would easily suggest some whimsical resemblance to a player at cards. The face of Mr. Carker the Manager was in good keeping with such a fancy. It was the face of a man who studied his play, warily: who made himself master of all the strong and weak points of the game: who registered the cards in his mind as they fell about him, knew exactly what was on them, what they missed, and what they made: who was crafty to find out what the other players held, and who never betrayed his own hand.

Ch. xiii, xvii, xxii, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxvi, xxxvii, xl, xlii, xlv-xlvii, liii-lv.

MR. JOHN CARKER, brother of James and Harriet Carker. *In his youth he had been led astray, and robbed his employers Dombey and Son. The firm, however, keep him on in a subordinate position, and he expiated his fault by long, faithful service.*

Mr. Carker, the Junior, was his brother, two or three years older than he, but widely removed in station. The younger brother's post was on the top of the official ladder; the elder brother's at the bottom. The elder brother never gained a stave, or raised his foot to mount one. Young men passed above his head, and rose and rose; but he was always at the bottom. He was quite resigned to occupy that low condition; never complained of it; and certainly never hoped to escape from it. . . . He was not old, but his hair was white; his body was bent, or bowed as if by the weight of some great trouble; and there were deep lines in his worn and melancholy face. The fire of his eyes, the expression of his features, the very voice in which he spoke, were all subdued and quenched, as if the spirit within him lay in ashes. He was respectably, though very plainly, dressed in black; but his clothes, moulded to the general character of his figure, seemed to shrink and abase themselves upon him, and to join in the sorrowful solicitation which the whole man from head to foot expressed, to be left unnoticed, and alone in his humility.

Ch. vi, xix, xxii, xxxiii, xxxiv, liii, lxii.

MR. JOHN CHICK, brother-in-law to Mr. Dombey.

A stout, old gentleman, with a very large face, and his hands

continually in his pockets, and who had a tendency to whistle and hum tunes.

Ch. ii, v, xxix, xxxvi.

MRS. LOUISA CHICK, wife of the foregoing, and sister of Mr. Dombey.

A lady rather past the middle age than otherwise, but dressed in a very juvenile manner, particularly as to the tightness of her bodice.

Ch. i, ii, v-viii, x, xviii, xxix, xxxvi, li, lix.

"THE GAME CHICKEN," a professional boxer and prize-fighter.

Was always to be heard of at the bar of the Black Badger, wore a shaggy white greatcoat in the warmest weather, and knocked Mr. Toots about the head three times a week, for the small consideration of ten-and-six per visit.

Ch. xxii, xxviii, xxxii, xli, xlv, lvi.

"CHOWLEY," see Charles MacStinger.

MR. CLARK, a clerk of Mr. Dombey.

Looking at the neighbouring masts and boats, a stout man stood whistling, with his pen behind his ear, and his hands in his pockets, as if his day's work were nearly done.

Ch. vi.

"CLEOPATRA," see Mrs. Skeuton.

CAPTAIN EDWARD CUTTLE, friend and partner of Solomon Gills, and the protector of Florence Dombey.

A gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist; very bushy black eyebrows; and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over (like his nose, with knobs. He wore a loose black silk handkerchief round his neck, and such a very large coarse shirt-collar, that it looked like a small sail. He was evidently the person for whom the spare wine-glass was intended, and evidently knew it; for having taken off his rough outer coat, and hung up, on a particular peg behind the door, such a hard glazed hat as a sympathetic person's head might ache at the sight of, and which left a red rim round his own forehead as if he had been wearing a tight basin, he brought a chair to where the clean glass was, and sat himself down behind it. He was usually addressed as Captain, this visitor; and had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateer's-man, or all three perhaps; and was a very salt-looking man indeed.

His face, remarkable for a brown solidity, brightened as he shook hands with uncle and nephew; but he seemed to be of a laconic disposition, and merely said—

"How goes it?"

"All well," said Mr. Gills, pushing the bottle towards him.

He took it up, and having surveyed and smelt it, said with extraordinary expression—

"The?"

"The," returned the instrument-maker.

Upon that he whistled as he filled his glass, and seemed to think they were making holiday indeed.

"Wal'r!" he said, arranging his hair (which was thin) with his hook, and then pointing it at the instrument-maker, "Look at him! Love! Honour! And Obey! Overhaul your catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down. Success, my boy!"

He was so perfectly satisfied both with his quotation and his reference

to it, that he could not help repeating the words again in a low voice, and saying he had forgotten 'em these forty years.

"But I never wanted two or three words in my life that I didn't know where to lay my hand upon 'em, Gills," he observed. "It comes of not wasting language as some do."

Ch. iv, ix, x, xv, xvii, xix, xxiii, xxv, xxxii, xxxix, xlviii-l, lvi, lvii, lx, lxii.

MARY DAWS, *a young kitchen-maid in the service of Mr. Dombey.*

Of inferior rank—in black stockings—who, having sat with her mouth open for a long time, unexpectedly discharges from it words to this effect: "Suppose the wages shouldn't be paid!"

Ch. lix.

DIODEGENES, *a dog given by Mr. Toots to Florence Dombey.*

Had never in his life received a friend into his confidence, before Paul . . . a blundering, ill-favoured, clumsy, bullet-headed dog.

Ch. xiv, xviii, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xli, xlv, xlviii-l, lvi, lxii.

MRS. EDITH DOMBEY, *widow of Colonel Granger, and wife of Mr. Dombey.*

Very handsome, very haughty, very wilful, who tossed her head and drooped her eyelids, as though, if there were anything in all the world worth looking into, save a mirror, it certainly was not the earth or sky. . . . It was a remarkable characteristic of this lady's beauty that it appeared to vaunt and assert itself without her aid, and against her will. She knew that she was beautiful: it was impossible that it could be otherwise: but she seemed with her own pride to defy her very self.

Whether she held cheap, attractions that could only call forth admiration that was worthless to her, or whether she designed to render them more precious to admirers by this usage of them, those to whom they were precious seldom paused to consider. . . .

"I was a woman—artful, designing, mercenary, laying snares for men—before I knew myself, or even understood the base and wretched aim of every new display I learnt. . . ."

"Look at me, who have never known what it is to have an honest heart, and love. Look at me, taught to scheme and plot when children play; and married in my youth—an old age of design—to one for whom I had no feeling but indifference. Look at me, whom he left a widow, dying before his inheritance descended to him—and tell me what has been my life for ten years since."

"There is no slave in a market; there is no horse in a fair; so shown and offered and examined and paraded, as I have been, for ten shameful years. Is it not so? Have I been made the byword of all kinds of men? Have fools, have profligates, have boys, have dotards, dangled after me, and one by one rejected me, and fallen off, because you were too plain with all your cunning: yes, and too true, with all those false pretences: until we have almost come to be notorious? The licence of look and touch, have I submitted to it, in half the places of resort upon the map of England? Have I been hawked and vended here and there, until the last grain of self-respect is dead within me, and I loathe myself? . . ."

Ch. xxi, xxvi-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv-xxxvii, xl-xliii, xlv, xlvii, liv, lxi.

MR. DOMBEY, *a wealthy, stiff, and pompous London merchant who ignored his daughter Florence, and centred all his affection on his son Paul. He marries Edith Granger, widow of Colonel Granger.*

Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great arm-chair

by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire, and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new.

Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age. Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome, well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing: one of those close-shaved, close-cut, moneyed gentlemen who are glossy and crisp like new bank-notes, and who seem to be artificially braced and tightened as by the stimulating action of golden shower-baths. Son was very bald, and very red, and though (of course) an undeniably fine infant, somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet. On the brow of Dombey, Time and his brother Care had set some marks, as on a tree that was to come down in good time;—remorseless twins they are for striding through their human forests, notching as they go;—while the countenance of Son was crossed and recrossed with a thousand little creases, which the same deceitful Time would take delight in smoothing out and wearing away with the flat part of his scythe, as a preparation of the surface for his deeper operations.

Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event, jingled and jingled the heavy gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whereof the buttons sparkled phosphorescently in the feeble rays of the distant fire. Son, with his little fists curled up and clenched, seemed, in his feeble way, to be squaring at existence for having come upon him so unexpectedly.

“Dombey and Son.” Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey’s life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; rainbows gave them promise of fair weather; winds blew for or against their enterprises; stars and planets circled in their orbits, to preserve inviolate a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them. A. D. had no concern with *anno Domini*, but stood for *anno Dombey*—and Son.

Ch. i-iii, v. vi, viii, x, xi, xiii, xvi, xviii, xx, xxi, xxv-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi, xl-xliv, xlvii, li, lii, lv, lviii, lix, lxi, lxii.

FLORENCE DOMBEY, *the neglected daughter of Mr. Dombey. She marries Walter Gay.*

So Florence lived in her wilderness of a home, within the circle of her innocent pursuits and thoughts, and nothing harmed her. She could go down to her father’s rooms now, and think of him, and suffer her loving heart humbly to approach him, without fear of repulse. She could look upon the objects that had surrounded him in his sorrow, and could nestle near his chair, and not dread the glance that she so well remembered. She could render him such little tokens of her duty and service, as putting everything in order for him with her own hands, binding little nosegays for his table, changing them as one by one they withered and he did not come back, preparing something for him every day, and leaving some timid mark of her presence near his usual seat. To-day, it was a little painted stand for his watch; to-morrow, she would be afraid to leave it, and would substitute some other trifle of her making not so likely to attract his eye. Waking in the night, perhaps, she would tremble at the thought of his coming home and angrily rejecting

it, and would hurry down with slippered feet and quickly beating heart, and bring it away. At another time, she would only lay her face upon his desk, and leave a kiss there, and a tear.

Ch. i, iii, v, vi, viii-xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xix, xxii-xxiv, xxvii, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl, xli, xliii-xlv, xlvii-l, lvi, lvii, lix, lxi, lxii.

PAUL DOMBEY, son of Mr. Dombey.

He was a pretty little fellow; though there was something wan and wistful in his small face, that gave occasion to many significant shakes of Mrs. Wickam's head, and many long-drawn inspirations of Mrs. Wickam's breath. His temper gave abundant promise of being imperious in after-life; and he had as hopeful an apprehension of his own importance, and the rightful subservience of all other things and persons to it, as heart could desire. He was childish and sportive enough at times, and not of a sullen disposition; but he had a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way, at other times, of sitting brooding in his miniature arm-chair, when he looked (and talked) like one of those terrible little beings in the fairy tales, who, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age, fantastically represent the children for whom they have been substituted. He would frequently be stricken with this precocious mood upstairs in the nursery; and would sometimes lapse into it suddenly, exclaiming that he was tired: even while playing with Florence, or driving Miss Tox in single harness. But at no time did he fall into it so surely, as when, his little chair being carried down into his father's room, he sat there with him after dinner, by the fire. They were the strangest pair at such a time that ever firelight shone upon. Mr. Dombey so erect and solemn, gazing at the blaze; his little image, with an old, old face, peering into the red perspective with the fixed and rapt attention of a sage. Mr. Dombey entertaining complicated worldly schemes and plans; the little image entertaining Heaven knows what wild fancies, half-formed thoughts, and wandering speculations. Mr. Dombey stiff with starch and arrogance; the little image by inheritance, and in unconscious imitation. The two so very much alike, and yet so monstrously contrasted.

Ch. i-iii, v-viii, x-xii, xiv, xvi.

MRS. FANNY DOMBEY, first wife of Mr. Dombey, and mother of Florence and little Paul Dombey.

Clinging fast to that slight spar (her little daughter) within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world . . . had always sat at the head of his table, and done the honours of his table, in a remarkably ladylike and becoming manner.

Ch. i.

MR. FEEDER, B.A., assistant to Dr. Blimber, and afterwards married to his daughter Cornelia.

He was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favourable; but it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the young ideas of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen.

Ch. xi, xii, xiv, xli, lx.

REVEREND ALFRED FEEDER, M.A., *brother of the foregoing.*

Ch. lx.

COUSIN FEENIX, *nephew of the Hon. Mrs. Skewton, and cousin of Edith Dombey.*

Ch. xxxi, xxxvi, xli, li, lxi.

FLOWERS, *maid to Mrs. Skewton.*

Ch. xxvi, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl.

WALTER GAY, *in the employ of Mr. Dombey, and a nephew of Sol Gills. Marries Florence Dombey.*

Ch. iv, vi, x, xiii, xv-xvii, xix, xlix, l, lvi, lvii, lxi, lxii.

SOLOMON GILLS, *a seller of nautical instruments, the uncle of Walter Gay, and friend of Captain Cuttle.*

To say nothing of his Welsh wig, which was as plain and stubborn a Welsh wig as ever was worn, and in which he looked like anything but a Rover, he was a slow, quiet-spoken, thoughtful old fellow, with eyes as red as if they had been small suns looking at you through a fog; and a newly awakened manner, such as he might have acquired by having stared for three or four days successively through every optical instrument in his shop, and suddenly come back to the world again, to find it green. The only change ever known in his outward man, was from a complete suit of coffee-colour cut very square, and ornamented with glaring buttons, to the same suit of coffee-colour minus the inexpressibles, which were then of a pale nankeen. He wore a very precise shirt-frill, and carried a pair of first-rate spectacles on his forehead, and a tremendous chronometer in his fob, rather than doubt which precious possession, he would have believed in a conspiracy against it on the part of all the clocks and watches in the City, and even of the very sun itself. Such as he was, such he had been in the shop and parlour behind the little midshipman, for years upon years: going regularly aloft to bed every night in a howling garret remote from the lodgers, where, when gentlemen of England who lived below at ease had little or no idea of the state of the weather, it often blew great guns.

Ch. iv, vi, ix, x, xv, xvii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxv, lvi, lvii, lxii.

OLD GLUBB, *an old man employed to draw the coach of Little Paul.*

A weason, old, crab-faced man, in a suit of battered oilskin, who had got tough and stringy from long picklings in salt water, and who smelt like a weedy seabeach when the tide is out.

Ch. xii.

MRS. EDITH GRANGER, *see Mrs. Edith Dombey.*

REVEREND MELCHISEDECH HOWLER, *a minister of the Ranting persuasion.*

Having been one day discharged from the West India Docks on a false suspicion (got up expressly against him by the general enemy) of screwing gimlets into punchcoons and applying his lips to the orifice, had announced the destruction of the world for that day two years, at ten in the morning, and opened a front parlour for the reception of ladies and gentlemen of the Ranting persuasion.

Ch. xv, lx.

JEMIMA, *unmarried sister of Mrs. Toodles.*

Ch. ii, vi.

JOE, a labourer.

Ch. vi.

JOHN, father of Martha.

Went roaming about the banks of the river when the tide was low, looking out for bits and scraps in the mud.

Ch. xxiv.

JOHNSON, pupil of Doctor Blimber.

Ch. xii, xiv.

KATE, an orphan child who visits Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles.

Ch. xxv.

ALEXANDER MACSTINGER, son of Mrs. MacStinger.

Ch. xxiii, xxv, xxix, lx.

CHARLES MACSTINGER, called "Chowley," son of Mrs. MacStinger.

Ch. xxxix, lx.

JULIANA MACSTINGER, daughter of Mrs. MacStinger.

Ch. xxv, xxix, lx.

MRS. MACSTINGER, landlady of Captain Cuttle, and afterwards wife of Captain Bunsby.

A widow lady with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and her arms frothy with soap-suds and smoking with hot water.

Ch. ix, xvii, xxiii, xxv, xxxix, lvi, lx.

MARTHA, daughter of John.

Ugly, misshapen, peevish, ill-conditioned, fagged, dirty—but beloved !

Ch. xxiv.

ALICE MARWOOD, see Alice Brown.

MELIA, servant-girl at Doctor Blimber's.

A pretty young woman in leather gloves, cleaning a stove. . . .

Ch. xii, xiv, xli.

MRS. MIFF, a wheezy little pew-opener.

The wheezy little pew-opener, a mighty dry old lady, sparsely dressed with not an inch of fulness anywhere about her. A vinegary face has Mrs. Miff, and a mortified bonnet, and eke a thirsty soul for sixpences and shillings.

Ch. xxxi, lvii.

MR. MORFIN, head clerk to Dombey and Son, who marries Harriet Carker.

A cheerful-looking, hazel-eyed, elderly bachelor : gravely attired, as to his upper man in black ; and as to his legs in pepper-and-salt colour. His hair was just touched here and there with specks of grey, as though the tread of Time had splashed it ; and his whiskers were already white.

Ch. xiii, xxxiii, liii, lviii, lxii.

THE NATIVE, a dark servant of Major Bagstock.

Ch. vii, x, xx, xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, lviii, lix.

SUSAN NIPPER, maid to Florence Dombey. Marries Mr. Toots.

A short, brown, womanly girl of fourteen, with a little snub nose, and black eyes like jet beads.

Ch. iii, v, vi, xiii, xv, xvi, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxxii, xliii, xlv, lvi, lvii, lx-lxii.

MISS PANKEY, *a boarder at Mrs. Pipchin's.*

A mild, little, blue-eyed morsel of a child, who was shampooed every morning, and seemed in danger of being rubbed away altogether.

Ch. viii, xi.

LITTLE PAUL, *see Paul Dombey.*

DOCTOR PARKER PEPS, *the doctor who attends the birth of Little Paul.*

One of the Court Physicians, and a man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families.

Ch. i, xvi.

MR. PERCH, *messenger in Mr. Dombey's office.*

When Perch saw Mr. Dombey come in—or rather when he felt that he was coming, for he had usually an instinctive sense of his approach—he hurried into Mr. Dombey's room, stirred the fire, quarried fresh coals from the bowels of the coal-box, hung the newspapers to air upon the fender, put the chair ready, and the screen in its place, and was round upon his heel on the instant of Mr. Dombey's entrance, to take his greatcoat and hat, and hang them up.

Ch. xiii, xvii, xxii, xxiv, xxxi, xlvi, li, liii, lviii, lix.

MRS. PERCH, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xiii, xxii, xxxi, xxxv, li, liii, lviii, lix.

MR. PILKINS, *the family physician of Mr. Dombey.*

Who had regularly puffed the case for the last six weeks, among all his patients, friends, and acquaintances, as one to which he was in hourly expectations day and night of being summoned in conjunction with Doctor Parker Peps.

Ch. i, viii.

MRS. PIPCHIN, *an old lady at Brighton with whom Little Paul and Florence Dombey board. Afterwards the housekeeper of Mr. Dombey.*

Mrs. Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. Forty years at least had elapsed since the Peruvian mines had been the death of Mr. Pipchin; but his relict still wore black bombazeen, of such a lustreless, deep, dead, sombre shade, that gas itself couldn't light her up after dark, and her presence was a quencher to any number of candles. She was generally spoken of as "a great manager" of children; and the secret of her management was, to give them everything that they didn't like, and nothing that they did—which was found to sweeten their dispositions very much. She was such a bitter old lady, that one was tempted to believe there had been some mistake in the application of the Peruvian machinery, and that all her waters of gladness and milk of human kindness had been pumped out dry, instead of the mines. . . .

Mrs. Pipchin appeared to have something of the same odd kind of attraction towards Paul, as Paul had towards her. She would make him move his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite; and there he would remain in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazeen drapery, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering

at the hard grey eye, until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it, on pretence of dozing.

Ch. viii, xi, xii, xiv, xvi, xlii-xliv, xlvii, li, lix.

RICHARDS, *see* *Polly Toodle*.

ROB THE GRINDER, *see* *Robin Toodle*.

SIR BARNET SKETTLES, *a member of Parliament*.

Sir Barnet Skettles expressed his personal consequence chiefly through an antique gold snuff-box, and a ponderous silk pocket-handkerchief, which he had an imposing manner of drawing out of his pocket like a banner, and using with both hands at once. Sir Barnet's object in life was constantly to extend the range of his acquaintance. Like a heavy body dropped into water—not to disparage so worthy a gentleman by the comparison—it was in the nature of things that Sir Barnet must spread an ever-widening circle about him, until there was no room left. Or, like a sound in air, the vibration of which, according to the speculation of an ingenious modern philosopher, may go on travelling for ever through the interminable fields of space, nothing but coming to the end of his moral tether could stop Sir Barnet Skettles in his voyage of discovery through the social system.

Ch. xiv, xxiii, xxiv, xxviii, lx.

LADY SKETTLES, *wife of the foregoing*.

Ch. xiv, xxiii, xxiv, xxviii, lx.

BARNET SKETTLES, *junior, son of the foregoing, and a pupil of Doctor Blimber*.

Ch. xiv, xxiv, xxviii.

THE HON. MRS. SKEWTON, *called "Cleopatra," mother of Edith Dombey*.

Although the old lady was not young, she was very blooming in the face—quite rosy—and her dress and attitude were perfectly juvenile, her age, which was about seventy—her dress would have been youthful for twenty-seven. . . . "What I have ever sighed for has been to retreat to a Swiss farm, and live entirely surrounded by cows—and china."

Ch. xxi, xxvi-xxviii, xxx, xxxv-xxxvii, xl, xli.

SOWNDS, *a beadle, orthodox and corpulent*.

Sitting in the sun upon the church steps—seldom does anything else, except, in cold weather, sitting by the fire.

Ch. v, xxi, lvii.

MR. TOODLE, *husband to Polly Toodle, at first a stoker and afterwards an engine-driver*.

He was a strong, loose, round-shouldered, shuffling, shaggy fellow, on whom his clothes sat negligently; with a good deal of hair and whisker, deepened in its natural tint, perhaps, by smoke and coal dust; hard knotty hands; and a square forehead, as coarse in grain as the bark of an oak.

Ch. ii, xv, xx, lix.

MRS. POLLY TOODLE, *called "Richards," wife of the foregoing, and foster-mother of Little Paul*.

Ch. ii, iii, v-vii, xv, xvi, xxii, xxxviii, lvi, lix.

ROBIN TODDLE, called "*Rob the Grinder*."

A strong-built lad of fifteen, with a round red face, a round sleek head, round black eyes, round limbs, and round body, who, to carry out the general rotundity of his appearance, had a round hat in his hand, without a particle of brim to it—a velveteen jacket and trousers very much the worse for wear, a particularly small red waistcoat like a gorget, an interval of blue check, and the hat before mentioned.

Ch. ii, v, vi, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxv, xxxi, xxxii, xxxviii, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lii, lix.

MR. P. TOOTS, *the eldest of the pupils of Doctor Blimber, afterwards the husband of Susan Nipper.*

When he began to have whiskers he left off having brains; young Toots was, at any rate, possessed of the gruffest of voices, and the shrillest of minds; sticking ornamental pins into his shirt, and keeping a ring in his waistcoat pocket to put on his little finger by stealth, when the pupils went out walking.

Ch. xi, xii, xiv, xviii, xxii, xxviii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxix, xli, xlv, xlviii, l, lvi, lvii, lx, lxii.

MRS. TOOTS, *see Susan Nipper.*

THOMAS TOWLINSON, *footman to Mr. Dombey.*

Ch. v, xviii, xx, xxviii, xxxi, xxxv, xlv, li, lix.

MISS LUCRETIA TOX, *a friend of Mrs. Chick.*

Miss Tox's dress, though perfectly genteel and good, had a certain character of angularity and scantiness. She was accustomed to wear odd weedy little flowers in her bonnets and caps. Strange grasses were sometimes perceived in her hair; and it was observed by the curious, of all her collars, frills, tuckers, wristbands, and other gossamer articles,—indeed of everything she wore which had two ends to it intended to unite,—that the two ends were never on good terms, and wouldn't quite meet without a struggle. She had furry articles for winter wear, as tippetts, boas, and muffs, which stood up on end in a rampant manner, and were not at all sleek. She was much given to the carrying about of small bags with snaps to them, that went off like little pistols when they were shut up; and when full-dressed, she wore round her neck the barrenest of lockets, representing a fishy old eye, with no approach to speculation in it. These and other appearances of a similar nature had served to propagate the opinion, that Miss Tox was a lady of what is called a limited independence, which she turned to the best account. Possibly her mincing gait encouraged the belief, and suggested that her clipping a step of ordinary compass into two or three, originated in her habit of making the most of everything.

Ch. i, ii, v-viii, x, xviii, xx, xxix, xxxi, xxxvi, xxxviii, li, lix, lxii.

TOZER, *a room-mate of Paul Dombey at Doctor Blimber's.*

Ch. xii, xiv, xli, lx.

MRS. WICKAM, *wife of a waiter, and nurse to Little Paul Dombey.*

Mrs. Wickam was a waiter's wife—which would seem equivalent to being any other man's widow—whose application for an engagement had been favourably considered on account of the apparent impossibility of her having any followers, or anyone to follow—was a meek woman, of a fair complexion, with her eyes always elevated, with her

head always drooping ; who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else.

Ch. viii, xi, xii, xviii, lviii.

WITHERS, *page to Mrs. Skewton.*

The chair (in which Mrs. Skewton was seated) having stopped, the motive-power became visible in the shape of a flushed page—who seemed to have in part outgrown and in part out-pushed his strength, for when he stood upright he was tall, wan, and thin.

Ch. xxi, xxv, xxvii, xxx, xxxvii, xl.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

SCENE : *London, Yarmouth, Dover, and other places in England and on the Continent.*

TIME : 1812-1842.

David Copperfield is partly an autobiography of Charles Dickens, and it is this which makes the novel such a popular favourite.

The story begins with the birth of young David. He is a posthumous child, his father dying six months before. Miss Betsey Trotwood, an eccentric great-aunt of David, arrives at the Copperfield household on the night of the birth. She goes away as quickly as she came, in a bad temper, on learning that the infant is a boy and not a girl.

Clara Peggotty, always called simply Peggotty, is the first nurse of young Copperfield, who grows up happily enough with his mother and his nurse. Mrs. Copperfield marries again, a Mr. Murdstone, and David is sent to Yarmouth, the home of Peggotty's brother, Dan Peggotty, a kind-hearted fisherman. There also is Little Em'ly, niece of Dan, Mrs. Gummidge, a widow, and Ham Peggotty, nephew of the old fisherman. They live in an overturned boat that has been converted into a comfortable, though rather unorthodox, dwelling-place.

David does not learn of his mother's marriage until he returns home again, when he finds that it is not the joyful place of his earlier days. Murdstone is a stern man who believes in firmness and discipline, and behaves harshly to his stepson, aided by Jane Murdstone. Our hero is about nine when he is sent to a boarding-school, kept by Creakle. Creakle is a brute, and delights in ill-treating his pupils. There, however, young Copperfield becomes friends with James Steerforth, the head boy, and Tommy Traddles. Shortly after entering the school his mother dies, and David goes again to Yarmouth with Peggotty, on his way aiding in the courtship of Barkis, a stage driver, who "is willin'" to marry Peggotty.

The young lad is now sent to a bottling firm by his stepfather, and he lodges with Micawber, who is always waiting for "something to turn up," and Micawber's wife. The bottling work is so much to David's distaste, and his position becomes so difficult, that he runs away to Betsey Trotwood, who takes care of him. His great-aunt is really a very kind old lady, and among others whom she looks after is a simple-witted man called Mr. Dick, who is always flying kites and writing memorials to King Charles the First. David is sent to Dr. Strong's school at Dover, and he lives with Wickfield, an attorney. Wickfield has a clerk, Uriah Heep, a fawning individual who, with his 'umble ways, and his mother's 'umble ways, gradually gains the control over the attorney. David finishes his schooling at Dr. Strong's, and goes to stay with the

Peggottys. Steerforth accompanies him on the visit. They both become very fond of Little Em'ly, who is, however, engaged to her cousin Ham, but is in love with Steerforth. The latter arranges to elope with her.

David becomes a lawyer's clerk at Spenlow and Jorkins's in London, where he meets and falls in love with Dora Spenlow.

The second book opens gloomily. Barkis dies while David is on a visit to Yarmouth, and James Steerforth goes abroad with Little Em'ly, who believes that the scoundrel will marry her. The Peggottys are in despair, and Em'ly's uncle determines to go in search of her. Betsey Trotwood's monetary affairs become in a bad state, and David, now forced to rely upon himself, obtains a post as secretary to Dr. Strong, his old schoolmaster. He studies shorthand in his spare time, and becomes a Parliamentary reporter. Agnes Wickfield, the daughter of the attorney, and her father fall into the clutches of Uriah Heep; Dora's father dies; and David, who has turned twenty-one, marries her.

Our hero does not find that his wedded life is so happy as he expected, although he is very fond of his "child-wife." She is more interested in her dog Jip than in her husband's work and her own housekeeping. David begins to be known in the literary world, and starts his first book. Dan Peggotty succeeds in rescuing Little Em'ly, and the family determine to go to Australia. At this time a change is wrought by Micawber in the affairs of Wickfield. Uriah Heep has told Micawber the secret of the plots against the attorney, and Micawber betrays him. He is forced to relinquish the spoils of his villainy, which includes the property of Betsey Trotwood, and Wickfield and his daughter are once more free. Micawber emigrates to Australia with Dan and Little Em'ly, where at last something "turns up." James Steerforth is drowned during a storm, and Ham Peggotty loses his life in attempting to save him.

David loses his child-wife, and travels for three years to try to overcome his sorrow. His novels bring him a lasting reputation, and he finally marries Agnes, in whom he discovers his real love.

The Micawbers and Peggottys are successful in Australia; David's great-aunt and Peggotty both live to a good old age; and Tommy Traddles, who has become a barrister, succeeds in his profession and marries "the dearest girl in the world."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ADAMS, *head boy at Dr. Strong's.*

Ch. xvi, xviii.

RICHARD BABLEY, *see Mr. Dick.*

CAPTAIN BAILEY, *an admirer of the eldest Miss Larkins.*

Ch. xviii.

MR. BARKIS, *the carrier who takes David Copperfield to Yarmouth. He marries Clara Peggotty.*

Mr. Barkis's wooing, as I remember it, was altogether of a peculiar kind. He very seldom said anything; but would sit by the fire in much the same attitude as he sat in his cart, and stare heavily at Peggotty, who was opposite. One night, being, as I suppose, inspired by love, he made a dart at the bit of wax-candle she kept for her thread, and put it in his waistcoat pocket and carried it off. After that his

great delight was to produce it when it was wanted, sticking to the lining of his pocket, in a partially melted state, and pocket it again when it was done with. He seemed to enjoy himself very much, and not to feel at all called upon to talk. Even when he took Peggotty out for a walk on the flats, he had no uneasiness on that head, I believe; contenting himself with now and then asking her if she was pretty comfortable; and I remember that sometimes, after he was gone, Peggotty would throw her apron over her face, and laugh for half an hour. Indeed, we were all more or less amused, except that miserable Mrs. Gummidge, whose courtship would appear to have been of an exactly parallel nature, she was so continually reminded by these transactions of the old one.

Ch. ii, v, vii, viii, x, xxix, xxxi.

MRS. BARKIS, *see Clara Peggotty.*

CHARLEY, *a dealer in second-hand sailors' clothes, to whom David Copperfield sells his jacket for fourpence.*

An ugly old man, with the lower part of his face all covered with a stubbly grey beard.

Ch. xiii.

MR. CHESTLE, *a hop-grower, afterwards husband of the eldest Miss Larkins.*

Ch. xviii.

DR. CHILLIP, *the doctor present at the birth of David Copperfield.*

He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else. It is nothing to say that he hadn't a word to throw at a dog. He couldn't have *thrown* a word at a mad dog. He might have offered him one gently, or half a one, or a fragment of one; for he spoke as slowly as he walked; but he wouldn't have been rude to him, and he couldn't have been quick with him, for any earthly consideration.

Ch. i, ii, ix, x, xxii, xxx, lix.

CLICKETT, *an orphan girl from St. Luke's Workhouse, and servant to the Micawbers.*

Ch. xi, xii.

MRS. CLARA COPPERFIELD, *mother of David Copperfield; afterwards married to Mr. Murdstone, who breaks her heart.*

My mother was, no doubt, unusually youthful in appearance, even for her years.

Ch. i-iv, viii, ix.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, *the character from whom the book takes its name. See the synopsis.*

Born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or "thereby," as they say in Scotland, I was a posthumous child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months, when mine opened on it.

MRS. DORA COPPERFIELD, *see Dora Spenlow.*

MR. CREAKLE, *master of Salem House School, to which Copperfield was sent by the Murdstones.*

Mr. Creakle's face was fiery, and his eyes were small, and deep in his

head ; he had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose, and a large chin. He was bald on the top of his head ; and had some thin, wet-looking hair, that was just turning grey, brushed across each temple, so that the two sides interlaced on his forehead. But the circumstance about him which impressed me most was, that he had no voice, but spoke in a whisper. The exertion this cost him, or the consciousness of talking in that feeble way, made his angry face so much more angry, and his thick veins so much thicker, when he spoke, that I am not surprised, on looking back, at this peculiarity striking me as his chief one. . . .

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially ; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know.

Ch. v-vii, ix, lxi.

MRS. CREAKLE, wife of the foregoing.

Ch. vi, ix.

MISS CREAKLE, daughter of the foregoing.

Ch. vi, vii, ix.

MRS. CREWLER, wife of the Rev. Horace Crewler.

Ch. xxxiv, xli, lx.

MISS CAROLINE CREWLER, eldest daughter of the foregoing.

Ch. xl, lx, lxiv.

MISS LOUISA CREWLER, third daughter of Mrs. Crewler.

Ch. xli, lx, lxiv.

MISS LUCY CREWLER, one of the two youngest daughters of Mrs. Crewler.

Ch. xli, lx, lxiv.

MISS MARGARET CREWLER, another daughter of Mrs. Crewler.

Ch. xli, lx, lxiv.

MISS SARAH CREWLER, second daughter of Mrs. Crewler.

Ch. xxxiv, xli, lx, lxiv.

MISS SOPHY CREWLER, fourth daughter of Mrs. Crewler, and afterwards wife of Tommy Traddles.

"The dearest girl in the world."

Ch. xxvii, xxviii, xxxiv, xli, xliii, lix, lxi, lxii, lxiv.

REVEREND HORACE CREWLER, a poor Devonshire clergyman with a large family.

An excellent man, most exemplary in every way.

Ch. xxxiv, xli, lx, lxiv.

MRS. CRUPP, a woman who lets a set of furnished rooms to David Copperfield when he becomes an articled clerk to Spenslow and Jorkins.

Ch. xxiii-xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvii.

ROSA DARTLE, Mrs. Steerforth's companion, and in love with her son.

[She was] of slight short figure, dark, and not agreeable to look at, but with some appearance of good looks too, who attracted my attention : perhaps because I had not expected to see her ; perhaps because I found

myself sitting opposite to her; perhaps because of something really remarkable in her. She had black hair and eager black eyes, and was thin, and had a scar upon her lip. It was an old scar—I should rather call it seam, for it was not discoloured, and had healed years ago—which had once cut through her mouth, downward towards the chin, but was now barely visible across the table, except above and on her upper lip, the shape of which it had altered. I concluded in my own mind that she was about thirty years of age, and that she wished to be married. She was a little dilapidated—like a house—with having been so long to let; yet had, as I have said, an appearance of good looks. Her thinness seemed to be the effect of some wasting fire within her, which found a vent in her gaunt eyes.

She was introduced as Miss Dartle, and both Steerforth and his mother called her Rosa. I found that she lived there, and had been for a long time Mrs. Steerforth's companion. It appeared to me that she never said anything she wanted to say, outright; but hinted it, and made a great deal more of it by this practice. For example, when Mrs. Steerforth observed, more in jest than earnest, that she feared her son led but a wild life at college, Miss Dartle put in thus:

"Oh, really? You know how ignorant I am, and that I only ask for information, but isn't it always so? I thought that kind of life was on all hands understood to be—eh?"

Ch. xx, xxi, xxiv, xxix, xxxiii, xxxvi, xlv, l, lvi, lxiv.

GEORGE DEMPSEY, a schoolfellow of David Copperfield at Salem House.

Ch. v, vii.

MR. DICK (RICHARD BABLEY), a protégé of Miss Betsey Trotwood, and a mild lunatic.

Mr. Dick was grey-headed and florid: I should have said all about him, in saying so, had not his head been curiously bowed—not by age . . . and his grey eyes prominent and large, with a strange kind of watery brightness in them that made me, in combination with his vacant manner, his submission to my aunt, and his childish delight when she praised him, suspect him of being a little mad; though, if he were mad, how he came to be there puzzled me extremely. He was dressed like any other ordinary gentleman, in a loose grey morning coat and waistcoat and white trousers; and had his watch in his fob, and his money in his pockets: which he rattled as if he were very proud of it. . . . "Did he say anything about King Charles the First? . . . He is memorialising the Lord Chancellor, or the Lord Somebody or other—one of those people, at all events, who are paid to be memorialised—about his affairs. I suppose it will go in, one of these days. He hasn't been able to draw it up yet, without introducing that mode of expressing himself; but it don't signify; it keeps him employed."

. . . He was a universal favourite, and his ingenuity in little things was transcendent. He could cut oranges into such devices as none of us had an idea of. He could make a boat out of anything, from a skewer upwards. He could turn crampbones into chessmen; fashion Roman chariots from old court cards; make spoked wheels out of cotton wheels, and bird-cages of old wire. But he was greatest of all, perhaps, in the articles of string and straw; with which we were all persuaded he could do anything that could be done by hands.

Ch. xiii-xv, xvii, xix, xxiv, xxxvi, xxxviii, xlii, xliii, xlv, xlix, lii, liv, lxii, lxiv.

MR. DOLLOBY, *a dealer in second-hand clothes, to whom David Copperfield sells his waistcoat for ninepence.*

Who kept a shop, where it was written up that ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes were bought.

Ch. xiii.

DORA, *see Dora Spenlow.*

LITTLE EM'LY, *adopted daughter and niece of Mr. Peggotty. Engaged to Ham Peggotty, but seduced by Steerforth.*

She was a little creature still in stature, though she was grown. But when she drew nearer, and I saw her blue eyes looking bluer, and her dimpled face looking brighter, and her whole self prettier and gayer, a curious feeling came over me that made me pretend not to know her, and pass by as if I were looking at something a long way off. I have done such a thing since in later life, or I am mistaken. . . .

Little Em'ly was spoiled by them all, in fact; and by no one more than Mr. Peggotty himself, whom she could have coaxed into anything, by only going and laying her cheek against his rough whisker. That was my opinion, at least, when I saw her do it; and I held Mr. Peggotty to be thoroughly in the right. But she was so affectionate and sweet-natured, and had such a pleasant manner of being both sly and shy at once, that she captivated me more than ever. . . .

Wild and full of childish whims as Em'ly was, she was more of a little woman than I had supposed. She seemed to have got a great distance away from me, in little more than a year. She liked me, but she laughed at me, and tormented me; and when I went to meet her, stole home another way, and was laughing at the door when I came back disappointed. The best times were when she sat quietly at work in the doorway, and I sat on the wooden step at her feet, reading to her. It seems to me, at this hour, that I have never seen such sunlight as on those bright April afternoons; that I have never seen such a sunny little figure as I used to see, sitting in the doorway of the old boat; that I have never beheld such sky, such water, such glorified ships sailing away into golden air.

Ch. iii, vii, x, xvii, xxiii, xxx, l, lvii, lxiii.

MARTHA ENDELL, *a young woman, without money or reputation, who discovers Little Em'ly and restores her to her uncle. She finally emigrates to Australia where she marries happily.*

Ch. xxii, xl, xlvi, xlvii, l, li, lvii, lxiii.

MRS. FIBBETSON, *an old woman and inmate of an almshouse.*

Ch. v.

GEORGE, *guard of the Yarmouth mail.*

Ch. v.

GRAINGER, *a friend of Steerforth.*

Ch. xxiv.

MR. GRAYPER, *a neighbour of Mrs. Copperfield.*

Ch. ix, xxii.

MRS. GRAYPER, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. ii, xxii.

MR. GULPIDGE, *a guest of the Waterbrooks, and who has something to do at second-hand with the law business of the Bank.*

Ch. xxv.

MRS. GULPIDGE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxv.

MRS. GUMMIDGE, *widow of Mr. Peggotty's partner.*

Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do under the circumstances of her residence with Mr. Peggotty. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition, and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her; but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

Mr. Peggotty went occasionally to a public-house called The Willing Mind. I discovered this, by his being out on the second or third evening of our visit, and by Mrs. Gummidge's looking up at the Dutch clock, between eight and nine, and saying he was there, and that, what was more, she had known in the morning he would go there.

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the forenoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everythink goes contrairy with me."

Ch. iii, vii, xxi, xxii, xxxi, xxxii, xl, li, lvii, lxiii.

HAMLET'S AUNT, *see Mrs. Henry Spiker.*

MRS. HEEP, *a widow, and mother of Uriah Heep.*

Brought up at a public sort of charitable establishment, "Taught us a deal of 'umbleness."

Ch. xvii, xxxix, xlii, lii, lxi.

URIAH HEEP, *clerk in the office of Mr. Wickfield. He becomes his partner and robs him and his clients, and finally is sentenced to imprisonment for life for robbing the Bank of England.*

I saw a cadaverous face appear at a small window on the ground floor (in a little round tower that formed one side of the house), and quickly disappear. The low arched door then opened and the face came out. It was quite as cadaverous as it had looked in the window, though in the grain of it there was that tinge of red which is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red-haired people. It belonged to a red-haired person—a youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older—whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neckcloth; buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention, as he stood at the pony's head, rubbing his chin with it, and looking up at us in the chaise. . . .

Uriah, having taken the pony to a neighbouring stable, was at work at a desk in this room, which had a brass frame on the top to hang papers upon, and on which the writing he was making a copy of was then hanging. Though his face was towards me, I thought, for some time, the writing being between us, that he could not see me; but looking that way more

attentively, it made me uncomfortable to observe that, every now and then, his sleepless eyes would come below the writing, like two red suns, and stealthily stare at me for I dare say a whole minute at a time, during which his pen went, or pretended to go, as cleverly as ever. I made several attempts to get out of their way—such as standing on a chair to look at a map on the other side of the room, and poring over the columns of a Kentish newspaper—but they always attracted me back again: and whenever I looked toward those two red suns, I was sure to find them, either just rising or just setting.

Ch. xv-xvii, xix, xxv, xxxv, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lxi.

CAPTAIN HOPKINS, *a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench Prison.*

Ch. xi.

JANET, *maid to Miss Butsey Trotwood.*

A pretty, blooming girl of about nineteen or twenty, and a perfect picture of neatness.

Ch. xiii-xv, xxiii, xxxix, xlii, lx.

JIP, *the pet dog of Dora.*

Ch. xxvi, xxxiii, xxxvi-xxxviii, xli-xliv, xlviii, li, liii.

MR. JORAM, *partner and son-in-law of Mr. Omer.*

Ch. ix, xxi, xxiii, xxx, li, lvi.

MRS. JORAM, *see Miss Minnie Omer.*

MR. JORKINS, *of the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins, to which David Copperfield was articled.*

He was a mild man of a heavy temperament, whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men. If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. Jorkins wouldn't listen to such a proposition. If a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. Jorkins was resolved to have it paid; and however painful these things might be (and always were) to the feelings of Mr. Spenlow, Mr. Jorkins would have his bond. The heart and hand of the good angel Spenlow would have been always open, but for the restraining demon Jorkins. As I have grown older, I think I have had experience of some other houses doing business on the principle of Spenlow and Jorkins!

Ch. xxiii, xxix, xxxv, xxxviii, xxxix.

MISS LARKINS, *a woman of about thirty, with whom David Copperfield falls in love when seventeen. She marries, however, a hop-grower.*

Is not a little girl . . . not a chicken . . . perhaps the eldest Miss Larkins may be about thirty.

Ch. xviii.

MR. LARKINS, *father of the foregoing.*

A gruff old gentleman with a double chin, and one of his eyes immovable in his head.

Ch. xviii.

LITTIMER, *Steerforth's confidential servant, and a thorough rascal. He finally is imprisoned in Mr. Creakle's model prison.*

I believe there never existed in his station a more respectable-looking man. He was taciturn, soft-footed, very quiet in his manner, deferential, observant, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted; but his great claim to consideration was his respectability.

He had not a pliant face, he had rather a stiff neck, rather a tight smooth head with short hair clinging to it at the sides, a soft way of speaking, with a peculiar habit of whispering the letter S so distinctly, that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man; but every peculiarity that he had he made respectable. If his nose had been upside-down, he would have made that respectable. He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of respectability, and walked secure in it. It would have been next to impossible to suspect him of anything wrong, he was so thoroughly respectable. Nobody could have thought of putting him in a livery, he was so highly respectable. To have imposed any derogatory work upon him, would have been to inflict a wanton insult on the feelings of a most respectable man. And of this, I noticed the women-servants in the household were so intuitively conscious, that they always did such work themselves, and generally while he read the paper by the pantry fire.

Ch. xxi-xxiii, xxviii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xlv, lxi.

JACK MALDON, *cousin to Mrs. Doctor Strong.*

Rather a shallow sort of gentleman, with a handsome face, a rapid utterance, and a bold, confident air.

Ch. xvi, xix, xxxvi, xli, xlv, lxiv.

MARKHAM, *a friend of Steerforth.*

Always spoke of himself indefinitely as a "man."

Ch. xxiv, xxv.

MRS. MARKLEHAM, *mother of Mrs. Doctor Strong.*

She was a little, sharp-eyed woman, who used to wear, when she was dressed, one unchangeable cap, ornamented with some artificial flowers, and two artificial butterflies supposed to be hovering above the flowers.

Ch. xvi, xix, xxxvi, xlii, xlv, lxiv.

MEALY POTATOES, *a boy employed at Murdstone and Grinby's wine store, to examine bottles and wash them out.*

Ch. xi.

MR. CHARLES MELL, *an under-master at Salem House.*

A gaunt, sallow young man, with hollow cheeks.

Ch. v-vii, lxiii.

MRS. MELL, *mother of the foregoing.*

Ch. v, vii.

MASTER WILKINS MICAWBER, *son of Mr. Wilkins Micawber, and afterwards an amateur singer.*

Ch. xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiv.

MISS EMMA MICAWBER, *daughter of Mr. Wilkins Micawber, and afterwards Mrs. Ridger Begs of Port Middlebay, Australia.*

Ch. xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiv.

MRS. EMMA MICAWBER, *wife of Mr. Wilkins Micawber.*

He presented me to Mrs. Micawber, a thin and faded lady, not at all young, who was sitting in the parlour . . . with a baby at her breast. The baby was one of twins; and I may remark here that I hardly ever, in all my experience of the family, saw both the twins detached from Mrs.

Micawber at the same time. One of them was always taking refreshment.

Ch. xi, xii, xvii, xxvii, xxviii, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiii.

MR. WILKINS MICAWBER, *an improvident man, always "waiting for something to turn up." He becomes confidential clerk to Uriah Heep, and exposes his frauds, and finally emigrates to Australia where he becomes a magistrate.*

He was a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of a stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat,—for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did. . . .

"I have received," said the stranger, "a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied—and is, in short, to be let as a—in short," said the stranger, with a smile and in a burst of confidence, "as a bedroom—the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to——" and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar.

"This is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

"Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion, "is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger." . . .

Mr. Micawber was uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. He made his face shine with the punch, so that it looked as if it had been varnished all over. He got cheerfully sentimental about the town, and proposed success to it; observing that Mrs. Micawber and himself had been made extremely snug and comfortable there, and that he never should forget the agreeable hours they had passed in Canterbury. He proposed me afterwards; and he, and Mrs. Micawber, and I, took a review of our past acquaintance, in the course of which, we sold the property all over again. Then I proposed Mrs. Micawber; or, at least, said, modestly, "If you'll allow me, Mrs. Micawber, I shall now have the pleasure of drinking *your* health, ma'am." On which Mr. Micawber delivered an eulogium on Mrs. Micawber's character, and said she had ever been his guide, philosopher, and friend, and that he would recommend me, when I came to a marrying-time of life, to marry such another woman, if such another woman could be found.

As the punch disappeared, Mr. Micawber became still more friendly and convivial. Mrs. Micawber's spirits becoming elevated, too, we sang "Auld Lang Syne." When we came to "Here's a hand, my trusty frere," we all joined hands round the table; and when we declared we would "take a right gude willie-waught," and hadn't the least idea what it meant, we were really affected.

In a word, I never saw anybody so thoroughly jovial as Mr. Micawber was, down to the very last moment of the evening, when I took a hearty farewell of himself and his amiable wife.

Ch. xi, xii, xvii, xxii, xxviii, xxxvi, xxxix, xliii, xlix, lii, liv, lvii, lxiii.

MISS JULIA MILLS, *the bosom friend of Dora Spenlow.*

Comparatively stricken in years . . . almost twenty. . . . Having been unhappy in a misplaced affection, and being understood to have retired from the world, on her awful stock of experience, but still able to take a calm interest in the unblighted hopes and loves of youth.

Ch. xxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, xli, lxiv.

MR. MILLS, *father of the foregoing.*

Ch. xxiii, xxxvii, xxxviii, xli.

MISS MOWCHER, *a dealer in cosmetics. She is very talkative, and aids in the capture of Littimer, when he is about to leave the country with the proceeds of his thefts.*

There came waddling round a sofa which stood between me and it, a puffy dwarf, of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms, that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger half-way, and lay her nose against it. Her chin, which was what is called a double chin, was so fat that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, bow and all. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning; for though she was more than full-sized down to where her waist would have been, if she had had any, and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she was so short that she stood at a common-sized chair as at a table, resting a bag she carried on the seat. This lady; dressed in an off-hand, easy style; bringing her nose and her forefinger together, with the difficulty I have described; standing with her head necessarily on one side, and, with one of her sharp eyes shut up, making an uncommonly knowing face; after ogling Steerforth for a few moments, broke into a torrent of words.

Ch. xxii, xxxii, lxi.

MR. EDWARD MURDSTONE, *step-father of David Copperfield.*

He had that kind of shallow black eye—I want a better word to express an eye that has no depth in it to be looked into—which, when it is abstracted, seems, from some peculiarity of light, to be disfigured for a moment, at a time, by a cast. Several times when I glanced at him, I observed that appearance with a sort of awe, and wondered what he was thinking about so closely. His hair and whiskers were blacker and thicker, looked at so near, than even I had given them credit for being. A squareness about the lower part of his face, and dotted indication of the strong black beard he shaved close every day, reminded me of the waxwork that had travelled into our neighbourhood some half-a-year before. This, his regular eyebrows, and the rich white, and black, and brown, of his complexion—confound his complexion, and his memory!—made me think him, in spite of my misgivings, a very handsome man.

Ch. ii-iv, viii-x, xiv, xxxiii, liz.

MISS JANE MURDSTONE, *sister of Edward Murdstone.*

A gloomy-looking lady; dark, like her brother, whom she greatly resembled in face and voice; and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She brought with her two uncompromising, hard black boxes, with her initials on the lids in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman she took

her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone was. . . .

Almost the first remarkable thing I observed in Miss Murdstone was, her being constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants had a man secreted somewhere on the premises. Under the influence of this delusion, she dived into the coal-cellar at the most untimely hours, and scarcely ever opened the door of a dark cupboard without clapping it to again in the belief that she had got him. . . .

I do not doubt that she had a choice pleasure in exhibiting what she called her self-command, and her firmness, and her strength of mind, and her common sense, and the whole diabolical catalogue of her unamiable qualities. She was particularly proud of her turn for business; and she showed it now in reducing everything to pen and ink, and being moved by nothing.

Ch. iv, viii-x, xii, xiv, xxvi, xxx, xxxvii, lix.

MISSES NETTINGALL, *principals of a boarding-school for young ladies.*

Ch. xviii.

MINNIE OMER, *daughter of Mr. Omer, afterwards wife of Mr. Joram.*

Ch. ix, xxi, xxx, xxxii, li.

MR. OMER, *a draper, tailor, haberdasher, undertaker, etc., at Yarmouth.*

A fat, short-winded, merry-looking little old man in black, with rusty little bunches of ribbons at the knees of his breeches, black stockings, and broad-brimmed hat.

Ch. ix, xxi, xxx, xxxii, li.

MARY ANNE PARAGON, *a servant who keeps house for David Copperfield and Dora.*

Ch. xliv.

MR. PASSNIDGE, *a friend of Mr. Murdstone.*

Ch. ii.

CLARA PEGGOTTY, *servant to Mrs. Copperfield and nurse to David, whose housekeeper she finally becomes. She marries Mr. Barkis.*

There was a red velvet footstool in the best parlour, on which my mother had painted a nosegay. The groundwork of that stool and Peggotty's complexion appeared to me to be one and the same thing. The stool was smooth, and Peggotty was rough, but that made no difference.

Ch. i-v, viii-x, xii, xiii, xvii, xix-xxiii, xxvii, xxx-xxxv, xxxvii, xliii, li, lv, lvii, lix, lxii, lxiv.

MR. DANIEL PEGGOTTY, *a fisherman, and brother of Clara Peggotty.*

Mr. Peggotty dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish . . . a hairy man with a very good-natured face.

Ch. ii, iii, vii, x, xxi, xxii, xxx-xxxii, xl, xliii, xlvi, xlvii, l, li, lvii, lxiii.

HAM PEGGOTTY, *Little Em'ly's cousin and engaged to her. Years after in attempting to rescue some passengers from a wreck—among whom was Steerforth, he and Steerforth were drowned and washed ashore together.*

He was a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas

jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in atop, like an old building, with something pitchy.

Ch. ii, iii, vii, x, xxi, xxii, xxx-xxxiii, xl, xlv, li, lv.

MR. QUINION, a friend of Mr. Murdstone, and chief manager of the warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby.

Ch. ii, x-xii.

MR. SHARP, first master at Salem House.

He was a limp, delicate-looking gentleman, I thought, with a good deal of nose.

Ch. vi, vii, ix.

MISS SHEPHERD, a boarder at the Misses Nettingall's Establishment for Young Ladies.

A little girl, in a spencer, with a round face, and curly flaxen hair.

Ch. xviii.

MISS CLARISSA SPENLOW, the elder of the two maiden sisters of Mr. Spenlow.

MISS LAVINIA SPENLOW, the younger of the two maiden sisters of Mr. Spenlow.

Who lived at Putney, and who had not held any other than chance communication with their brother for many years. Dry elderly ladies dressed in black.

Ch. xxxviii, xxxix, xli-xliii, liii.

MISS DORA SPENLOW, only daughter of Mr. Spenlow, and afterwards the wife of David Copperfield.

But her affectionate nature was so happy . . . that her face became a laughing one before her glittering eyes were dry.

Ch. xxvi, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxvii, xxxviii, xli-xliv, xlviii, 'liii.

MR. FRANCIS SPENLOW, the father of Dora, and partner in the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins.

Mr. Spenlow, in a black gown trimmed with white fur, came hurrying in, taking off his hat as he came. He was a little light-haired gentleman, with undeniable boots, and the stiffest of white cravats and shirt-collars. He was buttoned up mighty trim and tight, and must have taken a great deal of pains with his whiskers, which were accurately curled. His gold watch-chain was so massive, that a fancy came across me, that he ought to have a sinewy golden arm, to draw it out with, like those which are put up over the gold-beaters' shops. He was got up with such care, and was so stiff, that he could hardly bend himself; being obliged, when he glanced at some papers on his desk, after sitting down in his chair, to move his whole body, from the bottom of his spine, like Punch.

Ch. xxiii, xxvi, xxix, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii.

MR. HENRY SPIKER, a guest at a party given by the Waterbrooks.

So cold a man, that his head seemed to be sprinkled with hoar-frost.

Ch. xxv.

MRS. HENRY SPIKER, wife of the foregoing.

A very awful lady in a black velvet dress, and a great black velvet hat.

Ch. xxv.

JAMES STEERFORTH, a schoolfellow of *David Copperfield*. *He ruins Little Em'ly, and is finally drowned.*

Before this boy, who was reputed to be a great scholar, and was very good-looking, and at least half-a-dozen years my senior, I was carried as before a magistrate.

Ch. vi, vii, ix, xix-xxv, xxviii, xxix, xxxi, lv.

MRS. STEERFORTH, mother of the foregoing.

An elderly lady, with a proud carriage and a handsome face, who lived in an old brick house at Highgate on the summit of a hill.

Ch. xx, xxi, xxiv, xxix, xxxii, xxxvi, xli, lvi, lxiv.

DOCTOR STRONG, a schoolmaster in *Canterbury* where *David Copperfield* was educated.

My new master, Doctor Strong, looked almost as rusty, to my thinking, as the tall iron rails and gates outside the house; and almost as stiff and heavy as the great stone urns that flanked them, and were set up, on the top of the red-brick wall, at regular distances all round the court, like sublimated skittles, for Time to play at. He was in his library (I mean Doctor Strong was), with his clothes not particularly well brushed, and his hair not particularly well combed; his knee-smalls unbraced; his long black gaiters unbuttoned; and his shoes yawning like two caverns on the hearth-rug. Turning upon me a lustreless eye, that reminded me of a long-forgotten blind old horse who once used to crop the grass, and tumble over the graves, in Blunderstone churchyard, he said he was glad to see me: and then he gave me his hand; which I didn't know what to do with, as it did nothing for itself. . . .

The Doctor was the idol of the whole school: and it must have been a badly-composed school if he had been anything else, for he was the kindest of men; with a simple faith in him that might have touched the stone hearts of the very urns upon the wall.

Ch. xvi, xvii, xix, xxxvi, xxxix, xlii, xlv, lxii, lxiv.

MRS. ANNIE STRONG, wife of the foregoing, and daughter of *Mrs. Markleham*.

As, how he (Doctor Strong) had not yet been married twelve months to the beautiful young lady I had seen in the study, whom he had married for love; for she had not a sixpence, and had a world of poor relations (so our fellows said) ready to swarm the Doctor out of house and home.

Ch. xvi, xix, xxxvi, xlii, xlv, lxii, lxiv.

MR. TIFFEY, an old clerk in the office of *Spenlow and Jorkins*.

A dry little man who wore a stiff brown wig that looked as if it were made of gingerbread.

Ch. xxiii, xxvi, xxxiii, xxxv, xxxviii.

TIPP, a carman employed in *Murdstone and Grinby's* warehouse.

Ch. xi, xii.

THOMAS TRADDLES, a schoolfellow of *David Copperfield* at *Salem House*. *He marries Miss Sophy Crewler.*

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned—I think he was caned every day that half-year, except one holiday Monday when he was only ruler'd on both hands—and was always going to

write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up, somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate, before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons; and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that eaning couldn't last for ever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features.

He was very honourable, Traddles was, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyard-full of skeletons swarming all over his Latin dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise. For my part, I could have gone through a good deal (though I was much less brave than Traddles, and nothing like so old) to have won such a recompense.

Ch. vi, vii, ix, xxv, xxvii, xxviii, xxix, xxxvi, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlv, xlviii, xlix, li, liv, lvii-liz, lxi, lxii, lxiv.

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD, *great-aunt of David Copperfield, whom she articles to Spewlow and Jorkins.*

Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother always called her, when she sufficiently overcame her dread of this formidable personage to mention her at all (which was seldom), had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome, except in the sense of the homely adage, "handsome is, that handsome does"—for he was strongly suspected of having beaten Miss Betsey, and even of having once, on a disputed question of supplies, made some hasty but determined arrangements to throw her out of a two pair of stairs' window. These evidences of an incompatibility of temper induced Miss Betsey to pay him off, and effect a separation by mutual consent. . . .

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage, amply sufficient to account for the effect she had made upon a gentle creature like my mother; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was grey, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mob-cap: I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with side-pieces fastening under the chin. Her dress was of a lavender colour, and perfectly neat; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought it, in form, more like a riding-habit with the superfluous skirt cut off, than anything else. She wore at her side a gentleman's gold watch, if I might judge from its size and make, with an appropriate chain and seals; she had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt collar, and things at her wrists like shirt wrist-bands.

Ch. ii, xiii-xv, xix, xxiii-xxv, xxxvii-xl, xliii-xlv, xlvii-xlix, li-lv, lvii, liz, lx, lxiv.

HUSBAND OF MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD.

"The time was, Trot, when she believed in that man most entirely.

He repaid her by breaking her fortune . . . married another woman, became an adventurer, a gambler and a cheat . . . and I believed him—I was a fool!—to be the soul of honour.”

Ch. ii, xvii, xxiii, xlvii, lv.

TUNGAY, lodge-keeper and tool of Mr. Creakle at Salem House.

We were surveyed, when we rang the bell, by a surly face, which I found, on the door being opened, belonged to a stout man with a bull-neck, a wooden leg, overhanging temples, and his hair cut close all round his head.

Ch. v-vii.

MICK WALKER, a boy employed by Murdstone and Grinby to rinse out bottles.

Ch. xi, xii.

MR. WATERBROOK, Mr. Wickfield's agent in London.

A middle-aged gentleman with a sore throat and a good deal of shirt-collar, who only wanted a black nose to be the portrait of a pug-dog.

Ch. xxv.

MRS. WATERBROOK, wife of the foregoing.

A large lady—or who wore a large dress, I don't exactly know which was dress and which was lady.

Ch. xxv.

AGNES WICKFIELD, daughter of Mr. Wickfield, and the second wife of David Copperfield.

Mr. Wickfield tapped at a door in a corner of the panelled wall, and a girl of about my own age came quickly out and kissed him. On her face, I saw immediately the placid and sweet expression of the lady whose picture had looked at me downstairs. It seemed to my imagination as if the portrait had grown womanly, and the original remained a child. Although her face was quite bright and happy, there was a tranquillity about it, and about her—a quiet, good, calm spirit—that I never have forgotten; that I never shall forget.

This was his little housekeeper, his daughter Agnes, Mr. Wickfield said. When I heard how he said it, and saw how he held her hand, I guessed what the one motive of his life was.

She had a little basket-trifle hanging at her side, with keys in it; and looked as staid and as discreet a housekeeper as the old house could have. She listened to her father as he told her about me, with a pleasant face; and when he had concluded, proposed to my aunt that we should go upstairs and see my room. We all went together, she before us; and a glorious old room it was, with more oak beams, and diamond panes; and the broad balustrade going all the way up to it.

I cannot call to mind where or when, in my childhood, I had seen a stained-glass window in a church. Nor do I recollect its subject. But I know that when I saw her turn round, in the grave light of the old staircase, and wait for us, above, I thought of that window; and that I associated something of its tranquil brightness with Agnes Wickfield ever afterwards. . . .

We stood together in the same old-fashioned window at night, when the moon was shining; Agnes with her quiet eyes raised up to it; I followed her glance. Long miles of road then opened out before my mind; and, toiling on, I saw a ragged wayworn boy, forsaken and

neglected, who should come to call even the heart now beating against mine, his own.

Ch. xv-xix, xxiv, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxix, xlii, xliii, liii-liv, lvii, lviii, lx, lxii-lxiv.

MR. WICKFIELD, a lawyer, and Miss Trotwood's agent and friend. He is nearly ruined by Uriah Heep, but saved through the agency of Micawber.

His hair was quite white, though his eyebrows were still black. He had a very agreeable face, and, I thought, was handsome. There was a certain richness in his complexion, which I had been long accustomed, under Peggotty's tuition, to connect with port wine; and I fancied it was in his voice too, and referred his growing corpulency to the same cause. He was very cleanly dressed, in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, and nankeen trousers; and his fine frilled shirt and cambric neckcloth looked unusually soft and white, reminding my strolling fancy (I call to mind) of the plumage on the breast of a swan. . . .

I had not seen Mr. Wickfield for some time. I was prepared for a great change in him, after what I had heard from Agnes. but his appearance shocked me.

It was not that he looked many years older, though still dressed with the old scrupulous cleanliness; or that there was an unwholesome ruddiness upon his face; or that his eyes were full and bloodshot; or that there was a nervous trembling in his hand, the cause of which I knew, and had for some years seen at work. It was not that he had lost his good looks, or his old bearing of a gentleman—for that he had not—but the thing that struck me most was, that with the evidences of his native superiority still upon him, he should submit himself to that crawling impersonation of meanness, Uriah Heep.

Ch. xv, xvii, xix, xxxv, xxxix, xlii, liii, liv, lx.

WILLIAM, a waiter in an inn at Yarmouth.

He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head.

Ch. v.

WILLIAM, driver of the Canterbury coach.

Ch. xix.

BLEAK HOUSE

SCENE: *London, Lincolnshire, and Hertfordshire.*

TIME: 1832-1852.

Bleak House is concerned with the law's delays and the sin of a woman and her lover.

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce has passed into a joke. That is the only good that has ever come of it." The suit in the Court of Chancery is over a contested will and is dragged out interminably. One of the principals, Tom Jarndyce, commits suicide, and John Jarndyce refuses to have anything to do with the case. The latter, however, takes to his home, Bleak House, Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, two of the parties in the suit, and, in addition, he becomes the guardian of Esther Summerson in order that Ada may have a companion.

Esther partly tells the story, and she begins her narrative with the account of her early years, which were passed with Miss Barbary, her godmother, who is really her aunt but will not acknowledge it because Esther is illegitimate. She goes to Miss Donny, who keeps a boarding-school at Greenleaf, and remains there six years, finally helping to teach the pupils. She then becomes a member of the Jarndyce household, and a great friend of Ada, who has given her heart and hand to Richard Carstone, with the approval of John Jarndyce. Their guardian, however, does not allow the lovers to marry until they are of age and Carstone in a good position. But the latter relies on the lawsuit proving successful, and does not work honestly at medicine or law, both of which he tries, and he eventually joins the army.

Life at Bleak House progresses serenely and happily. Esther makes new acquaintances, among whom are Mrs. Jellyby, a fanatic on a mission for colonising a part of Africa, and her daughter "Caddy"; Miss Flite, a mad woman who regularly attends the Chancery Court, hoping that her own suit will be finished; Mrs. Pardiggle, who, like Mrs. Jellyby, has a mission; Harold Skimpole, whose great aim in life is to avoid all responsibility and to get others to pay his debts; Lawrence Boythorn, a friend of Jarndyce; and finally Allan Woodcourt, a young surgeon. Lawrence Boythorn knows Sir Leicester Dedlock and his wife. Sir Leicester is nearly seventy, a courtly gentleman, and Lady Dedlock, twenty years his junior, is a beautiful woman whom he married for love. She is, however, always cold and reserved, giving one the idea that she has a secret of some kind. Tulkinghorn, the family solicitor, has his suspicions aroused and begins searching to find the secret. Krook, an old man and a legal copyist living over a rag and bottle shop, dies suddenly, and Lady Dedlock is shown by Jo, a street-crossing sweeper, the cemetery where he is buried. Tulkinghorn discovers this, and

questions Jo and others, among them Snagsby a stationer, and Mr. George, the keeper of a shooting-gallery, whether they know anything concerning Krook. Mr. George was formerly an orderly to Captain Hawdon, and Tulkinghorn finds that Hawdon was Lady Dedlock's lover before her marriage, and by whom she had a child, Esther Summerston. Guppy, a young law clerk who has proposed to Esther, also discovers the story by means of papers left in the rag shop, and he informs Lady Dedlock, who realises her peril and also learns that Esther is her daughter, a fact which has been kept from her.

Jo leaves London and stays one night at Bleak House, and in consequence Esther and her maid suffer from small-pox. Esther loses all her beauty, and when she recovers she visits Lawrence Boythorn, and there meets Lady Dedlock who acknowledges her daughter and asks her forgiveness. Richard Carstone, in the meantime, leaves the army and comes to London to watch the law-suit. Wholes, a scoundrelly lawyer, gets him in his clutches, but he finds a friend in Allan Woodcourt the young surgeon. Ada Clare secretly marries Richard, and helps him with her property in the case. Esther receives a proposal of marriage from Jarndyce, who has been so kind to her that she finds it impossible to refuse him, though she is in love with Allan Woodcourt.

Tulkinghorn, having discovered all, threatens Lady Dedlock, but the night after he is shot through the heart, and Lady Dedlock as well as Mr. George are suspected. Mr. George, however, proves his innocence, but Lady Dedlock flees in consequence of being anonymously accused, and on learning that her husband knows her past life. Bucket, the detective in charge of the case, seeks her with the help of Esther, to tell her that Sir Leicester forgives her and to bring her back. She is found dead before the gate of the cemetery where her former lover lies buried. The murder of Tulkinghorn is traced to Mademoiselle Hortense, a former maid of Lady Dedlock, and Mr. George turns out to be the son of Mrs. Rouncewell, the housekeeper of Sir Leicester.

Jarndyce discovers that Esther and Allan Woodcourt love one another, and although the former makes preparation for her wedding, the latter gives her to Allan and a handsome dowry to help the happy pair. Jarndyce and Jarndyce comes to an end at last, but the costs swallow up the whole of the will. Richard and Ada are now penniless, and Richard dies from the effects of his disappointment. Ada, with her little son, finds a home at Bleak House.

Among the other characters that may be noted are, Turveydrop and his son Prince, who is master of a dancing-school and marries Caddy; Chadband, a ranting, sermonising parson; Grandfather Smallweed, a money-lender, and Phil Squod, a protégé of Mr. George.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MR. BAYHAM BADGER, a medical practitioner in London, to whom Richard Carstone is articled.

Mr. Bayham Badger . . . was a pink, fresh-faced, crisp-looking gentleman, with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair, and surprised eyes: some years younger, I should say, than Mrs. Bayham Badger. He admired her exceedingly, but principally, and to begin with, on the curious ground (as it seemed to us) of her having had three husbands.

Ch. xiii, xvi, l.

MRS. BAYHAM BADGER, *wife of the foregoing, and widow of Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, and of Professor Dingo.*

A lady of about fifty, youthfully dressed, and of a very fine complexion.
Ch. xiii, xvii.

MATTHEW BAGNET, *called "Lignum Vitæ," an ex-artilleryman.*

Tall and upright, with shaggy eyebrows, and whiskers like the fibres of a cocoanut, not a hair upon his head, and a torrid complexion. Voice, short, deep and resonant, not at all unlike the tones of the instrument (bassoon) to which he is devoted.

Ch. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, liii, lvi.

MRS. BAGNET, *wife of the foregoing.*

Not an ill-looking woman. Rather large-boned, a little coarse in the grain, and freckled by the sun and wind which have tanned her hair upon her forehead; but healthy, wholesome and bright-eyed. Clean, hardy and economically dressed. A strong, busy, active, honest-faced woman of from forty-five to fifty.

Ch. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, liii, lv, lvi.

MALTA BAGNET, *elder daughter of the foregoing, so named from the place of her birth.*

Ch. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, lvi.

QUEBEC BAGNET, *younger daughter of Mr. Bagnet, and so named from the place of her birth.*

Ch. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix, lvi.

WOOLWICH BAGNET, *son of Mr. Bagnet, so named from the place of his birth.*

Ch. xxvii, xxxiv, xlix.

MISS BARBARY, *aunt and godmother to Esther Summerson.*

She was a good, good woman! She went to church three times every Sunday, and to morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and to lectures whenever there were lectures; and never missed. She was handsome; and if she had ever smiled, would have been (I used to think) like an angel—but she never smiled.

Ch. iii.

MRS. BLINDER, *a friend of the Necketts.*

A good-natured-looking old woman, with a dropsy or an asthma, or perhaps both.

Ch. xv, xxiii.

JAMES GEORGE BOGSBY, *landlord of the Sol's Arms Tavern.*

Ch. xxxiii.

LORD BOODLE, *a friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock.*

Ch. xii.

LAWRENCE BOYTHORN, *a friend of Mr. Jarndyce.*

"I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn," said Mr. Jarndyce, "more than five-and-forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man. He was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man. He was then the heartiest and sturdiest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and sturdiest man. He is a tremendous fellow some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head

thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a clean blacksmith's, and his lungs!—there's no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake. . . . But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, . . . that I speak of; his language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre, from what he says; and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. You must not be surprised to see him take me under his protection; for he has never forgotten that I was a low boy at school, and that our friendship began in his knocking two of my head tyrant's teeth out (he says six) before breakfast."

Ch. ix, xii, xiii, xv, xviii, xxiii, xliii, lxvi.

MR. INSPECTOR BUCKET, *the detective officer who discovers the murderer of Mr. Tulkinghorn.*

He is a sharp-eyed man—a quick keen man—and he takes in everybody's look at him, all at once, individually and collectively, in a manner that stamps him a remarkable man. . . . When Mr. Bucket has a matter of pressing interest under his consideration, the fat forefinger seems to rise to the dignity of a familiar demon. He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. The Augurs of the Detective Temple invariably predict, that when Mr. Bucket and that finger are much in conference, a terrible avenger will be heard of before long. . . .

Time and place cannot bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow—but, very unlike man indeed, he is here again the next day. . . . He is no great scribe; rather handling his pen like the pocket-staff he carries about with him always convenient to his grasp; and discourages correspondence with himself in others, as being too artless and direct a way of doing delicate business. Further, he often sees damaging letters produced in evidence, and has occasion to reflect that it was a green thing to write them. For these reasons he has very little to do with letters, either as sender or receiver.

Ch. xxii, xxiv, xxv, xlix, liii, liv, lvi, lvii, lix, lxi, lxii.

MRS. BUCKET, *wife of the foregoing.*

A lady of natural detective genius—dependent on her lodger for companionship and conversation.

Ch. liii, liv.

RT. HON. WILLIAM BUFFEY, M.P., *a friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock.*

Ch. xii, xxviii, lii, lviii, lxvi.

RICHARD CARSTONE, *a ward of John Jarndyce, and a suitor in Chancery. He afterwards marries Ada Clare.*

A handsome youth, with an ingenuous face, and a most engaging laugh—he was very young; not more than nineteen then.

Ch. iii-vi, viii, ix, xii, xiv, xvii, xviii, xx, xxiii, xxiv, xxv, xxvii, xxix, xliii, xlv, li, lx, lxi, lxiv, lxv.

THE REVEREND MR. CHADBAND, *a canting parson.*

Mr. Chadband is a large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general

appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system. Mrs. Chadband is a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. Mr. Chadband moves softly and cumbrously, not unlike a bear who has been taught to walk upright. He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them. . . . From Mr. Chadband's being much given to describe himself, both verbally and in writing, as a vessel, he is occasionally mistaken by strangers for a gentleman connected with navigation; but he is, as he expresses it, "in the ministry." Mr. Chadband is attached to no particular denomination; and is considered by his persecutors to have nothing so very remarkable to say on the greatest of subjects as to render his volunteering, on his own account, at all incumbent on his conscience; but, he has his followers.

Ch. xix, xxiv, liv.

MRS. CHADBAND, *wife of the foregoing, formerly Mrs. Rachael, and servant to Miss Barbary.*

A stern, severe-looking, silent woman.

Ch. iii, xix, xxv, xxix, liv.

CHARLEY, *see Charlotte Neckett.*

ADA CLARE, *ward of Mr. John Jarndyce, and a friend of Esther Summerson. Marries Richard Carstone.*

A beautiful girl, with such rich golden hair, such soft blue eyes, and such a bright, innocent, trusting face—about seventeen.

Ch. iii-vi, viii, ix, xiii-xv, xvii, xviii, xxiii, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvii, xliii, xlv, l, li, lix, lx-lxii, lxiv, lxvii.

COAVINSES, *see Mr. Neckett.*

DARBY, *a constable who accompanies Mr. Bucket to Tom-all-Alone's.*

Ch. xxii.

SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK, *a typical representative of one of the great county families of England.*

Sir Leicester Dedlock is only a baronet, but there is no mightier baronet than he. His family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks. He would on the whole admit Nature to be a good idea (a little low, perhaps, when not enclosed with a park-fence), but an idea dependent for its execution on your great county families. He is a gentleman of strict conscience, disdainful of all littleness and meanness, and ready, on the shortest notice, to die any death you may please to mention rather than give occasion for the least impeachment of his integrity. He is an honourable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man.

Sir Leicester is twenty years, full measure, older than my Lady. He will never see sixty-five again, nor perhaps sixty-six, nor yet sixty-seven. He has a twist of the gout now and then, and walks a little stiffly. He is of a worthy presence, with his light grey hair and whiskers, his fine shirt-frill, his pure white waistcoat, and his blue coat with bright buttons always buttoned. He is ceremonious, stately, most polite on every occasion to my Lady, and holds her personal attractions in the highest

estimation. His gallantry to my Lady, which has never changed since he courted her, is the one little touch of romantic fancy in him.

Indeed, he married her for love.

Ch. ii, vii, ix, xii, xvi, xviii, xxviii, xxix, xl, xliii, xlviii, liii-lvi, lviii, lxiii, lxvi.

LADY HONORIA DEDLOCK, *wife of the foregoing, and the mother of Esther Summerson by Captain Hawdon.*

[Lady Dedlock] had beauty, pride, ambition, insolent resolve, and sense enough to portion out a legion of fine ladies. Wealth and station, added to these, soon floated her upward; and for years, now, my Lady Dedlock has been at the centre of the fashionable intelligence, and at the top of the fashionable tree.

How Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, everybody knows—or has some reason to know by this time, the matter having been rather frequently mentioned. My Lady Dedlock, having conquered *her* world, fell, not into the melting, but rather into the freezing, mood. An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equanimity of fatigue not to be ruffled by interest or satisfaction, are the trophies of her victory. She is perfectly well-bred. If she could be translated to Heaven to-morrow, she might be expected to ascend without any rapture.

She has beauty still, and, if it be not in its heyday, it is not yet in its autumn. She has a fine face—originally of a character that would be rather called very pretty than handsome, but improved into classicality by the acquired expression of her fashionable state. Her figure is elegant, and has the effect of being tall. Not that she is so, but that “the most is made,” as the Honourable Bob Stables has frequently asserted upon oath, “of all her points.” The same authority observes, that she is perfectly got up; and remarks, in commendation of her hair especially, that she is the best-groomed woman in the whole stud.

Ch. ii, vii, ix, xii, xv, xciii, xcvi, xxix, xxxii, xxxvi, xxxix-xli, xlviii, liii-lviii.

VOLUMNIA DEDLOCK, *a cousin of Sir Leicester Dedlock.*

A young lady (of sixty) who is doubly highly related; having the honour to be a poor relation, by the mother's side, to another great family—lives slenderly on an annual present from Sir Leicester and makes occasional resurrections in the country houses of her cousins.

Ch. xxviii, xl, liii, liv, lei, lviii, lxi.

MISS DONNY, *proprietor of a boarding-school at Reading.*

Ch. iii.

MISS FLITE, *one of the suitors in the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce.*

A little, mad old woman in a squeezed bonnet, who is always in court, from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her favour. Some say she really is, or was, a party to a suit; but no one knows for certain, because no one cares. She carries some small litter in a reticule which she calls her documents; principally consisting of paper, matches and dry lavender. . . .

She lived at the top of the house, in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall. This seemed to have been her principal inducement, originally, for taking up her residence there. She could look at it, she said, in the night: especially in the moonshine. Her room was clean, but very, very bare. I noticed

the scantiest necessities in the way of furniture ; a few old prints from books, of Chancellors and barristers, wafered against the wall ; and some half-dozen reticules and work-bags, "containing documents," as she informed us. There were neither coals nor ashes in the grate, and I saw no articles of clothing anywhere, nor any kind of food. Upon a shelf in an open cupboard were a plate or two, a cup or two, and so forth ; but all dry and empty. There was a more affecting meaning in her pinched appearance, I thought as I looked round, than I had understood before.

Ch. iii, v, xi, xiv, xxxiii, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, l, lx, lxv.

GEORGE, *see* George Rouncewell.

MR. GRIDLEY, called "*The Man from Shropshire*," a ruined suitor in Chancery.

A tall, sallow man, with a careworn head, on which but little hair remained, a deeply-lined face and prominent eyes. He had a pen in his hand, and in the glimpse I caught of his room in passing, I saw that it was covered with a litter of papers.

Ch. i, xv, xxiv.

MRS. GUPPY, *mother of William Guppy.*

An old lady in a large cap, with rather a red nose, and rather an unsteady eye, but smiling all over. In danger of cracking herself like a nut in the front parlour-door, by peeping out before she was asked for, immediately presented herself.

Ch. xxxviii, lxiv.

WILLIAM GUPPY, *son of the foregoing, and a lawyer's clerk in the employ of Kenge and Carboy.*

He had an entirely new suit of clothes on, a shining hat, lilac kid gloves, a neckerchief of a variety of colours, a large hot-house flower in his button-hole, and a thick gold ring on his little finger.

Ch. iii, iv, vii, ix, xiii, xix, xx, xxiv, xxix, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxvii, xxxix, xlv, liv, lv, lx, lxiii, lxiv.

GUSTER, *maidservant of the Snagsbys.*

Ch. x, xi, xix, xxii, xxv, xlii, lix.

MR. GUSHER, *a friend of Mrs. Pardiggle.*

A flabby gentleman with a moist surface, and eyes much too small for his moon of a face.

Ch. xv.

CAPTAIN HAWDON, *a law-writer who lodges at Mr. Krook's and calls himself Nemo. The father of Esther Summerson by Lady Dedlock.*

His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard . . . dressed in shirt and trousers with bare feet.

Ch. v, x, xi.

MADMOISELLE HORTENSE, *maid to Lady Dedlock, and the murderess of Mr. Tulkinghorn.*

A Frenchwoman of two-and-thirty, from somewhere in the southern country about Avignon and Marseilles—a large-eyed brown woman, with black hair ; who would be handsome, but for a certain feline mouth, and general uncomfortable tightness of face, rendering the jaws too eager, and the skull too prominent. There is something indefinably keen and wan about her anatomy ; and she has a watchful way of

looking out of the corners of her eyes without turning her head which could be pleasantly dispensed with—especially when she is in an ill-humour and near knives.

Ch. xii, xviii, xxii, xxiii, xlii, xliv, liv.

JOHN JARNDYCE, *one of the parties in the suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, the guardian of Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, and the protector of Esther Summerson.*

It was a handsome, lively, quick face, full of change and motion; and his hair was a silvered iron-grey. I took him to be nearer sixty than fifty, but he was upright, hearty, and robust.

He thus describes the famous case :

"It's about a Will, and the trusts under a Will—or it was, once. It's about nothing but Costs, now. We are always appearing, and disappearing, and swearing, and interrogating, and filing, and cross-filing, and arguing, and sealing, and motioning, and referring, and reporting, and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing ourselves off to dusty death, about Costs. That's the great question. All the rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away. . . .

"A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will. In the question how the trusts under that Will are to be administered, the fortune left by the Will is squandered away; the legatees under the Will are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished, if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the Will itself is made a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, everything that everybody in it, except one man, knows already, is referred to that only one man who don't know it, to find out—all through the deplorable cause, everybody must have copies, over and over again, of everything that has accumulated about it in the way of cartloads of papers (or must pay for them without having them, which is the usual course, for nobody wants them); and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs and fees and nonsense suit on any terms, for we are made parties to it, and *must be* parties to it, whether we like it or not. But it won't do to think of it! When my great uncle, poor Tom Jarndyce, began to think of it, it was the beginning of the end!"

Ch. i, iii, vi, viii, ix, xiii-xv, xvii, xviii, xxiii, xxiv, xxx, xxxi, xxxv-xxxvii, xxxix, xliii-xlv, xlvi, l-lit, lvi, lx-lxii, lxiv, lxv, lxvii.

MRS. JELLYBY, *a woman who neglects her house for the sake of philanthropy.*

A lady of very remarkable strength of character, who devotes herself entirely to the public. She has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present (until something else attracts her) devoted to the subject of Africa; with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee berry—and the natives—and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant home population. . . . She was a pretty, plump, diminutive woman of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off. . . . Mrs. Jellyby had very good hair, but was too much occupied with her African duties to brush it. The shawl in which she had been loosely muffled, dropped on to her chair when she advanced to us; and as she turned to resume her seat, we could not help noticing that her dress didn't nearly meet up

the back, and that the open space was railed across with a lattice-work of stay-lace—like a summer-house.

Ch. iv, v, xix, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lxvi.

CAROLINE JELLYBY, called "*Caddy*," eldest daughter of the foregoing. *Marries Prince Turveydrop.*

From her tumbled hair to her pretty feet, which were disfigured with frayed and broken satin slippers, trodden down at heel, she really seemed to have no article of dress upon her, from a pin upwards, that was in its proper condition, or in its right place.

Ch. iv, v, xiv, xviii, xxii, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lxx, lxvii.

MR. JELLYBY, husband of Mrs. Jellyby.

He may be a very superior man; but he is, so to speak, merged in the more shining qualities of his wife. A mild, bald gentleman in spectacles.

Ch. iv, xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

PEEPY JELLYBY, son of the foregoing.

One of the dirtiest little unfortunates I ever saw.

Ch. iv, v, xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, lxvii.

JENNY, wife of a drunken brickmaker.

Ch. viii, xxii, xxxi, xxxv, xlv, lvii.

JO, alias "*Toughey*," a street-crossing sweeper.

Here he is, very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. Now, boy!—But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be put through a few preliminary paces.

Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heard of sich a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for him. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentleman here, but believes it'll be something very bad to punish him, and serve him right—and so he'll tell the truth. . . .

While the Coroner buttons his greatcoat, Mr. Tulkinghorn and he give private audience to the rejected witness in a corner.

That graceless creature only knows that the dead man (whom he recognised just now by his yellow face and black hair) was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and, having questioned him and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, "Neither have I. Not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since; and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die; and similar strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, "I am as poor as you to-day, Jo"; but that when he had any, he had always (as the boy most heartily believes) been glad to give him some.

"He was very good to me," says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. "Wen I see him a layin' so stritched out just now, I

wished he could have heard me tell him so. He was very good to me he was ! ”

With the night, comes a slouching figure through the tunnel-court, to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate with its hands, and looks in between the bars ; stands looking in, for a little while.

It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. It does so, very busily and trimly ; looks in again, a little while ; and so departs.

Jo, is it thou ? Well, well ! Though a rejected witness, who “ can’t exactly say ” what will be done to him in greater hands than men’s, thou art not quite in outer darkness. There is something like a distant ray of light in thy muttered reason for this :

“ He was very good to me, he was ! ”

Ch. xi, xvi, xix, xx, xxv, xxix, xxxii, xlvi.

TONY JOBLING, otherwise “ Weevle,” a friend of Mr. Guppy.

His hat presents at the rims a peculiar appearance of a glistening nature, as if it had been a favourite snail-promenade. He has the faded appearance of a gentleman in embarrassed circumstances.

Ch. vii, xx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix, liv, lv, lxiv.

MR. KENGE, called “ Conversation Kenge,” senior member of the firm of Kenge and Carboy, solicitors.

A portly, important-looking gentleman, dressed all in black, with a white cravat, large gold watch-seals, a pair of gold eye-glasses, and a large seal-ring upon his little finger.

Ch. iii, iv, xiii, xvii-xx, xxiii, xxiv, xxxvii, xxxix, lxii, lxv.

MR. KROOK, proprietor of a rag and bottle shop, brother of Mrs. Smallweed, and landlord of Miss Flite and Captain Hawdon. Dies of “ spontaneous combustion.”

An old man in spectacles and a hairy cap . . . short, cadaverous, and withered ; with his head sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within. His throat, chin and eyebrows were so frosted with white hairs, and so gnarled with veins and puckered skin, that he looked, from his breast upward, like some root in a fall of snow.

Ch. v, x, xi, xiv, xix, xx, xxix, xxxii.

LIZ, wife of a brickmaker.

She had no kind of grace about her, but the grace of sympathy ; but when she condoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty.

Ch. xiii, xxii, xxxi, xlvi, lvii.

MISS MELVILLESON, a singer, married, and with a baby that is taken every night to the Sol’s Arms to receive its natural nourishment.

Young lady of professional celebrity who assists at the Harmonic Meetings.

Ch. xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.

MERCURY, a footman in the service of Sir Leicester Dedlock.

“ Six foot two, I suppose ? ” says Mr. Bucket. “ Three,” says Mercury.

Ch. ii, xvi, xxix, xxxiii, xl, xlvi, liii, liv.

MOONEY, a beadle.

Ch. xi.

CHARLOTTE NECKETT, called "*Charley*," elder daughter of Mr. Neckett.
She is a girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who, after the death of her father, goes out to work to help her younger brother and sister.

Ch. xv, xxi, xxiii, xxx, xxxi, xxxv-xxxvii, xlv, xlv, li, lxi, lxii, lxiv, lxvii.

EMMA NECKETT, infant daughter of Mr. Neckett.

Ch. xv, xxiii, lxvii.

TOM NECKETT, only son of Mr. Neckett.

A mite of a boy, some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months.

Ch. xv, xxiii, lxvii.

MR. NECKETT, a sheriff's officer.

"Industrious? He'd set upon a post at a street corner, eight or ten hours at a stretch, if he undertook to do it."

Ch. vi, xv.

NEMO, *see* Captain Hawdon.

MR. PARDIGGLE, F.R.S., husband of Mrs. Pardiggle.

An obstinate-looking man with a large waistcoat and stubby hair.

Ch. viii, xxx.

MRS. PARDIGGLE, a charitable lady who makes a great deal of noise about it.

A formidable style of lady, with spectacles, a prominent nose, and a loud voice—"I am a school lady, a visiting lady, a reading lady, a distributing lady, I am on the local Linen Box Committee, and many general committees."

Ch. viii, xv, xxx.

ALFRED, EGBERT, FELIX, FRANCIS, AND OSWALD PARDIGGLE. *Sons of the foregoing, who are forced to be charitable by their mother, much to their disgust.*

Ch. viii.

MRS. PERKINS, an inquisitive woman, a neighbour of Mr. Krook.

Ch. xi, xx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.

MRS. PIPER, a neighbour of Mr. Krook.

Ch. xi, xx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxix.

PRISCILLA, servant to Mrs. Jellyby.

A young woman, with a swelled face bound up in a flannel bandage, blowing the fire of the drawing-room. The young woman waited (at dinner) and dropped everything on the table wherever it happened to go, and never moved it again until she put in on the stairs.

Ch. iv, v.

MR. QUALE, a friend of Mrs. Jellyby.

With large shining knobs for temples, and his hair all brushed to the back of his head.

Ch. iv, v, xv, xxiii.

MRS. RACHAEL, *see* Mrs. Chadband.

ROSA, maid to Lady Dedlock, engaged to Watt Rouncewell.

Ch. vii, xii, xvi, xviii, xxviii, xl, xlviii, lxiii.

MRS. ROUNCEWELL, housekeeper to Sir Leicester Dedlock.

A fine old lady, handsome, stately, and wonderfully neat, and such a back and such a stomacher, that if her stays should turn out when she dies

to have been a broad, old-fashioned family fire-grate, nobody who knows her would have cause to be surprised.

Ch. vii, xii, xvi, xxviii, xxxiv, xl, lii, lv, lvi, lviii.

MR. ROUNCEWELL, *son of the foregoing, an ironmaster.*

A little over fifty, perhaps, of a good figure, like his mother; has a clear voice, a broad forehead, from which his dark hair has retired, and a shrewd, though open face. A responsible-looking gentleman dressed in black, portly enough, but strong and active.

Ch. vii, xxviii, xl, xlviii, lxiii.

GEORGE ROUNCEWELL, *called "Mr. George," a son of Sir Leicester Dedlock's housekeeper, and keeper of a shooting-gallery in London.*

A swarthy man of fifty; well made and good looking; with crisp dark hair, bright eyes, and a broad chest. His sinewy and powerful hands, as sunburnt as his face, have evidently been used to a pretty rough life.

Ch. vii, xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiv, xlvii, xlix, lii, lv, lvi, lviii, lxiii, lxvi.

WATT ROUNCEWELL, *son of Mr. Rouncewell, the ironmaster, and engaged to Rosa.*

Ch. vii, xii, xviii, xxviii, xl, xlviii, lxiii.

ARETHUSA SKIMPOLE, *daughter of Mr. Skimpole.*

"My beauty daughter—plays and sings odds and ends like her father."

Ch. xliii.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE, *a protégé of Mr. John Jarndyce, clever and attractive, but selfish and unprincipled, and content to live upon his friends.*

He was a little bright creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. Being of a more slender figure than Mr. Jarndyce, and having a richer complexion, with browner hair, he looked younger. Indeed, he had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neckerchief loose and flowing, as I have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process of depreciation. It struck me as being not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life, by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences. . . .

I gathered from the conversation, that Mr. Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession, and had once lived, in his professional capacity, in the household of a German Prince. He told us, however, that as he had always been a mere child in point of weights and measures, and had never known anything about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail.

Ch. vi, viii, ix, xv, xviii, xxxi, xxxvii, xliii, xlvi, lvii, lxi.

MRS. SKIMPOLE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Who had once been a beauty, but was now a delicate, high-nosed invalid, suffering under a complication of disorders.

Ch. xliii.

KITTY SKIMPOLE, *a daughter of Harold Skimpole.*

"My comedy daughter—sings a little, but don't play."

Ch. xliii.

LAURA SKIMPOLE, *a daughter of Harold Skimpole.*

"My sentiment daughter—plays a little, but don't sing."

Ch. xliii.

BARTHOLOMEW SMALLWEED, called "*Small*" and "*Chickweed*," friend of Mr. Guppy, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed.

He is something under fifteen, and an old limb of the law. A town-made article of small stature and weazen features; but may be perceived from a considerable distance by means of his very tall hat. To become a Guppy is the object of his ambition.

Ch. xx, xxi, xxxiii, xxxix, lv, lxiii.

GRANDFATHER SMALLWEED, *an old man who has been in the discounting profession.*

"He's a leech in his disposition, he's a screw and a wice in his actions, a snake in his twistings, and a lobster in his claws."

Ch. xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, liv, lv, lxiii.

GRANDMOTHER SMALLWEED, *wife of the foregoing.*

An eternal disposition to fall asleep over the fire, and into it.

Ch. xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, lxiii.

JUDY SMALLWEED, *granddaughter of the foregoing.*

Never owned a doll—never played at any game.

Ch. xxi, xxvi, xxvii, xxxiii, xxxiv, lxiii.

MR. SNAGSBY, *a law stationer in Cook's Court.*

A mild, bald, timid man, with a shining head and a scrubby clump of black hair, sticking out at the back—in grey shop-coat and black calico sleeves.

Ch. x, xi, xix, xx, xxii, xxv, xxxiii, xlii, xlvii, liv, lix.

MRS. SNAGSBY, *wife of the foregoing.*

Something too violently compressed at the waist, and with a sharp nose like a sharp autumn evening.

Ch. x, xi, xix, xx, xxii, xxv, xxxiii, xlii, xlvii, liv, lix.

PHIL SQUOD, *a man employed at the shooting-gallery of George Rouncewell.*

A little grotesque man, with a large head . . . is dressed something like a gunsmith, in a green baize apron and cap; and his face and hands are dirty with gunpowder . . . with a face all crushed together, who appears, from a certain blue and speckled appearance, that one of his cheeks presents, to have been blown up, in the way of business, at some odd time or times . . . is lame, though able to move very quickly.

Ch. xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxxiv, xlvii, lvi, lxvi.

THE HON. BOB STABLES, *cousin to Sir Leicester Dedlock.*

Who can make warm mashes with the skill of a veterinary surgeon, and is a better shot than most gamekeepers.

Ch. ii, xxviii, xl, lviii.

ESTHER SUMMERSON, *the illegitimate daughter of Lady Dedlock and Captain Hawdon. Marries Allan Woodcourt.*

Ch. iii-vi, viii, ix, xiii-xlv, xlvii, l-li, liv, lvi, lvii, lix-lxx, lxvii.

LITTLE SWILLS, *a comic vocalist.*

A chubby little man in a large shirt collar, with a moist eye and an inflamed nose.

Ch. xi, xix, xxii, xxxiii, xxxix.

MR. TANGLE, *a lawyer who knows more about the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce than anybody.*

Ch. i.

THOMAS, *groom to Sir Leicester Dedlock.*

Ch. xl.

TOUGHEY, *see Jo.*

MR. TULKINGHORN, *the legal adviser of Sir Leicester Dedlock. He learns Lady Dedlock's secret, and threatens to tell Sir Leicester. He is murdered by Mademoiselle Hortense.*

The old gentleman is rusty to look at, but is reputed to have made good thrift out of aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich. He is surrounded by a mysterious halo of family confidences; of which he is known to be the silent depository. There are noble Mausoleums rooted for centuries in retired glades of parks, among the growing timber and the fern, which perhaps hold fewer noble secrets than walk abroad among men, shut up in the breast of Mr. Tulkinghorn. He is of what is called the old school—a phrase generally meaning any school that seems never to have been young—and wears knee-breeches tied with ribbons, and gaiters or stockings. One peculiarity of his black clothes, and of his black stockings, be they silk or worsted, is, that they never shine. Mute, close, irresponsible to any glancing light, his dress is like himself. He never converses, when not professionally consulted. He is found sometimes, speechless but quite at home, at corners of dinner-tables in great country houses, and near doors of drawing-rooms, concerning which the fashionable intelligence is eloquent: where everybody knows him, and where half the Peerage stops to say "How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?" He receives these salutations with gravity, and buries them along with the rest of his knowledge.

Ch. ii, vii, x-xii, xv, xvi, xxii, xxiv, xxvii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxvi, xli-xliii, xlii, xvi, x

MR. TURVEYDROP, *the father of Prince Turveydrop.*

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neckcloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high-shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had everything but any touch of nature; he was not like youth, he was not like age, he was like nothing in the world but a model of Deportment. . . .

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, worth a tolerable

connection (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position.

Ch. xiv, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

PRINCE TURVEYDROP, son of the foregoing. Marries Miss Caddy Jellyby.

Christened Prince, in remembrance of the Prince Regent.

A little, blue-eyed, fair man of youthful appearance, with flaxen hair parted in the middle, and curling at the ends all round his head.

Ch. xiv, xvii, xxiii, xxx, xxxviii, l, lvii.

MR. VHOLES, the solicitor who represents Richard Carstone in the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

A sallow man with pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, a red eruption here and there upon his face, tall and thin, about fifty years of age, high-shouldered, and stooping. Dressed in black, black-gloved, and buttoned to the chin, there was nothing so remarkable in him as a lifeless manner, and a slow, fixed way he had of looking. . . .

Mr. Vholes is a very respectable man. He has not a large business, but he is a very respectable man. He is allowed by the greater attorneys who have made good fortunes, or are making them, to be a most respectable man. He never misses a chance in his practice; which is a mark of respectability. He never takes any pleasure; which is another mark of respectability. He is reserved and serious; which is another mark of respectability. His digestion is impaired, which is highly respectable. And he is making hay of the grass which is flesh, for his three daughters. And his father is dependent on him in the Vale of Taunton.

Ch. xxxvii, xxxix, xlv, li, lvi, lvii, lxi.

MR. WEEVLE, see Tony Jobling.

MISS WISK, a friend of Mrs. Jellyby, and engaged to Mr. Quale.

Ch. xxx.

ALLAN WOODCOURT, a young surgeon, who marries Esther Summerson.

The kindest physician in the college.

Ch. xi, xiii, xiv, xvii, xxx, xxxv, xlv, xlvii, l-liv, lix-lxi, lxiv, lxi, lxvii.

MRS. WOODCOURT, mother of the foregoing.

She was a pretty old lady, with bright black eyes, but she seemed proud.

Ch. xvii, xxx, lx, lxii, lxiv.

HARD TIMES

SCENE: "*Coketown*," an English manufacturing town, and district.

TIME: *circa* 1850.

THOMAS GRADGRIND is "a man of realities, a man of facts and calculations," who has become hard-hearted by his education. He practises in his household the system that he underwent. "Facts" rule his children, and imagination and fancy are cut out of their existence. Louisa, aged fifteen, and Tom, a little younger, are excellent examples of Thomas Gradgrind's system. Cecilia Jupe, called "Sissy," the daughter of a circus performer, joins the Gradgrinds and becomes a general favourite. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, a friend of Gradgrind and always boasting how he rose from the gutter to owner of the Coketown mills, has a great admiration for Louisa Gradgrind. After a period of four or five years, Tom obtains a post in Bounderby's bank, and his sister marries Bounderby. Tom, who has become deceitful and selfish, makes this an opportunity for borrowing money from her.

Louisa's married life is not happy, and after about a year she makes the acquaintance of James Harthouse, a man of the world who has come to Coketown on a political mission. He takes, or rather pretends to take an interest in Tom, and thereby gains the esteem of Louisa. Tom becomes a gambler and robs the bank, hiding the fact by pretending that a robbery has taken place and throwing the suspicion on Stephen Blackpool, a recently discharged mill-hand. Stephen was discharged because of his straightforward way of speaking. He left Coketown, and this helps the suspicion that has been directed against him by Tom, whose sister, however, suspects the real state of affairs. Stephen Blackpool has a friend, Rachael, who determines to prove his innocence.

Mrs. Sparsit is housekeeper to Josiah. She was bitterly disappointed when he married Louisa, hoping herself that she would have the latter's position. She is therefore secretly delighted with the appearance of James Harthouse on the scene, and she overhears the two planning to elope. She goes to tell Bounderby, but Louisa fails to keep her appointment, and goes to her father and relates her unhappy married life. Josiah turns up at the Gradgrinds' to tell Thomas Gradgrind of his daughter's flight, but finds her there. The pair agree to part, and Harthouse leaves the neighbourhood. Under the care of Sissy, Louisa acquires some of the affection of which she was deprived by Thomas Gradgrind's system.

Rachael writes to Stephen Blackpool to return, but nothing is heard of him for some days. At last she and Sissy find him down a disused shaft. He is rescued in a dying condition, and gives Thomas Gradgrind a clue to the truth. Tom is followed by his father to a place near Liverpool, where he has fled on the appearance of Stephen, and his

father aids him to go abroad, where he dies. Mrs. Sparsit discovers the mother of Josiah, who is ashamed of her, and her schemes for marrying Bounderby are thus finally ended. Josiah dies five years later in a fit. Gradgrind leaves his facts in the background and improves his views and life with "Faith, Hope, and Charity."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

BITZER, a pupil of Mr. McChoakumchild in Gradgrind's Model School.

His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if it were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer. . . .

He held the respectable office of general spy and informer in the establishment, for which volunteer service he received a present at Christmas, over and above his weekly wage. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man, who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. All his proceedings were the result of the nicest and coldest calculation; and it was not without cause that Mrs. Sparsit habitually observed of him, that he was a young man of the steadiest principle she had ever known.

Bk. I, ch. ii; Bk. II, ch. i, iv, vi, vii, ix, xi; Bk. III, ch. vii, ix.

MRS. BLACKPOOL, wife of Stephen Blackpool, who takes to drink after her marriage.

Such a woman! a disabled drunken woman—a creature so foul to look at, in her tatters, stains and splashes . . . dangling in one hand, by the string, a dunghill fragment of a bonnet.

Bk. I, ch. x-xiii; Bk. III, ch. ix.

STEPHEN BLACKPOOL, husband of the foregoing, and a weaver in the factory of Mr. Bounderby.

A rather stooping man, with a knitted brow, a pondering expression of face, and a hard-looking head, sufficiently capacious, on which his iron-grey hair lay long and thin. Forty years of age—looked older.

Bk. I, ch. x-xiii; Bk. II, ch. iv-vi, ix; Bk. III, ch. iv-vi.

JOSIAH BOUNDERBY, a wealthy, self-made man who marries the daughter of Mr. Gradgrind.

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start.

A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility. . . .

His seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness. . . .

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch. . . .

"As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond; and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do anything else. I was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that very well. . . .

"I was to pull through it, I suppose. Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am, I did it. I pulled through it, though nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand boy, vagabond, labourer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. These are the antecedents, and the culmination."

Bk. I, ch. iii-ix, xi, xiv-xvi; Bk. II, ch. i-xii; Bk. III, ch. ii-ix.

MRS. LOUISA BOUNDERBY, *see Louisa Gradgrind.*

MR. E. W. B. CHILDERS, *a young man, member of Sleary's Circus Troupe, and celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies.*

His face, close-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair brushed into a roll all round his head, and parted up the centre. His legs were very robust, but shorter than legs of good proportions should have been. His chest and back were as much too broad as his legs were too short. He was dressed in a Newmarket coat and tight-fitting trousers; wore a shawl round his neck; smelt of lamp-oil, straw, orange-peel, horses' provender, and sawdust; and looked a most remarkable sort of Centaur, compounded of the stable and the play-house.

Bk. I, ch. vi; Bk. III, ch. vii, viii.

EMMA GORDON, *a member of Sleary's Circus Troupe, and a friend of Sissy Jupe.*

Bk. I, ch. vi; Bk. III, ch. vii.

THOMAS GRADGRIND, *a retired wholesale hardware merchant.*

"Now what I want is Facts! Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else ever will be of service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!" . . .

The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis

was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis. . . .

He was an affectionate father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself as "an eminently practical" father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatsoever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatsoever the subject of such meeting, some Coketowner was sure to seize the occasion of alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind.

Bk. I, ch. iv, xiv-xvi; Bk. II, ch. i-iii, vii, ix, xi, xii; Bk. III, ch. i ix.

MRS. GRADGRIND, *wife of the foregoing.*

A little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her.

Bk. I, ch. iv, ix, xv; Bk. II, ch. ix.

ADAM SMITH GRADGRIND, *a younger son of the foregoing.*

Bk. I, ch. iv.

JANE GRADGRIND, *younger daughter of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind.*

Bk. I, ch. iv, xvi; Bk. II, ch. ix; Bk. III, ch. i.

LOUISA GRADGRIND, *eldest child of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, and wife of Josiah Bounderby.*

There was an air of jaded sullenness in . . . the girl; yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression,—not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes of a blind face groping its way.

Bk. I, ch. iii, iv, vi-ix, xiv-xvi; Bk. II, ch. i-iii, v-xii; Bk. III, ch. i-ix.

MALTHUS GRADGRIND, *a son of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind.*

Bk. I, ch. iv.

THOMAS GRADGRIND, *youngest son of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, a clerk in Bounderby's bank, which he robs, and flees the country to avoid arrest.*

Bk. I, ch. iii, iv, vii-ix, xiv, xvi; Bk. II, ch. i-iii, v-viii, x-xii; Bk. III, ch. ii-ix.

MR. JAMES HARTHOUSE, *a friend of Mr. Gradgrind.*

Five-and-thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, good breeding, well dressed, dark hair, bold eyes.

Bk. II, ch. i-iii, v, vii-xii; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii.

CECILIA or SISSY JUPE, *daughter of a clown.*

So dark-eyed, and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous colour from the sun.

Bk. I, ch. ii, iv-ix, xiv, xv ; Bk. II, ch. ix ; Bk. III, ch. i-ii, iv-ix.

SIGNOR JUPE, *father of the foregoing, and a clown in Sleary's Circus. Owner of the "highly-trained performing dog Merrylegs."*

Bk. I, ch. ii, iii, v, vi, ix ; Bk. III, ch. ii, viii.

MASTER KIDDERMINSTER, *a member of Sleary's Circus, who assists Mr. Childers.*

A diminutive boy, with an old face—made up with curls, wreaths, wings, white bismuth, and carmine. This hopeful young person soared into so pleasing a cupid.

Bk. I, ch. vi ; Bk. II, ch. vii.

MR. MCCHOAKUMCHILD, *the teacher in Mr. Gradgrind's Model School.*

He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of ail the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two-and-thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, McChoakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more !

He went to work in this preparatory lesson, not unlike Morgiana in the Forty Thieves: looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good McChoakumchild, when, from thy boiling store, thou shalt fill each jar brim full by and by, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within—or sometimes only maim him and distort him !

Bk. I, ch. i-iii, ix, xiv.

MERRYLEGS, *the performing dog of Signor Jupe.*

Bk. I, ch. iii, v-viii ; Bk. III, ch. viii.

MRS. PEGLER, *mother of Josiah Bounderby, who is ashamed of her and gives her thirty pounds a year to keep away from him.*

"I have never said I was your mother. I have admired you at a distance—though his mother kept a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a year—only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part."

Bk. I, ch. xii ; Bk. II, ch. vi, viii ; Bk. III, ch. iv, v.

RACHAEL, *a factory hand, and friend of Stephen Blackpool.*

A quiet oval face, dark and rather delicate, irradiated by a pair of very gentle eyes, and further set off by the perfect order of her shining

black hair. It was not a face in its first bloom. She was a woman of five-and-thirty years of age.

Bk. I, ch. x-xiii ; Bk. II, ch. iv, vi ; Bk. III, ch. iv-vi, ix.

LADY SCADGERS, *great-aunt of Mrs. Sparsit.*

An immensely fat old woman, with an inordinate appetite for butcher's meat, and a mysterious leg which had now refused to get out of bed for fourteen years.

Bk. I, ch. vii ; Bk. II, ch. viii ; Bk. III, ch. ix.

SLACKBRIDGE, *a trades-union agitator.*

Bk. II, ch. iv ; Bk. III, ch. iv.

JOSEPHINE SLEARY, *daughter of a circus proprietor.*

A pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen, tied on a horse at two years old—had made a will at twelve—expressive of her desire to be drawn to the grave by two piebald ponies.

Bk. I, ch. vi ; Bk. II, ch. vii.

MR. SLEARY, *proprietor of a circus.*

A stout modern statue—with one fixed eye, and one loose eye, and a voice (if it can be called so) like the efforts of a broken old pair of bellows, a flabby surface, and a muddled head which was never sober, and never drunk.

Bk. I, ch. vi, ix ; Bk. III, ch. vii, viii.

MRS. SPARSIT, *housekeeper to Mr. Bounderby.*

In her elderly days, with the Coriolanian style of nose, and the dense black eyebrows which had captivated Sparsit. Had not only seen better days but was highly connected.

Bk. I, ch. vi, xi, xvi ; Bk. II, ch. i, iii, vi, viii-xi ; Bk. III, ch. iii, v, ix.

LITTLE DORRIT

SCENE: *London, Continental resorts.*

TIME: 1827-1830. -

THE red-tape of government offices and debtors' prisons are chiefly the subjects dealt with in *Little Dorrit*.

Arthur Clennam, who has been in India, returns to his home in London. His supposed mother has, since his father's death, managed a commission business with the help of a servant Flintwinch. Arthur and she do not agree very well together. At the Clennams there is a little seamstress called Little Dorrit. She is the daughter of William Dorrit, who has been in the Marshalsea Prison for a great number of years for debt, and has become known as "The Father of the Marshalsea." Little Dorrit, whose real name is Amy, was born in the prison, and lost her mother when she was eight years of age. She works as a seamstress in order to help her father and her brother and sister, Edward and Fanny.

Arthur Clennam is interested in her story, and he makes inquiries at the "Circumlocution Office" into the Dorrit case. The Barnacle family are the practical rulers of the office. In his inquiries Clennam makes a friend of Daniel Doyce, an inventor, and the two become partners. Meagles, a mutual friend, is father of Minnie Meagles, a favourite with Clennam, but she, on her part, looks with a kindly eye on Henry Gowan, an artist whom she marries and goes abroad with to the Continent.

Though Clennam is disappointed at not being the favoured suitor of Minnie, he works hard in his new partnership and tries to help the Dorrit family. Flora Finching, a widow and an old sweetheart of his, tries to gain him again, but fails. He at last is successful in helping William Dorrit, who has an estate left him and is now a wealthy man.

In the second book the Dorrit family are shown travelling on the Continent. William Dorrit has become haughty and pompous, an example followed by Fanny and Edward. Little Dorrit is the only one of the family who has kept free from the taint, and she treats Arthur Clennam as a great friend, although her relatives ignore him. Fanny marries Sparkler, a friend of Henry Gowan, and related to the Circumlocution Office officials. Her father becomes acquainted with a banker named Merdle, who is given to speculation. He has also engaged a Mrs. General as a chaperon for his daughters, and she was well on the way to becoming their stepmother when William Dorrit suddenly died.

After the death of the former Father of the Marshalsea, it is discovered that he has left his wealth in trust to Merdle, who shortly afterwards commits suicide. It then transpires that he was a swindler.

and the Dorrits, with many others, lose all. Arthur Clennam is one who suffers through the swindling of Merdle, and consequently, falling into debt, he is imprisoned in the Marshalsea. Little Dorrit visits him in prison, and helps him and nurses him through a serious illness, during which they find that they love one another.

Doyce and Meagles and others come to the rescue of Arthur Clennam, and he is released from the Marshalsea and marries Little Dorrit. Mrs. Clennam confesses the secret of his birth, and Rigaud, *alias* Blandois, who has tried to blackmail her, is killed by the falling of the house in which he had arranged a meeting. Mrs. Clennam soon afterwards dies. These are the chief incidents in the story, but among the characters that may be mentioned are: Pancks, a rent-collector and friend of Little Dorrit; Casby, a harsh landlord for whom Pancks collects rents; Cavalletto, a confederate of Rigaud; John Chivery, an admirer of Little Dorrit; Harriet Beadle, called "Tattycoram," companion to Minnie Meagles; Plornish, a plasterer and his family; and the great Barnacle family, who live upon the Circumlocution Office.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MRS. BANGHAM, *a charwoman, and nurse of Mrs. Dorrit in the Marshalsea Prison.*

Who was not a prisoner (though she had been once), but was the popular medium of communication with the outer world.

Bk. I, ch. vi, vii; Bk. II, ch. xix.

CLARENCE BARNACLE, *called "Barnacle, Junior," son of Mr. Tite Barnacle, and employed in the Circumlocution Office.*

[He] had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker, perhaps, that ever was seen. Such a downy tip was on his callow chin, that he seemed half-fledged, like a young bird. . . . He had a superior eyeglass dangling round his neck, but unfortunately had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up, but kept tumbling out against his waistcoat buttons with a click that discomposed him very much.

Bk. I, ch. x, xvii, xxxiv, xxxv.

LORD DECIMUS TITE BARNACLE, *uncle of Mr. Tite Barnacle, in the Circumlocution Office.*

In the great art How not to do it, Lord Decimus had long sustained the highest glory of the Barnacle family.

Bk. I, ch. xvii, xxv, xxxiv; Bk. II, ch. vii, xxiv, xxviii.

FERDINAND BARNACLE, *private secretary to Lord Decimus Barnacle.*

This dashing young Barnacle, in a word, was likely to become a statesman, and to make a figure.

Bk. I, ch. x, xxxiv; Bk. II, ch. xii, xxviii.

MR. TITE BARNACLE, *in the Circumlocution Office.*

He wound and wound folds of white cravat round his neck, as he wound and wound folds of tape and paper round the neck of the country. His wristbands and collar were oppressive, his voice and manner more oppressive.

Bk. I, ch. ix, x, xxxiv; Bk. II, ch. xii.

HARRIET BEADLE, called "*Tattycoram*," maid to *Minnie Meagles*.

A handsome girl with lustrous dark hair and eyes, and very neatly dressed, . . . a sullen, passionate girl. Her rich black hair was all about her face, her face was flushed and hot, and as she sobbed and raged, she plucked at her lips with an unsparing hand.

The girl raged and battled with all the force of her youth and fulness of life, until by little and little her passionate exclamations trailed off into broken murmurs as if she were in pain. By corresponding degrees she sank into a chair, then upon her knees, then upon the ground beside the bed, drawing the coverlet with her, half to hide her shamed head and wet hair in it, and half, as it seemed, to embrace it, rather than have nothing to take to her repentant breast.

"Go away from me, go away from me! When my temper comes upon me, I am mad. I know I might keep it off if I only tried hard enough, and sometimes I do try hard enough, and at other times I don't and won't. What have I said! I knew, when I said it, it was all lies. They think I am being taken care of somewhere, and have all I want. They are nothing but good to me. I love them dearly; no people could ever be kinder to a thankless creature than they always are to me. Do, do go away, for I am afraid of you. I am afraid of myself when I feel my temper coming, and I am as much afraid of you. Go away from me, and let me pray and cry myself better!"

Bk. I, ch. ii, xvi, xxvii, xxviii; Bk. II, ch. ix, x, xx, xxxiii.

BLANDOIS, *see Rigaud*.

BOB, turnkey at the Marshalsea Prison.

Bk. I, ch. vi, vii; Bk. II, ch. xix.

CHRISTOPHER CASBY, landlord of *Bleeding Hart Yard*, who grinds his tenants by proxy.

A man advanced in life, whose smooth grey eyebrows seemed to move to the ticking as the firelight flickered on them, sat in an arm-chair, with his list shoes on the rug, and his thumbs slowly revolving over one another. This was old Christopher Casby—recognisable at a glance—as unchanged in twenty years and upward, as his own solid furniture—as little touched by the influence of the varying seasons, as the old rose-leaves and old lavender in his porcelain jars. . . .

He had a long wide-skirted bottle-green coat on, and a bottle-green pair of trousers, and a bottle-green waistcoat. The Patriarchs were not dressed in bottle-green broadcloth, and yet his clothes looked Patriarchal. . . . Patriarch was the name which many people delighted to give him. Various old ladies in the neighbourhood spoke of him as *The Last of the Patriarchs*. So grey, so slow, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head, Patriarch was the word for him. He had been accosted in the streets, and respectfully solicited to become a Patriarch for painters and for sculptors; with so much importunity, in sooth, that it would appear to be beyond the Fine Arts to remember the points of a Patriarch or to invent one. Philanthropists of both sexes had asked who he was, and on being informed, "*Old Christopher Casby, formerly Town-agent to Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle*," had cried in a rapture of disappointment, "*Oh! why, with that head, is he not a benefactor to his species! Oh! why, with that head, is he not a father to the orphan and a friend to the friendless!*" With that head,

however, he remained old Christopher Casby, proclaimed by common report rich in house property.

His smooth face had a bloom upon it, like ripe wall-fruit. What with his blooming face, and that head, and his blue eyes, he seemed to be delivering sentiments of rare wisdom and virtue. In like manner, his physiognomical expression seemed to teem with benignity. Nobody could have said where the wisdom was, or where the virtue was, or where the benignity was; but they all seemed to be somewhere about him. *Bk. I, ch. xii, xiii, xiiii, xxv; Bk. II, ch. ix, xiii, xxii.*

JOHN BAPTIST CAVALLETTO, a fellow-prisoner with Rigaud at Marseilles, and afterwards in the employ of Arthur Clennam.

A sunburnt, quick, lithe little man, though rather thick-set. Earrings in his brown ears, white teeth lighting up his grotesque brown face, intensely black hair clustering about his brown throat.

Bk. I, ch. i, xi, xiii, xv, xix; Bk. II, ch. xii, xxii, xiii, xviii, xxx.

YOUNG JOHN CHIVERY, son of the turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison.

Young John was small of stature, with weak legs, and very weak light hair. One of his eyes (perhaps the eye that used to peep through the keyhole) was also weak, and looked larger than the other, as if it couldn't collect itself. Young John was gentle likewise. But he was great of soul. Poetical, expansive, faithful.

Though too humble before the ruler of his heart to be sanguine, Young John had considered the object of his attachment in all its lights and shades. Following it out to blissful results, he had descried, without self-commendation, a fitness in it. Say things prospered, and they were united. She, the child of the Marshalsea; he, the lock-keeper. There was a fitness in that. Say he became a resident turnkey. She would officially succeed to the chamber she had rented so long. There was a beautiful propriety in that. It looked over the wall, if you stood on tiptoe; and, with a trellis-work of scarlet beans and a canary or so, would become a very Arbour. There was a charming idea in that. Then, being all in all to one another, there was even an appropriate grace in the lock. With the world shut out (except that part of it which would be shut in); with its troubles and disturbances only known to them by hearsay, as they would be described by the pilgrims tarrying with them on their way to the Insolvent Shrine; with the Arbour above, and the Lodge below; they would glide down the stream of time, in pastoral domestic happiness. Young John drew tears from his eyes by finishing the picture with a tombstone in the adjoining churchyard, close against the prison wall, bearing the following touching inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of JOHN CHIVERY, Sixty years Turnkey, and fifty years Head Turnkey, Of the neighbouring Marshalsea, Who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, AMY, whose maiden name was DORRIT, Who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, And who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, There she lived, There she died."

Bk. I, ch. xviii, xix, xxii, xxv, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. xviii, xix, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MRS. CHIVERY, mother of the foregoing, and keeper of a small tobacco shop round the corner of Horsemonger Lane.

Bk. I, ch. xviii, xxii, xxv.

JOHN CHIVERY, a non-resident turnkey at the Marshalsea Prison, and father of Young John.

Bk. I, ch. xviii, xix, xxii, xxv, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. xviii, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, xxxiv.

ARTHUR CLENNAM, adopted son of Mrs. Clennam, and afterwards the husband of Little Dorrit.

"I am the son of a hard father and mother. I am the only child of parents who weighed, measured, and priced everything; for whom what could not be weighed, measured, and priced, had no existence. Strict people, as the phrase is, professors of a stern religion, their very religion was a gloomy sacrifice of tastes and sympathies that were never their own, offered up as a part of a bargain for the security of their possessions. Austere faces, inexorable discipline, penance in this world and terror in the next, nothing graceful or gentle anywhere, and the void in my cowed heart everywhere,—this was my childhood, if I may so misuse the word as to apply it to such a beginning of life."

Bk. I, ch. ii, iii, v, vii-x, xii-xvii, xxii, xxiv-xxviii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxiv-xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. iii, iv, viii-xi, xiii, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxvi-xxxiv.

MRS. CLENNAM, the supposed mother of Arthur Clennam.

On a black bier-like sofa in this hollow, propped up behind with one great angular bolster, like the block at a state execution in the good old times, sat his mother in a widow's dress.

She and his father had been at variance from his earliest remembrance. To sit speechless himself in the midst of rigid silence, glancing in dread from the one averted face to the other, had been the peacefullest occupation of his childhood. She gave him one glassy kiss, and four stiff fingers muffled in worsted. This embrace concluded, he sat down on the opposite side of her little table. There was a fire in the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a kettle on the hob, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a little mound of damped ashes in the top of the fire, and another little mound swept together under the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a smell of black dye in the airless room, which the fire had been drawing out of the crape and stuff of the widow's dress for fifteen months, and out of the bier-like sofa for fifteen years.

Stern of face and unrelenting of heart, she would sit all day behind a Bible—bound, like her own construction of it, in the hardest, barest, and straitest boards, with one dented ornament on the cover like the drag of a chain, and a wrathful sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves—as if it, of all books! were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection, and gentle intercourse.

She read certain passages aloud—sternly, fiercely, wrathfully—praying that her enemies (she made them by her tone and manner expressly hers) might be put to the edge of the sword, consumed by fire, smitten by plagues and leprosy, that their bones might be ground to dust, and that they might be utterly exterminated. . . .

Bk. I, ch. iii-v, viii, xv, xxix, xxx; Bk. II, ch. x, xvii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi.

MASTER CRIPPLES, son of Mr. Cripples.

Behind the blind was a little white-faced boy, with a slice of bread and butter, and a battledore.

Bk. I, ch. ix.

MR. CRIPPLES, *teacher of an academy for "evening tuition."*

Bk. I, ch. ix.

DAWES, *a good-humoured nurse.*

Bk. I, ch. xxi.

AMY DORRIT, *called "Little Dorrit," daughter of William Dorrit, and afterwards the wife of Arthur Clennam.*

It was not easy to make out Little Dorrit's face; she was so retiring, plied her needle in such removed corners, and started away so scared if encountered on the stairs. But it seemed to be a pale transparent face, quick in expression, though not beautiful in feature, its soft hazel eyes excepted. A delicately bent head, a tiny form, a quick little pair of busy hands, and a shabby dress—it must needs have been very shabby to look at all so, being so neat—were Little Dorrit as she sat at work. . . .

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free community who are not shut up in prisons; born and bred, in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste; the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears; she trudged on, until recognised as useful, even indispensable. That time came. She took the place of eldest of the three, in all things but precedence; was the head of the fallen family; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen, she could read and keep accounts—that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessities that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools by desultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well—no one better—that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children. . . . At twenty-two, with a still surviving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birthplace and home, she passed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a womanly consciousness that she was pointed out to everyone. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls, she had found it necessary to conceal where she lived, and to come and go as secretly as she could, between the free city and the iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was innocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prison, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.

Bk. I, ch. iii, v–ix, xii–xvi, xviii–xxv, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. i–viii, xi, xiv, xv, xix, xxiv, xxvi, xxvii, xxix–xxxi, xxxiii, xxxiv.

EDWARD DORRIT, called "*Tip*," brother of *Little Dorrit*.

Tip tired of everything . . . his small second mother got him into a warehouse, into the hop trade, into the law, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach-office, etc. etc. . . . but whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it.

Bk. I, ch. vi-viii, xii, xviii, xx, xxii, xxiv, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. i, iii, v, xi, xv, xix, xxiv, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv.

FANNY DORRIT, daughter of *Mr. William Dorrit*, and elder sister of *Little Dorrit*. She marries *Mr. Edmund Sparkler*.

Became a dancer. A pretty girl of far better figure and much more developed than *Little Dorrit*, though looking younger in the face when the two were observed together.

Bk. I, ch. vi-ix, xviii, xx, xxxi, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. i-iii, v-vii, xi, xiv-xvi, xviii, xix, xxiv, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MR. FREDERICK DORRIT, brother to *Mr. William Dorrit*.

He stooped a good deal, and plodded along in a slow preoccupied manner, which made the bustling London thoroughfares no very safe resort for him. He was dirtily and meanly dressed, in a threadbare coat, once blue, reaching to his ankles and buttoned to his chin, where it vanished in the pale ghost of a velvet collar. A piece of red cloth with which that phantom had been stiffened in its lifetime was now laid bare, and poked itself up, at the back of the old man's neck, into a confusion of grey hair and rusty stock and buckle which altogether nearly poked his hat off. A greasy hat it was, and a napless; impending over his eyes, cracked and crumpled at the brim, and with a wisp of pocket-handkerchief dangling out below it. His trousers were so long and loose, and his shoes so clumsy and large, that he shuffled like an elephant; though how much of this was gait and how much trailing cloth and leather, no one could have told. Under one arm he carried a limp and worn-out case, containing some wind instrument; in the same hand he had a pennyworth of snuff in a little packet of whitey-brown paper, from which he slowly comforted his poor old blue nose with a lengthened-out pinch.

Bk. I, ch. vii-ix, xix, xx, xxvi; Bk. II, ch. i, iv, v, xix.

WILLIAM DORRIT, the Father of the *Marshalsea*, a prisoner for debt. After twenty-five years in prison he proves to be heir to a great fortune that has been unclaimed and accumulating.

He was, at that time, a very amiable and very helpless middle-aged gentleman, who was going out again directly. Necessarily, he was going out again directly, because the *Marshalsea* lock never turned upon a debtor who was not. He brought in a portmanteau with him, which he doubted its being worth while to unpack; he was so perfectly clear—like all the rest of them, the turnkey on the lock said—that he was going out again directly.

He was a shy, retiring man; well-looking, though in an effeminate style; with a mild voice, curling hair, and irresolute hands—rings upon the fingers in those days—which nervously wandered to his trembling lip a hundred times, in the first half-hour of his acquaintance with the jail. His principal anxiety was about his wife. . . .

Tradition afterwards handed down from generation to generation—a *Marshalsea* generation might be calculated as about three months—

that the shabby old debtor with the soft manner and the white hair, was the Father of the Marshalsea.

And he grew to be proud of the title. If any impostor had arisen to claim it, he would have shed tears in resentment of the attempt to deprive him of his rights. A disposition began to be perceived in him, to exaggerate the number of years he had been there; it was generally understood that you must deduct a few from his account; he was vain, the fleeting generations of debtors said.

All newcomers were presented to him. He was punctilious in the exaction of this ceremony. The wits would perform the office of introduction with overcharged pomp and politeness, but they could not easily overstep his sense of its gravity. He received them in his poor room (he disliked an introduction in the mere yard, as informal—a thing that might happen to anybody), with a kind of bowed-down beneficence. They were welcome to the Marshalsea, he would tell them. Yes, he was Father of the place. So the world was kind enough to call him; and so he was, if more than twenty years of residence gave him a claim to the title. It looked small at first, but there was very good company there—among a mixture—necessarily a mixture—and very good air.

Bk. I, ch. vi-ix, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. i-iii, v-vii, xii, xiii, xv-xix.

DANIEL DOYCE, *partner of Arthur Clennam.*

He was not much to look at, either in point of size or in point of dress; being merely a short, square, practical-looking man, whose hair had turned grey, and in whose face and forehead there were deep lines of cogitation, which looked as though they were carved in hard wood. He was dressed in decent black, a little rusty, and had the appearance of a sagacious master in some handicraft. He had a spectacle-case in his hand, which he turned over and over while he was thus in question, with a certain free use of the thumb that is never seen but in a hand accustomed to tools. . . .

He was the son of a north-country blacksmith, and had originally been apprenticed by his widowed mother to a lock-maker; he had "struck out a few little things" at the lock-maker's, which had led to his being released from his indentures with a present, which present had enabled him to gratify his ardent wish to bind himself to a working engineer, under whom he had laboured hard. His time being out, he had "worked in the shop" at weekly wages seven or eight years more; and had then betaken himself to the banks of the Clyde, where he had studied, and filed and hammered, and improved his knowledge, theoretical and practical, for six or seven years more. There he had had an offer to go to Lyons, which he had accepted; and from Lyons had been engaged to go to Germany, and in Germany had had an offer to go to St. Petersburg, and there had done very well indeed—never better. However, he had naturally felt a preference for his own country, and a wish to gain distinction there, and to do whatever service he could do, there rather than elsewhere. And so he had come home. And so at home he had established himself in business, and had invented and executed, and worked his way on, until, after a dozen years of constant suit and service, he had been enrolled in the Great British Legion of Honour, the Legion of the Rebuffed of the Circumlocution Office, and had been decorated with the Great British Order of Merit, the Order of the Disorder of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings. . . .

A composed and unobtrusive self-sustainment was noticeable in

Daniel Doyce—a calm knowledge that what was true must remain true, in spite of all the Barnacles in the family ocean, and would be just the truth, and neither more nor less, when even that sea had run dry—which had a kind of greatness in it, though not of the official quality.

Bk. I, ch. x, xii, xvi, xvii, xxiii, xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv ; Bk. II, ch. viii, xiii, xxii, xxvi, xxxiv.

MR. F.'S AUNT, *an old lady who is a legacy left to Mrs. Flora Finching by her deceased husband.*

An amazing little old woman, with a face like a staring wooden doll too cheap for expression, and a stiff yellow wig perched unevenly on the top of her head, as if the child who owned the doll had driven a tack through it anywhere, so that it only got fastened on. Another remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that the same child seemed to have damaged her face in two or three places with some blunt instrument in the nature of a spoon ; her countenance, and particularly the tip of her nose, presented the phenomena of several dints, generally answering to the bowl of that article. A further remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that she had no name but Mr. F.'s Aunt. . . .

The major characteristics discoverable by the stranger in Mr. F.'s Aunt were extreme severity and grim taciturnity ; sometimes interrupted by a propensity to offer remarks in a deep warning voice, which, being totally uncalled for by anything said by anybody, and traceable to no association of ideas, confounded and terrified the mind. Mr. F.'s Aunt may have thrown in these observations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious, or even subtle ; but the key to it was wanted. . . .

"There's mile-stones on the Dover road !"

With such mortal hostility towards the human race did she discharge this missile, that Clennam was quite at a loss how to defend himself. . . . He could not but look at her with disconcertment, as she sat breathing bitterness and scorn, and staring leagues away. Flora, however, received the remark as if it had been of a most apposite and agreeable nature ; approvingly observing aloud that Mr. F.'s Aunt had a great deal of spirit. Stimulated either by this compliment, or by her burning indignation, that illustrious woman then added, "Let him meet it if he can !" And, with a rigid movement of her stony reticule (an appendage of great size, and of a fossil appearance), indicated that Clennam was the unfortunate person at whom the challenge was hurled.

Bk. I, ch. xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxv ; Bk. II, ch. ix, xxxiv.

FLORA FINCHING, *daughter of Christopher Casby, and formerly engaged to Arthur Clennam.*

Clennam's eyes no sooner fell upon the subject of his old passion, than it shivered and broke to pieces.

Most men will be found sufficiently true to themselves to be true to an old idea. It is no proof of an inconstant mind, but exactly the opposite, when the ideal will not bear close comparison with the reality, and the contrast is a fatal shock to it. Such was Clennam's case. In his youth he had ardently loved this woman, and had heaped upon her all the locked-up wealth of his affection and imagination. That wealth had been, in his desert home, like Robinson Crusoe's money ; exchangeable with no one, lying idle in the dark to rust ; until he poured it out for her. Ever since that memorable time, though he had, until the night of his arrival, as completely dismissed her from any association with his Present or Future as if she had been dead (which she might

easily have been for anything he knew), he had kept the old *farcy* of the Past unchanged, in its old sacred place. And now, after all, the last of the Patriarchs coolly walked into the parlour, saying in effect, "Be good enough to throw it down and dance upon it. This is Flora."

Flora, always tall, had grown to be very broad too, and short of breath; but that was not much. Flora, whom he had left a lily, had become a peony; but that was not much. Flora, who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought, was diffuse and silly. That was much. Flora, who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now. That was a fatal blow. . . .

Bk. I, ch. xiii, xxiii, xxiv, xxv; Bk. II, ch. ix, xvii, xxiii, xxiv.

AFFERY FLINTWINCH, *wife of Jeremiah Flintwinch.*

Though a tall, hard-favoured, sinewy old woman, who in her youth might have been enlisted in the Foot Guards without much fear of discovery, she collapsed before the little keen-eyed, crab-like old man.

Bk. I, ch. iii-v, xv, xxix, xxx; Bk. II, ch. x, xvii, xxiii, xxx, xxxi.

EPHRAIM FLINTWINCH, *brother of Jeremiah Flintwinch.*

Bk. I, ch. iv; Bk. II, ch. xxx.

JEREMIAH FLINTWINCH, *Mrs. Clennam's servant and afterwards partner.*

An old man: bent and dried, but with keen eyes. . . . A short, bald old man, in a high-shouldered black coat and waistcoat, drab breeches, and long drab gaiters. He might, from his dress, have been either clerk or servant, and in fact had long been both. There was nothing about him in the way of decoration but a watch, which was lowered into the depths of its proper pocket by an old black ribbon, and had a tarnished copper key moored above it, to show where it was sunk. His head was awry, and he had a one-sided, crab-like way with him, as if his foundations had yielded at about the same time as those of the house, and he ought to have been propped up in a similar manner. . . .

His neck was so twisted, that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear; his natural acerbity and energy, always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and altogether, he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down.

Bk. I, ch. iii-v, xv, xxix, xxx; Bk. II, ch. x, xvii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi.

MRS. GENERAL, *the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town.*

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts, which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculeaneum, without disarranging a fold of her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel Mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet powder, or had turned grey. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to

prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails, on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world ; but Mrs. General's way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind—to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and, beyond all comparison, the properest.

Bk. II, ch. i-v, vii, xi, xv, xix.

HENRY GOWAN, *an artist who marries Miss Minnie Meagles.*

This gentleman looked barely thirty. He was well dressed—"An artist, I infer from what he says?" "A sort of one," said Daniel Doyce. "What sort of one?" asked Clennam. "Why, he has sauntered into the arts at a leisurely Pall-Mall pace."

Bk. I, ch. xvii, xxvi, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxiv ; Bk. II, ch. i, iii-viii, xi, xiv, xvii, xx, xxi, xxxiii.

MRS. GOWAN, *mother of the foregoing.*

A courtly old lady, formerly a beauty, and still sufficiently well favoured to have dispensed with the powder on her nose, and a certain impossible bloom under each eye.

Bk. I, ch. xvii, xxvi, xxxiii, xxxiv ; Bk. II, ch. v, viii.

DOCTOR HAGGAGE, *a debtor in the Marshalsea.*

Amazingly shabby, in a torn and darned rough-weather sea jacket, out at elbows, and eminently short of buttons (he had been in his time the experienced surgeon carried by a passenger ship), the dirtiest white trousers conceivable by mortal man, carpet slippers, and no visible linen.

Bk. I, ch. vi, vii.

JENKINSON, *a messenger in the Circumlocution Office.*

Bk. I, ch. x.

LAGNIER, *see Rigaud.*

MAGGY, *a protégée of Little Dorrit, afterwards assistant to Mrs. Plornish.*

She was about eight-and-twenty, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes, and no hair. Her large eyes were limpid and almost colourless ; they seemed to be very little affected by light, and to stand unnaturally still. There was also that attentive listening expression in her face, which is seen in the faces of the blind ; but she was not blind, having one tolerably serviceable eye. Her face was not exceedingly ugly, though it was only redeemed from being so by a smile ; a good-humoured smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there. A great white cap, with a quantity of opaque frilling that was always flapping about, apologised for Maggy's baldness, and made it so very difficult for her old black bonnet to retain its place upon her head, that it held on round her neck like a gipsy's baby. A commission of haberdashers could alone have reported what the rest of her poor dress was made of ; but it had a strong general semblance to seaweed, with here and there a gigantic tea-leaf. Her shawl looked particularly like a tea-leaf, after long infusion.

Bk. I, ch. ix, xiv, xx, xxii, xxiv, xxvi, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi ; Bk. II, ch. iii, iv, xiii, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv.

CAPTAIN MAROON, *one of the creditors of Mr. Edward Dorrit.*

A gentleman with tight drab legs, a rather old hat, a little hooked stick, and a blue neckerchief.

Bk. I, ch. xii.

FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA, *see Mr. William Dorrit.*

MR. MEAGLES, *a retired banker, and father of Minnie Meagles.*

Who never by any accident acquired any knowledge whatever of the language of any country into which he travelled.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xii, xvi, xvii, xxiii, xxvi-xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv; Bk. II, ch. viii-x, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MRS. MEAGLES, *wife of the foregoing.*

Like Mr. Meagles, comely and healthy, with a pleasant English face, which had been looking at homely things for five-and-fifty years or more, and shone with a bright reflection of them.

Bk. I, ch. ii, xvi, xvii, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxiv; Bk. II, ch. viii, ix, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MINNIE MEAGLES, *called "Pet," daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, and afterwards the wife of Henry Gowan.*

Pet was about twenty. A fair girl with rich brown hair hanging free in natural ringlets. A lovely girl, with a frank face, and wonderful eyes; so large, so soft, so bright, set to such perfection in her kind good head. She was round and fresh and dimpled and spoilt, and there was in Pet an air of timidity and dependence which was the best weakness in the world, and gave her the only crowning charm a girl so pretty and pleasant could have been without. . . .

"Pet had a twin sister who died when we could just see her eyes—exactly like Pet's—above the table, as she stood on tiptoe holding by it. . . . Pet and her baby sister were so exactly alike, and so completely one, that in our thoughts we have never been able to separate them since. It would be of no use to tell us that our dead child was a mere infant. We have changed that child according to the changes in the child spared to us and always with us. As Pet has grown, that child has grown; as Pet has become more sensible and womanly, her sister has become more sensible and womanly, by just the same degrees. It would be as hard to convince me that if I was to pass into the other world to-morrow, I should not, through the mercy of God, be received there by a daughter, just like Pet, as to persuade me that Pet herself is not a reality at my side. . . .

"As to her, the sudden loss of her little picture and playfellow, and her early association with that mystery in which we all have our equal share, but which is not often so forcibly presented to a child, has necessarily had some influence on her character. Then, her mother and I were not young when we married, and Pet has always had a sort of grown-up life with us, though we have tried to adapt ourselves to her."

Bk. I, ch. ii, xvi, xvii, xxviii, xxxiii, xxxiv; Bk. II, ch. viii, ix, xxxiii, xxxiv.

MR. MERDLE, *a London banker, who becomes bankrupt and commits suicide.*

Mr. Merdle was immensely rich; a man of prodigious enterprise; a Midas without the ears, who turned all he touched to gold. He was in everything good, from banking to building. He was in Parliament, of course. He was in the City necessarily. He was Chairman of this,

Trustee of that, President of the other. The weightiest of men had said to projectors, "Now, what name have you got? have you got Merdle?" And the reply being in the negative, had said, "Then I won't look at you." . . . He was a reserved man, with a broad, overhanging, watchful head, that particular kind of dull red colour in his cheeks which is rather stale than fresh, and a somewhat uneasy expression about his coat cuffs as if they were in his confidence, and had reasons for being anxious to hide his hands. In the little he said, he was a pleasant man enough; plain, emphatic about public and private confidence, and tenacious about the utmost deference being shown by every one, in all things, to Society.

Bk. I, ch. xxi, xxxvii; Bk. II, ch. v, vii, xii-xvi, xviii, xix, xxiv, xxv, xxviii.

MRS. MERDLLE, wife of the foregoing, and mother of Mr. Edmund Sparkler.

The lady was not young and fresh from the hand of Nature, but was young and fresh from the hand of her maid. She had large, unfeeling, handsome eyes, and dark, unfeeling, handsome hair, and a broad, unfeeling, handsome bosom, and was made the most of in every particular. Either because she had a cold, or because it suited her face, she wore a rich white fillet tied over her head, and under her chin. And if ever there were an unfeeling, handsome chin, that looked as if, for certain, it had never been, in familiar parlance, "chucked" by the hand of man, it was the chin curbed up so tight and close by that laced bridle.

Bk. I, ch. xx, xxi, xxxviii; Bk. II, ch. iii, v, vii, xii, xiv-xvi, xix, xxiv, xxv, xxxvii.

JOHN EDWARD NANDY, father of Mrs. Plornish.

If he were ever a big old man, he has shrunk into a little old man. His coat is of a colour and cut that never was the mode anywhere, at any period. It has always large, dull metal buttons, similar to no other buttons—a thumbled and napless and yet an obdurate hat—his coarse shirt and his coarse neckcloth have no more individuality than his coat and hat; they have the same character of not being his—of not being anybody's.

Bk. I, ch. xiii; Bk. II, ch. xiii, xxvi, xxvii.

MR. PANCKS, collector of rents for Mr. Casby.

He was dressed in black and rusty iron-grey; had jet-black beads of eyes, a scrubby little black chin, wiry black hair striking out from his head in prongs, like forks or hair-pins, and a complexion that was very dingy by nature, or very dirty by art, or a compound of nature and art. He had dirty hands and dirty broken nails, and looked as if he had been in the coals; he was in a perspiration, and snorted and sniffed and puffed and blew like a little labouring steam-engine.

Bk. I, ch. xii, xiii, xxxiii-xxv, xxvii, xxix, xxxii, xxxiv, xxxv; Bk. II, ch. ix, xi, xiii, xvii, xx, xxii, xxvi, xxxiii-xxx, xxxii, xxxiv.

MR. PLORNISH, a plasterer living in Bleeding Hart Yard, a friend of Little Dorrit, and a tenant of Mr. Casby.

A smooth-cheeked, fresh-coloured, sandy-whiskered man of thirty. Long in the legs, yielding at the knees, foolish in the face, flannel-jacketed, lime-whitened.

Bk. I, ch. vi, ix, xii, xxiii, xxiv, xxxi, xxxvi; Bk. II, ch. iv, xiii, xvii, xix.

MRS. FLORNISH, *wife of the foregoing.*

A young woman made somewhat slatternly in herself and her belongings by poverty, and so dragged at by poverty, and the children together, that their united forces had already dragged her face into wrinkles.

Bk. I, ch. vi, xii, xxiii, xxxi; Bk. II, ch. iv, xiii, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, xxx.

RIGAUD, *alias* BLANDOIS, *alias* LAGNIER, *a scoundrel with a certain polish of manners. He gained a knowledge of Mrs. Clennam's frauds, and tried to extort a large sum of hush-money. While waiting in her house for her return he is killed by the collapse of the building.*

He was waiting to be fed; looking sideways through the bars, that he might see the further down the stairs, with much of the expression of a wild beast in similar expectation. But his eyes, too close together, were not so nobly set in his head as those of the king of beasts are in his, and they were sharp rather than bright—pointed weapons with little surface to betray them. They had no depth or change; they glittered, and they opened and shut. So far, and waiving their use to himself, a clockmaker could have made a better pair. He had a hook nose, handsome after its kind, but too high between the eyes, by probably just as much as his eyes were too near to one another. For the rest, he was large and tall in frame, had thin lips, where his thick moustache showed them at all, and a quantity of dry hair, of no definable colour, in its shaggy state, but shot with red. The hand with which he held the grating (seamed all over the back with ugly scratches newly healed) was unusually small and plump; would have been unusually white, but for the prison grime. . . .

"I am a cosmopolitan gentleman. I own no particular country. My father was Swiss—Canton de Vaud. My mother was French by blood, English by birth. I myself was born in Belgium. I am a citizen of the world. . . ."

"Call me five-and-thirty years of age. I have seen the world. I have lived here, and lived there, and lived like a gentleman everywhere. I have been treated and respected as a gentleman universally. If you try to prejudice me, by making out that I have lived by my wits—how do your lawyers live—your politicians—your intriguers—your men of the Exchange? . . ."

On this man, with his moustache going up and his nose coming down in that most evil of smiles, and with his surface eyes looking as if they belonged to his dyed hair, and had had their natural power of reflecting light stopped by some similar process, Nature, always true, and never working in vain, had set the mark, Beware! It was not her fault, if the warning were fruitless. She is never to blame in any such instance.

Bk. I, ch. i, xi, xxix, xxx; Bk. II, ch. i, iii, vi, vii, ix, x, xvii, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxiii.

MISS ANASTASIA RUGG, *daughter of Mr. Rugg.*

Miss Rugg was a lady of a little property, which she had acquired, together with much distinction in the neighbourhood, by having her heart severely lacerated, and her feelings mangled, by a middle-aged baker, resident in the vicinity, against whom she had, by the agency of Mr. Rugg, found it necessary to proceed at law to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage.

Bk. I, ch. xxv; Bk. II, ch. xxvi, xxviii.

MR. RUGG, *a general agent, accountant, and collector of debts, and landlord of Mr. Pancks.*

General agent, accountant, debts recovered, had a round white visage, as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago—a ragged yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom.

Bk. I, ch. xxv, xxxii, xxxv, xxxvi ; Bk. II, ch. xxvi, xxviii, xxxiv.

MR. EDMUND SPARKLER, son of Mrs. Merdle by her first husband, and afterwards married to Fanny Dorrit.

He was of a chuckle-headed, high-shouldered make, with a general appearance of being, not so much a young man, as a swelled boy. Monomaniacal in offering marriage to all manner of undesirable young ladies, and in remarking of every successive young lady to whom he tendered a matrimonial proposal, that she was a “doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no biggodd nonsense about her.”

Bk. I, ch. xx, xxi, xxxiii ; Bk. II, ch. iii, vi, vii, xii, xiv-xvi, xviii, xxiv, xxxiii.

LORD LANCASTER STILTSTALKING, an old gentleman whom the Circumlocution Office has maintained for many years as its representative of the Britannic majesty abroad.

A grey old gentleman of dignified and sullen appearance—in a ponderous white cravat, like a stiff snow-drift. He shaded the dinner, cooled the wines, chilled the gravy, and blighted the vegetables.

Bk. I, ch. xxvi.

“TATTYCORAM,” *see* Harriet Beadle.

MRS. TICKIT, cook and housekeeper to Mr. Meagle.

Bk. I, ch. xvi, xxxiv ; Bk. II, ch. ix, xxxiii.

TINKLER, valet to Mr. William Dorrit.

Bk. II, ch. iii, v, xv, xix.

“TIP,” *see* Edward Dorrit.

MISS WADE, a woman of a sullen and ungovernable temper, and full of fancied wrongs.

The shadow in which she sat, falling like a gloomy veil across her forehead, accorded very well with the character of her beauty. One could hardly see the face, so still and scornful, set off by the arched dark eyebrows, and the folds of dark hair, without wondering what its expression would be if a change came over it. That it could soften or relent, appeared next to impossible. That it could deepen into anger or any extreme of defiance, and that it must change in that direction when it changed at all, would have been its peculiar impression upon most observers. It was dressed and trimmed into no ceremony of expression. Although not an open face, there was no pretence in it. I am self-contained and self-reliant ; your opinion is nothing to me ; I have no interest in you, care nothing for you, and see and hear you with indifference. This it said plainly. It said so in the proud eyes, in the lifted nostril, in the handsome, but compressed and even cruel mouth. Cover either two of those channels of expression, and the third would have said so still. Mask them all, and the mere turn of the head would have shown an unsubduable nature.

Bk. I, ch. ii, xvi, xxvii, xxviii ; Bk. II, ch. ix, x, xx, xxi, xxxiii.

MR. WOBBLER, a clerk in the Circumlocution Office.

Bk. I, ch. x.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

SCENE : *London, Paris.*

TIME : 1775-1792.

THE period dealt with in this novel is the time of the French Revolution, and the two cities in which the chief scenes are laid are Paris and London.

Jarvis Lorry, agent of Tellson & Company, bankers, goes to Paris in search of Dr. Alexandre Manette, a French doctor who had been confined for eighteen years in the Bastille. Lucie, the physician's daughter, accompanies him, and they discover her father living alone, half-mad, making shoes. He is brought to London, where he gradually regains his shattered health and mind, though occasionally having relapses.

The story, in the second book, goes forward five years to 1780. Charles Darnay, son of the Marquis de St. Evrémonde, and a tutor in London, is tried at the Old Bailey for supplying information about England to the French. He is acquitted, chiefly through the resemblance that he bears to Sydney Carton, a lawyer present in the court. Carton, who is dissipated and irresolute, and Charles Darnay both become frequent visitors at the Manettes', and both are in love with Lucie. Sydney Carton, however, does not press his suit, but tells Lucie of his love for her, and offers to make any sacrifice for her that will make her happy. Darnay marries the doctor's daughter, with the consent of her father and the good wishes of their friend Lorry.

Meanwhile in France the Revolution is breaking out. The Marquis de St. Evrémonde, uncle of Darnay, is murdered in his bed, and later his home is fired by the rioters, who threaten the life of Gabelle, his tax and rent collector. Gabelle writes to Charles Darnay and asks for his help and protection, and the latter goes to France to aid the servant, without even telling Lucie.

The third book now opens—in 1792—with Darnay in the hands of the revolutionists. He is accused of being an "aristocrat," and is imprisoned. Lucie and her father go to Paris to help him, and Doctor Manette is favourably received because he was a former prisoner in the Bastille. By reason of the popularity of the doctor Charles Darnay is released, but is re-arrested on a fresh charge the same day, through the instrumentality of the wife of Defarge, a wine-seller.

On the second charge Darnay is sentenced to suffer at the guillotine within twenty-four hours. Sydney Carton appears on the scene, and is able to get into the prison with the help of a turnkey, whom he recognises as a spy, and threatens. Darnay is drugged, and Carton changes clothes with him, and remains in the prison in his place, the likeness between the two men making the deception easy to carry through. Sydney Carton suffers death on the guillotine for the sake of the happiness of Lucie, who, with her father and husband and their friend Lorry escape safely to England.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JOHN BARSAD, who was really Solomon Pross, and brother of Miss Pross, was a spy in the pay of the English government, and afterwards a turnkey in the *Conciergerie*, Paris.

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that the Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government. . . ."

Thrown out of his honourable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted here; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and there are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there; gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. . . . He knew, as everyone employed as he was did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe; and that in spite of his uttermost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman, of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life.

Bk. II, ch. iii, xvi; Bk. III, ch. viii, ix, x, xi, xiii, xv.

SYDNEY CARTON, in love with *Lucie Manette*, for whose sake he suffers death on the scaffold in place of her husband.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumoured to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity. . . . Suddenly enough the jackal loosened his dress, went to an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, [and] sat down at the table. . . .

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of

the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or occasionally flirting with some lighter documents; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times, the matter in hand became so knotty, that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up, and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin, he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe; which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

Bk. I, ch. ii-vi, xi, xiii, xx, xxi; Bk. III, ch. viii, ix, xi, xii, xiii, xvi.

ROGER CLY, an old Bailey spy, and formerly servant to Charles Darnay.

Bk. II, ch. iii, xiv; Bk. III, ch. viii, xv.

JERRY CRUNCHER, a body-snatcher, and messenger at Tellson's Bank in London.

He was an odd-job man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son, a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

He had eyes that assorted very well, being of a surface black, with no depth in the colour or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again. . . . Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

Bk. I, ch. ii, iii; Bk. II, ch. i-iii, vi, xiv, xxiv; Bk. III, ch. vii-ix, xiv.

YOUNG JERRY CRUNCHER, son of Jerry Cruncher.

A grisly urchin of twelve.

Bk. II, ch. i, ii, xiv; Bk. III, ch. ix.

MRS. CRUNCHER, wife of Jerry Cruncher.

"You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?"

Bk. II, ch. i, ii, xiv; Bk. III, ch. ix, xiv.

CHARLES DARNAY, a French émigré, and the son of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. He marries Lucie Manette, and is saved from the guillotine by Sydney Carton, who suffers in his place.

A young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck; more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed. . . .

More months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. In this age, he would have been a Professor; in that age, he was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them, besides, in sound English, and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found; Princes that had been, and Kings that were to be, were not yet of the Teacher class, and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers to turn cooks and carpenters. As a tutor, whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

In London, he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation, he would not have prospered. He had expected labour, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this, his prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom-House. The rest of his time he passed in London. *Bk. II, ch. ii-vi, ix, x, xvi-xviii, xx, xxi, xxiv; Bk. III, ch. i-vii, ix-xv.*

MRS. LUCIE DARNAY, see *Lucie Manette*.

MADAME THÉRÈSE DEFARGE, the leader of the Saint Antoine women revolutionaries. She is killed by Miss Pross.

She was a stout woman of about [her husband's] age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. . . . Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up, under any circumstances. But, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her. . . . To appeal to her, was made hopeless by her

having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom, was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist, was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, bare-foot and bare-legged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Bk. I, ch. v, vi; Bk. II, ch. vii, xv, xvi, xxi, xxii; Bk. III, ch. iii, v, vi, viii-x, xii, xiv, xv.

MONSIEUR ERNEST DEFARGE, *the ringleader of the revolutionists in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris, and keeper of a wine shop there.*

A bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Bk. I, ch. v, vi; Bk. II, ch. vii, xv, xvi, xxi, xxii; Bk. III, ch. i, iii, vi, ix, x, xii, xiv, xv.

CHARLES EVRÉMONDE, *see Charles St. Evrémonde.*

MONSIEUR THÉOPHILE GABELLE, *a postmaster and tax functionary.*

Bk. II, ch. viii, ix, xxiii, xxiv; Bk. III, ch. i, vi.

GASPARD, *assassin of the Marquis St. Evrémonde.*

Bk. I, ch. v; Bk. II, ch. vii, xv, xvi.

JACQUES ONE TO FIVE, *associates of Defarge in the French Revolution.*

Jacques Four was the name given by Defarge to himself as one of the Saint Antoine revolutionists.

Bk. I, ch. v; Bk. II, ch. viii, ix, xv, xvi, xxiii; Bk. III, ch. v, ix, xii, xiv, xv.

JOE, *a coachman.*

Bk. I, ch. ii.

MR. JARVIS LORRY, *confidential clerk to Tellson & Co., who takes Miss Manette to her father after his release from the Bastille.*

He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail that

glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps, the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

Bk. I, ch. ii-vi; Bk. II, ch. ii-iv, vi, xii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; Bk. III, ch. ii-vi, viii, ix, xi-xiii, xv.

DR. ALEXANDRE MANETTE, a Paris physician confined for eighteen years in the Bastille. On his release he goes to England and lives with his daughter.

A white head bent low over the shoe-making . . . a broad ray of light . . . showed the workman with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise, but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak. . . .

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die. . . .

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery; and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed; but they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Bk. I, ch. ii-vi; Bk. II, ch. ii-iv, vi, ix, x, xii, xiii, xvi-xxi, xxiv; Bk. III, ch. ii-vii, ix-xvi, xiv, xv.

LUCIE MANETTE, daughter of the foregoing, and afterwards the wife of Charles Darnay.

A young lady of not more than seventeen . . . with a slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes, and a forehead with a singular capacity of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright, fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions.

Bk. I, ch. iv-vi ; Bk. II, ch. ii-vi, ix-xiii, xvi-xxi, xxiv ; Bk. III, ch. iii-vii, ix-xii, xiv, xv.

MISS PROSS, sister of Solomon Pross, and maid of Lucie Manette. She kills Madame Defarge, and afterwards escapes safely to England.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came upstairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. . . .

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves to youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart ; so rendered and so free from any mercenary taint, he had such an exalted respect for it, that in the retributive arrangements made by his own mind—we will make such arrangements, more or less—he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by Nature and Art who had balances at Tellson's.

Bk. I, ch. iv ; Bk. II, ch. vi, x, xvii-xix, xxi ; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii, vii, viii, xiv.

MARQUIS ST. EVRÉMONDE, uncle of Charles Darnay.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of transparent paleness ; every feature is clearly defined ; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing colour sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation ; then, they gave a look of treachery, and cruelty, to the whole countenance.

Bk. II, ch. vii-ix ; Bk. III, ch. x.

MARQUIS ST. EVRÉMONDE, twin brother of the younger marquis, and father of Charles Darnay.

Bk. III, ch. x.

MARQUISE ST. EVRÉMONDE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Bk. III, ch. x.

CHARLES ST. EVRÉMONDE, *see Charles Darnay.*

LUCIE ST. EVRÉMONDE, *daughter of the elder marquis.*

Bk. II, ch. xxi ; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii, v-vii, xi, xiii, xiv.

MR. STRYVER, *counsel for Charles Darnay in his trial when accused of being a spy.*

A man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) in companies and conversations, that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life. . . .

A favourite at the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favourite, specially, to their longing arms ; and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions. . . .

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place, or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's, that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading the paper quite in the far-off perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat. . . .

Bk. II, ch. ii-v, xi, xxi, xxiv.

TELLSON & CO., *an old and eminent firm of London bankers.*

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place even in the year seventeen hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very inconvenient. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the house were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its inconvenientness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes & Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might ; but Tellson's, thank Heaven !—

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect the House was made on a par with the country ; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Bk. I, ch. iii, iv ; Bk. II, ch. i, iii, vii, ix.

TOM, *driver of the Dover mail.*

Bk. I, ch. ii.

THE VENGEANCE, *one of the leading revolutionists among the Saint Antoine women, and lieutenant to Madame Defarge.*

Bk. II, ch. xxii ; Bk. III, ch. ix, xii, xiv, xv.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

SCENE : *Cooling Village, Kent ; London and vicinity.*

TIME : 1830-1860.

Great Expectations is the narrative of a poor boy who becomes rich, and the effect which it has upon his character. The story is told by Philip Pirrip, called "Pip," who, left an orphan, is brought up by his sister, the wife of Joe Gargery, a blacksmith at Cooling. Mrs. Gargery is a bad-tempered woman, and Pip has rather a hard time. He is out near the marshes one evening when he meets an escaped convict, who frightens him into bringing him some food from Mrs. Gargery's pantry. The convict is recaptured the following day.

Pip is educated at a small evening school where he meets Biddy, a girl of about his own age. He shortly afterwards is taken by Uncle Pumblechook to Miss Havisham's. She is an eccentric old lady who has been disappointed in love. There Pip meets Estella, a proud and beautiful girl who is being brought up by Miss Havisham. Pip becomes an apprentice to Joe, and ceases to visit Miss Havisham. He makes an enemy of Orlick, also in the forge. At this time Mrs. Gargery is mysteriously knocked senseless by a blow on the head, and Biddy nurses her. Pip serves four years in the forge, at the end of which time he receives news, from Jaggers, a London lawyer, that money has been provided for him by an unknown friend. Pip goes to London, and begins life as a gentleman. Matthew Pocket, a relative of Miss Havisham, becomes his tutor, and Pip shares his city lodgings with his tutor's son Herbert, who becomes his great friend. Pip believes that Miss Havisham is his secret friend, and that she wishes him to marry Estella. He lives very foolishly and extravagantly, without learning any profession. He visits Miss Havisham, but only sees Joe and Biddy once, when he goes to the forge on the death of his sister.

Pip comes of age and is possessed of five hundred a year, though from what source he does not yet discover. Part of his income he invests in a business with Herbert Pocket. About two years afterwards he becomes aware that his benefactor is the convict Abel Magwitch, whom he had provided with food when he was a boy. Magwitch, who has escaped and is liable to death if discovered, is hidden by Pip in a house near the river, and he tells his friends, Herbert Pocket and Wemmick, a clerk in the office of Jaggers.

Compeyson, an ex-convict, enemy of Magwitch and the former lover of Miss Havisham, learns of the return of Magwitch, and spies upon him. Orlick is his confederate, and he nearly succeeds in murdering Pip, and it also transpires that he was the assailant of Mrs. Gargery. Pip arranges to get his convict-benefactor out of the country. He and Herbert Pocket row Magwitch down the river, and they have just hailed the

steamer when Compeyson and the officers appear. In the struggle that ensues, Compeyson is drowned and Magwitch is severely injured. He is afterwards sentenced to death, but dies before his execution.

Pip has a serious illness and is nursed by Joe Gargery, who also pays his debts. On his recovery he realises the folly of the past, and resolves to do better in the future. Miss Havisham dies, and Estella, who is really the daughter of Magwitch, marries Bentley Drummle, who leads her an unhappy life. Biddy marries Joe, and Herbert Pocket goes to Cairo, where Pip joins him as a clerk and eventually becomes his partner. After eleven years he returns to England, and marries Estella, who has been left a widow.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

“THE AGED,” *see Mr. Wemmick, senior.*

AMELIA, *a client of Mr. Jaggers.*

Ch. xx.

“THE AVENGER,” *see Pepper.*

CLARA BARLEY, *daughter of Old Bill Barley, and afterwards married to Herbert Pocket.*

Pretty, gentle, dark-eyed girl.

Ch. xlv, lv, lviii, lix.

OLD BILL BARLEY, *a bedridden pursuer.*

Ch. xlv, lviii.

BIDDY, *an orphan, second cousin to Mr. Wopsle, and afterwards married to Joe Gargery.*

Her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up at the heel. On Sundays she went to church elaborated.

Ch. vii, xvi-xix, xxxv, lviii, lix.

MRS. BRANDLEY, *a widow at Richmond with whom Estella is placed by Miss Havisham.*

Ch. xxxviii.

MR. JOHN CAMILLA, *a relative of Miss Havisham, and a toady and humbug.*

Ch. xi, xxv.

MRS. CAMILLA, *wife of the foregoing, and sister of Mr. Pocket.*

Ch. xi, xxv.

CLARRIKER, *a young shipping merchant and broker.*

Ch. li, lviii.

MRS. COOPER, *a neighbour of Mr. and Mrs. Pocket.*

Of that highly sympathetic nature that she agreed with everybody, blessed everybody, and shed tears on everybody, according to circumstances.

Ch. xxiii.

COMPEYSON, *the man who heartlessly deceived and robbed Miss Havisham, a convict who betrayed Magwitch after his escape from the hulks.*

This man was dressed in coarse grey too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the

other man was ; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in : he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round, weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

A showy man, not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman ; because no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. No varnish can hide the grain of the wood ; the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself. This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolised him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. . . . The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote a letter which she received when she was dressing for her marriage. At twenty minutes to nine. At which she afterwards stopped all the clocks.

Ch. iii, v, xliii, xlv, xlvii, l, liii-lvi.

BENTLEY DRUMMLE, called "*The Spider*," a fellow-boarder with Pip at Mr. Pocket's, and afterwards married to Estella, whom he treats with great cruelty.

An old-looking young man, of a heavy order of architecture . . . next heir but one to a baronetcy. . . . A sulky kind of fellow—idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious.

Ch. xxiii, xxv, xxxviii, xliii, xlv, xlviii.

ESTELLA, the adopted daughter of Miss Havisham, and the heroine of the story. She is really the daughter of Abel Magwitch. She marries Bentley Drummle, and after his death Pip.

"When she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well !" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her, a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

Ch. vii, ix, xi-xvi, xviii, xxii, xxvii, xxix, xxx, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxviii, xxxix, xliii, xlv, xlviii-li, lvi, lvii, lix.

FLOPSON, a nurse in the family of Mr. Pocket.

Ch. xxii, xxiii.

JOE GARGERY, the blacksmith who married Pip's sister. He marries for a second time, Biddy.

"Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a white-smith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith. Divisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all to-day, it's mine. You and me is not two figures

to be together in London ; not yet anywheres else but what is private, and bekknown, and understood among friends. It ain't that I am proud, but that I want to be right, as you shall never see me no more in these clothes. I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th' meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window and see Joe the blacksmith, there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so God bless you, dear old Pip, old chap, God bless you ! "

Ch. ii-vii, ix, x, xii-xv, xxxv, lvii-liz.

MRS. JOE GARGERY, the wife of Joe Gargery, and Pip's sister.

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister ; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her "by hand." . . .

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin, that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all ; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every day of her life. . . .

Ch. ii, iv-vii, ix, x, xii-xviii, xxiv, xxv.

GEORGIANA, a cousin of Mr. Pocket, and a relative of Miss Havisham.

An indigestive single woman who called her rigidity her religion, and her liver lover.

Ch. xi, xxv, lvii.

MISS HAVISHAM, an heiress who was heartlessly deceived by Compeyson.

She adopted Estella, educating her to steel her heart against all tenderness, but to lead men on to love her and break their hearts.

In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half-arranged,

her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer Book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me.

Ch. viii, ix, xi-xiv, xix, xxii, xxix, xxxviii, xliv, xlix, lvii.

MR. HUBBLE, a wheelwright, and a friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery.

A tough, high-shouldered, stooping old man, of a saw-dusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart.

Ch. iv, v, xxxv.

MRS. HUBBLE, wife of the foregoing.

A little, curly, sharp-eared person in sky blue.

Ch. iv, v, xxxv.

JACK, a man who is employed on a little causeway on the Thames.

Had a bloated pair of boots on, which he exhibited—as interesting relics—taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore. . . . Probably it took a dozen drowned men to fit him out completely.

Ch. liv.

MR. JAGGERS, the criminal lawyer of Little Britain, London, employed by Magwitch to inform Pip of his "great expectations." He was also trustee for Miss Havisham.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a corresponding large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a large watch-chain, and strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. . . . Mr. Jaggers never laughed; but he wore great bright creaking boots; and, in poising himself on those boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes caused the boots to creak, as if they laughed in a dry and suspicious way. . . . If anybody, of whatsoever degree, said a word that he didn't approve of, he instantly required to have it "taken down." If anybody wouldn't make an admission, he said, "I'll have it out of you!" and if anybody made an admission, he said, "Now I have got you!" The magistrates shivered under a single bite of his

finger. Thieves and thieftakers hung in dread rapture on his words, and shrank when a hair of his eyebrows turned in their direction.

Ch. xi, xviii, xx, xxi, xxiv, xxvi, xxix, xl, xlix, li, lvi.

ABEL MAGWITCH, *alias* PROVIS, *the escaped convict who was supplied with food by Pip. Recaptured and transported to New South Wales, he escapes again, goes up country and becomes rich by sheep farming. He befriends Pip through Mr. Jaggers, but he is betrayed and recaptured, and finally dies in prison.*

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head. . . . I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

Ch. i, iii, v, xxix-xlii, xlv, liv-lvi.

MARY ANNE, *servant to Wemmick.*

Ch. xxv, xlv.

MIKE, *a client of Mr. Jaggers.*

A gentleman with one eye, in a velveteen suit, and knee-breeches.

Ch. xx, li.

MILLERS, *a nurse in the Pocket family.*

Ch. xxii, xxiii.

MOLLY, *housekeeper to Mr. Jaggers, and a former mistress of Abel Magwitch.*

She was rather tall, of a lithe nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see *Macbeth* at the theatre, a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the Witches' cauldron. . . . Years afterwards, I made a dreadful likeness of that woman, by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing hair, to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room. . . .

During the dinner Mr. Jaggers took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured—deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers, coolly tracing out the sinews

with his forefinger. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands; but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these."

Ch. xxiv, xxvi.

DOLGE ORLICK, a journeyman employed by Joe Gargery, whose wife he kills.

He was a broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy fellow of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Bargeman to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out, like Cain or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going, and no intention of ever coming back. . . . He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half-resentful, half-puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had, was, that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

Ch. xv-xvii, xxix, xxx, liii.

PEPPER, called "*The Avenger*," Pip's boy.

For, after I had made this monster (out of the refuse of my washer-woman's family) and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waist-coat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots . . . I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of these horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

Ch. xxvii.

PHILIP PIRRIPI, called "*Pip*," was "*brought up by hand*" by his sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who does not treat him kindly. He is apprenticed to Joe, and he finally marries Estella.

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I gave Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine,—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle,—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trouser-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence. . . .

[Pip grew up to be] a good fellow, with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming curiously mixed in him. . . .

I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month, I had quitted England,

and within two months I was clerk to Clarriker and Co., and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. [For] Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern Branch until he brought her back.

Ch. i to end.

ALICK POCKET, *one of the children of Mr. Pocket.*

Ch. xxii, xxiii.

MRS. BELINDA POCKET, *wife of Matthew Pocket.*

So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent, that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth she had encountered Mr. Pocket; who was also in the first bloom of youth and not quite decided whether to mount the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a mitre.

Ch. xxii, xxiii, xxviii.

FANNY POCKET, *a daughter of Mr. Pocket.*

Ch. xxviii.

HERBERT POCKET, *a friend of Pip, and son of Matthew Pocket. He marries Clara Barley, the pretty daughter of old Bill Barley.*

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen anyone then, and I have never seen anyone since, who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret and mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. . . .

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanack, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do anything else but look about him. If we all did what we undertake to do, as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did anything else in connection with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at a busy time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of those special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it—so I have been."

Ch. xi, xxi-xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxiv, xxxvi-xliii, xlv-xlvii, xlix, l, liii-lv, lviii,

JANE POCKET, *a little daughter of Mr. Pocket.*

Ch. xxii, xxiii.

JOE POCKET, *a son of Mr. Pocket.*

Ch. xxiii.

MATTHEW POCKET, *father of Herbert Pocket.*

He had rather a perplexed expression of face, with his hair disordered on his head as if he didn't quite see his way to putting anything straight. . . .

He had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and had come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had “read” with divers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw. . . .

Mr. Pocket being justly celebrated for giving most excellent practical advice, and for having a clear and sound perception of things and a highly judicious mind, I had some notion in my heartache of begging him to accept my confidence. But happening to look up at Mrs. Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after prescribing Bed as a sovereign remedy for baby, I thought—Well,—No, I wouldn't.

Ch. xxii–xxiv, xxviii, xxxix.

SARAH POCKET, *a relative of Miss Havis*

A little, dry, brown, corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made out of walnut-shells, and a large mouth like a cat's, without the whiskers.

Ch. xi, xv, xix, xxxix.

WILLIAM POTKINS, *a waiter at the Blue Boar.*

Ch. lviii.

UNCLE PUMBLEHOOK, *uncle of Joe Gargery, and a well-to-do corn-chandler and seedsman.*

A large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish; dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked, and had that moment come to. . . . Mr. Pumblehook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow, there was a general air and flavour about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavour about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblehook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coach-maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. . . .

Mr. Pumblehook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlour behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peas in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblehook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm

water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic.

Ch. iv–ix, xiii, xv, xix, xxxv, lviii.

MISS SKIFFINS, a lady of uncertain age, afterwards the wife of Mr. Wemmick.

Was of a wooden appearance—the cut of her dress from the waist upwards, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite—her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too decidedly green.

Ch. xxxvii, lv.

SOPHIA, a housemaid in the service of Mr. Pocket.

Ch. xxiii.

THE SPIDER, see Bentley Drummle.

MR. STARTOP, a fellow-boarder with Pip at Mr. Pocket's.

He had a woman's delicacy of feature.

Ch. xxiii, xxv, xxvi, xxiv, lii–liv.

MR. TRABB, an undertaker.

Trabb and Co. had put in a funeral execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to anybody—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognised a postboy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a sawpit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the postboy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief, to have strength remaining to knock for myself. . . .

“Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!” cried Mr. Trabb in a depressed-business-like voice—“Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!”

So we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two.

Ch. xix, xxv, xxxv.

MR. WALDENGARVER, see Mr. Wopsle.

MR. JOHN WEMMICK, the confidential clerk of Mr. Jaggers. He marries Miss Skiffins.

A dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I judged him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for he wore at least four mourning rings, besides a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch-chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of

departed friends. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin wide mottled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

Ch. xx, xxi, xxiv-xxvi, xxxii, xxxvi, xxxvii, xlv, xlviii, li, lv.

MRS. WEMMICK, senior, called "*The Aged*," father of the foregoing.

Ch. xxv, xxxvii, xlv, xlviii, li, lv.

MRS. WEMMICK, see *Miss Skiffins*.

MRS. WHIMPLE, a lodging-house keeper at *Mill Pond Bank*.

An elderly woman of pleasant and thriving appearance.

Ch. xlvii.

MRS. WOPSLE, parish clerk, a friend of *Mrs. Joe Gargery*, and afterwards an actor under the name of *Mr. Waldengarver*.

Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of, indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you would only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all around the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard our friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!" . . . Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation—as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in *Hamlet* with Richard the Third—and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful.

Ch. iv-vii, x, xiii, xv, xxxi, xlviii.

MRS. WOPSLE'S GREAT-AUNT, kept a dame's school at which *Pip* received his first rudiments of education.

She was a ridiculous old woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid twopence per week each for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a small cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room upstairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars once a quarter. What he did on those occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar. This was always followed by Collins's "Ode on the Passions," wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopsle as *Revenge*, throwing his blood-stained sword in thunder down, and taking the War-denouncing trumpet with a withering look. It was not with me then, as it was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Collins and Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of anything in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum-book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter.

Ch. vii.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

SCENE : *London and vicinity.*

TIME : 1860.

HARMON, a rich and eccentric man, dies while his son, John Harmon, with whom he has quarrelled, is abroad, and he leaves him the greater part of his property on condition that he marries Bella Wilfer, daughter of Reginald Wilfer, a clerk. The rest of the property is left to Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, family servants. John Harmon comes to England, and arriving in London he is robbed and knocked senseless. He just escapes drowning, but another man who is very similar to him and who is robbed and killed at the same time, is identified as John Harmon, and the latter decides to take the name of Julius Handforth, and afterwards that of John Rokesmith, by which name he will be referred to here as in the greater part of Dickens's novel.

He becomes a lodger at Reginald Wilfer's, where he meets Bella. She is beautiful, but cold and proud. Rokesmith finds Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, who do not recognise him, and, indeed, believe him to be dead. They have inherited the whole estate on his supposed death, and they endeavour to live up to the station that their wealth brings them. Silas Wegg, a one-legged ballad-monger, is engaged to read to Boffin, who also makes Rokesmith his secretary. Bella Wilfer is invited to live with them, and Rokesmith proposes to her, but is rejected and told that she intends to marry a wealthy man.

The body of the man who is mistaken for Harmon is found by Hexam, a boatman. Hexam has a daughter Lizzie and a son Charley. Eugene Wrayburn, a young lawyer, visits the Hexams on account of the finding of the body, and begins to take an interest in Lizzie. Riderhood, a former partner of Hexam, accuses the latter of the murder of Harmon, but nothing comes of it, for the boatman is accidentally drowned. On the death of her father, Lizzie lives with a little crippled girl called Jenny Wren, who keeps her father and herself as a dolls' dressmaker. Charley goes to school but grows up selfish. He takes objection to Wrayburn helping his sister, an objection in which Bradley Headstone, his schoolmaster, takes his part. The schoolmaster falls in love with Lizzie and becomes a rival of Wrayburn, whom he hates. Rokesmith hears of the accusation against Hexam and he makes Riderhood sign a declaration that it is untrue. Lizzie seeks protection from the attentions of her admirers with Riah, a Jew, who obtains employment for her in a mill. Eugene Wrayburn attempts to find her, closely watched by Bradley Headstone.

In the third book the world of society is introduced. The Veneerings are a family that have recently acquired wealth, and among their friends are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lamble, who have been deceived into

marrying one another for money. In order to curry favour with the Boffins, they tell Boffin that Rokesmith is an adventurer, and the latter is dismissed in the presence of Bella Wilfer. She, however, has given up all idea of making a wealthy match, for Boffin has apparently become hard and miserly under the influence of riches. She leaves the Boffins at the same time as Rokesmith, who discovers that she loves him after all, and they are secretly married. Alfred Lammle and his wife do not succeed by their tale-telling, and they are sold up by their creditors and leave England.

Meanwhile Eugene Wrayburn discovers the address of Lizzie Hexam. He meets her, and Bradley Headstone, who has been an unseen watcher of the interview, follows him afterwards and assaults and throws him in the water. He is rescued by Lizzie, who nurses him. She marries him when he is apparently on his death-bed, but he slowly recovers and begins life afresh with new resolutions. Headstone is blackmailed by Riderhood, and in a struggle with the latter by a canal lock they are both drowned.

Bella Wilfer discovers that she is really married to John Harmon, and that the Boffins all the time have known the secret and have treated him harshly in order that she may sympathise with and eventually love him. Silas Wegg discovers another will in which the greater part of the property is left to the Crown. Boffin, however, has a still later one leaving the entire property to himself and his wife, and he defeats Silas Wegg's schemes. He refuses to take advantage of this will, and leaves John and Bella in the possession of the wealth.

Among the other characters that may be mentioned are Sloppy, the good-natured boy; Mortimer Lightwood, a fellow-solicitor of Wrayburn; Fledgeby, a money-lender; Venus, the "preserver of animals and articulator of human bones;" the Podsnaps, friends of the Veneerings; and Betty Higden who keeps a "minding-school."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MISS SOPHRONIA AKEBSHEM, *an acquaintance of the Veneerings, who marries Mr. Alfred Lammle.*

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xi; Bk. II, ch. iv, v, xvi; Bk. III, ch. v, xii, xiv, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. ii, viii.

YOUNG BRIGHT, *office-boy and clerk to Mr. Mortimer Lightwood.*

Bk. I, ch. viii; Bk. III, ch. xvii; Bk. IV, ch. ii, xii-xiv, xvi.

MRS. HENRIETTA BOFFIN, *wife of Mr. Boffin.*

A stout lady of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, dressed in a low evening dress of sable satin, and a large velvet hat and feathers.

Bk. I, ch. v, ix, xv-xvii; Bk. II, ch. viii-x, xiv; Bk. III, ch. iv, v, xv; Bk. IV, ch. ii, xii-xiv, xvi.

NICODEMUS BOFFIN, *called "Noddy" and also "The Golden Dustman," a confidential servant of the elder Mr. Harmon, who leaves him all his property.*

A broad, round-shouldered, one-sided old fellow . . . dressed in a pea overcoat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leathern gaiters, and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself, he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and

his ears; but with bright, eager, childish-inquiring grey eyes, under his ragged eyebrows, and broad-brimmed hat. A very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

Bk. I, ch. v, viii, ix, xv-xvii; Bk. II, ch. vii, viii, x, xiv; Bk. III, ch. iv-vii, xiv, xv; Bk. IV, ch. ii, iii, xii-xiv, xvi.

MR. BOOT AND MR. BREWER, *toddy friends of the Veneerings.*

Bk. I, ch. ii, x; Bk. II, ch. iii, xvi; Bk. III, ch. xvii; Bk. IV, ch. xvi.

THE CHERUB, *see Reginald Wilfer.*

FANNY CLEAVER, called "*Jenny Wren*," *a dolls' dressmaker.*

A parlour-door within a small entry stood open, and disclosed a child—a dwarf—a girl—a something—sitting on a low old-fashioned arm-chair, which had a kind of little working bench before it. . . . The queer little figure, and the queer but not ugly little face, with its bright grey eyes, were so sharp, that the sharpness of her manner seemed unavoidable. As if, being turned out of that mould, it must be sharp. . . . It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clue to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

Bk. II, ch. i, ii, v, xi, xv; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii, x, xiii; Bk. IV, ch. viii-xi, xv.

MR. CLEAVER, called "*Mr. Dolls*," *father of the foregoing. He is generally to be found drunk.*

Bk. II, ch. ii; Bk. III, ch. x, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. viii, ix.

MR. DOLLS, *see Mr. Cleaver.*

MR. FLEDGEBY, called "*Fascination Fledgeby*," *a dandified young man, who keeps a money-lending office under the name of Pubsey and Co.*

Young Fledgeby had a peachy cheek, or a cheek compounded of the peach and the red red red wall on which it grows, and was an awkward, sandy-haired, small-eyed youth, exceeding slim (his enemies would have said lanky) and prone to self-examination in the articles of whisker and moustache. While feeling for the whisker that he anxiously expected, Fledgeby underwent remarkable fluctuations of spirits, ranging over the whole scale from confidence to despair. There were times when he started, as exclaiming, "By Jupiter, here it is at last!" There were other times when, being equally depressed, he would be seen to shake his head and give up hope. To see him at those periods leaning on a chimneypiece, like as on an urn containing the ashes of his ambition, with the cheek that would not sprout, upon the hand on which that cheek had forced conviction, was a distressing sight. . . .

In facetious homage to the smallness of his talk, and the jerky nature of his manners, Fledgeby's familiars had agreed to confer upon him (behind his back) the honorary title of Fascination Fledgeby.

Bk. II, ch. iv, v, xvi; Bk. III, ch. i, xii, xiii, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. viii, ix, xvi.

BOB GLAMOUR, *a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.*

Bk. I, ch. vi; Bk. III, ch. iii.

BOB GLIDDERY, *potboy at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.*

Bk. I, ch. vi, xiii; Bk. III, ch. iii.

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN, *see Nicodemus Boffin.*

JULIUS HANDFORD, *see John Harmon.*

JOHN HARMON, *alias Julius Handford, alias John Rokesmith, heir to the Harmon estate. He marries Bella Wilfer.*

Only son of a tremendous old rascal who made his money by dust. A boy of spirit and resource pleads his sister's cause—venerable parent turns him out—gets aboard ship. A boy of fourteen, cheaply educating at Brussels, when his sister's expulsion befell.

Bk. I, ch. ii-iv, viii, ix, xv-xvii; Bk. II, ch. vii-x, xii-xiv; Bk. III, ch. iv, v, ix, xv, xvi; Bk. IV, ch. iv, v, xi-xiv, xvi.

MRS. JOHN HARMON, *see Miss Bella Wilfer.*

BRADLEY HEADSTONE, *a master in a school, who falls in love with Lizzie Hexam, and finding that she loves Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, attempts to kill him. Believing that he has done so he flies, but is blackmailed by Riderhood who has discovered his secret. Eventually he kills Riderhood, and is himself drowned at the same time.*

Bradley Headstone, in his decent black coat and waistcoat, and decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, with his decent hair-guard round his neck, looked a thoroughly decent young man of six-and-twenty. He was never seen in any other dress, and yet there was a certain stiffness in his manner of wearing this, as if there were a want of adaptation between him and it, recalling some mechanics in their holiday clothes. He had acquired mechanically a great store of teacher's knowledge. He could do mental arithmetic mechanically, sing at sight mechanically, blow various wind instruments mechanically, even play the great church organ mechanically. From his early childhood up, his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage.

Bk. II, ch. i, vi, xi, xiv, xv; Bk. III, ch. x, xi; Bk. IV, ch. i, vi, vii, xi, xv.

CHARLEY HEXAM, *son of Jesse Hexam, and a pupil of Bradley Headstone. Bk. I, ch. iii, vi; Bk. II, ch. i, vi, xv; Bk. IV, ch. vii.*

JESSE HEXAM, *called "Gaffer," a Thames waterside character. He is falsely accused of the murder of John Harmon.*

A strong man, with ragged grizzled hair, and a sun-browned face—no covering on his matted head—brown arms bare to between elbow and shoulder—loose knot of a loose kerchief lying low on his bare chest, in a wilderness of beard and whisker—a hook-nosed man, and with that and his bright eyes, and his ruffled head, he bore a certain likeness to a roused bird of prey.

Bk. I, ch. i, iii, vi, xii-xiv, xvi.

LIZZIE HEXAM, *daughter of Jesse Hexam. She marries Eugene Wrayburn.*

A dark girl of nineteen or twenty, pulling a pair of sculls very easily.
Bk. I, ch. i, iii, vi, xiii, xiv; Bk. II, ch. i, ii, v, xi, xiv-xvi; Bk. III, ch. i, ii, viii, ix; Bk. IV, ch. v, x, xi, xvi, xvii.

MRS. BETTY HIGDEN, *a poor woman who keeps a "minding-school."*

She was one of those old women . . . who by dint of an indomitable purpose and a strong constitution fight out many years, though each year has come with its new knock-down blows fresh to the fight against her, wearied by it; an active old woman, with a bright dark eye and a resolute face, yet quite a tender creature too; not a logically-reasoning woman, but God is good, and hearts may count in Heaven as high as heads.

Bk. I, ch. xvi; Bk. II, ch. ix, x, xiv; Bk. III, ch. viii.

MR. INSPECTOR, a police-officer.

Bk. I, ch. iii ; Bk. IV, ch. xii.

CAPTAIN JOEY, a regular customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.

The bottle-nosed regular customer in the glazed hat.

Bk. I, ch. vi ; Bk. III, ch. iii.

JONATHAN, a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.

Bk. I, ch. vi ; Bk. III, ch. iii.

JOHNNY, an orphan, grandson of Betty Higden.

Bk. I, ch. xvi ; Bk. II, ch. viii, ix, xiv ; Bk. III, ch. ix.

GEORGE JONES, a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.

Bk. I, ch. vi.

JACOB KIBBLE, a fellow-passenger of John Harmon on the latter's voyage from Cape Colony to England.

Bk. I, ch. xiii ; Bk. IV, ch. xii.

ALFRED LAMMLE, an adventurer and a fortune hunter. He marries Miss Sophronia Akershem under the impression that she is wealthy.

A mature young gentleman with too much nose in his face, too much torso in his waistcoat, too much sparkle in his studs, his eyes, his buttons, his talk, and his teeth.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xi ; Bk. II, ch. v, xvi ; Bk. III, ch. i, v, xii, xvii ; Bk. IV, ch. ii, vi.

MRS. ALFRED LAMMLE, see Miss Sophronia Akershem.

MORTIMER LIGHTWOOD, a young solicitor employed by Mr. Boffin, and a friend of Eugene Wrayburn.

Another of Veneering's oldest friends, who never was in the house before, and appears not to want to come again (who sits disconsolate on Mrs. Veneering's left) who was inveigled by Lady Tippins (a friend of his boyhood) to come to these people's, and talk, and who won't talk.

Bk. I, ch. ii, iii, viii, x, xii, xvi ; Bk. II, ch. vi, xiv, xvi ; Bk. III, ch. x, xi, xvii ; Bk. IV, ch. ix-xii.

MARY ANNE, assistant and favourite pupil of Miss Peecher.

Bk. I, ch. i, xi ; Bk. IV, ch. vii.

REVEREND FRANK MILVEY, a young curate.

He was quite a young man, expensively educated and wretchedly paid, with quite a young wife, and half-a-dozen quite young children. He was under the necessity of teaching, and translating from the classics, to eke out his scanty means, yet was generally expected to have more time to spare than the idlest person in the parish, and more money than the richest. He accepted the needless inequalities and inconsistencies of his life with a kind of conventional submission that was almost slavish ; and any daring layman who would have adjusted such burdens as his more decently and graciously would have had small help from him.

Bk. I, ch. ix, xvi ; Bk. II, ch. x ; Bk. III, ch. ix ; Bk. IV, ch. xi.

MRS. MARGARETTA MILVEY, wife of the Reverend Frank Milvey.

Quite a young wife—a pretty, bright little woman, something worn by anxiety.

Bk. I, ch. ix, xvi ; Bk. II, ch. x ; Bk. III, ch. ix ; Bk. IV, ch. xi.

JACK MULLINS, *a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.*

Bk. I, ch. vi.

MISS EMMA PEECHER, *a teacher in the female department of the school where Bradley Headstone is a master.*

Small, shining, neat, methodical, and buxom was Miss Peecher; cherry-cheeked and tuneful of voice. A little pincushion a little housewife, a little book, a little workbox, a little set of tables and weights and measures, and a little woman, all in one. She could write a little essay on any subject, exactly a slate long, beginning at the left-hand top corner of one side, and ending at the right-hand bottom corner of the other, and the essay should be strictly according to rule. If Mr. Bradley Headstone had addressed a written proposal of marriage to her, she would probably have replied in a complete little essay on the theme exactly a slate long, but would certainly have replied yes. For she loved him.

Bk. I, ch. xi, xv; Bk. III, ch. xi; Bk. IV, ch. vii.

PODDLES, *the pet name of a girl in the "minding-school" of Mrs. Betty Higden.*

Bk. I, ch. xvi.

MISS GEORGINA PODSNAP, *daughter of Mr. John Podsnap.*

She was but an undersized damsel, with high shoulders, low spints, chilled elbows, and a rasped surface of nose, who seemed to take occasionally frosty peeps out of childhood into womanhood, and to shrink back again, overcome by her mother's head-dress and her father from head to foot—crushed by the mere dead-weight of Podsnappery.

Bk. I, ch. xi, xvii; Bk. II, ch. iv, v, xvi; Bk. III, ch. i, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. ii.

MR. JOHN PODSNAP, *in the Marine Insurance.*

Mr. Podsnap was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion. Beginning with a good inheritance, he had married a good inheritance, and had thriven exceedingly in the Marine Insurance way, and was quite satisfied. He never could make out why everybody was not quite satisfied, and he felt conscious that he set a brilliant social example in being particularly well satisfied with most things, and, above all other things, with himself.

Thus happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. There was a dignified conclusiveness—not to add a grand convenience—in this way of getting rid of disagreeables, which had done much towards establishing Mr. Podsnap in his lofty place in Mr. Podsnap's satisfaction. "I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it!" Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him (and consequently sheer away) with those words and a flushed face.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xi, xvii; Bk. II, ch. iii-v, xvi; Bk. III, ch. i, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. xvii.

MRS. PODSNAP, *wife of the foregoing.*

Fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features, majestic head-dress in which Podsnap has hung golden offerings.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xi, xvii; Bk. II, ch. iii, iv; Bk. III, ch. i, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. xvii.

MISS ABBEY POTTERSON, *proprietress and manageress of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.*

A tall, upright, well-favoured woman, though severe of countenance—more the air of a school-mistress than the mistress of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.

Bk. I, ch. vi, xiii; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii; Bk. IV, ch. xii.

JOB POTTERSON, *brother of the foregoing and steward of the ship on which John Harmon is a passenger.*

Bk. I, ch. iii; Bk. II, ch. xiii; Bk. IV, ch. xii.

PUBSEY AND CO., *see Mr. Fledgeby.*

MR. RIAH, *an old Jew who befriends Lizzie Hexam. He is the agent of Mr. Fledgeby.*

An old Jewish man in an ancient coat, long of skirt, and wide of pocket. A venerable man, bald and shining at the top of his head, with long grey hair flowing down at its sides and mingling with his beard.

Bk. II, ch. v, xv; Bk. III, ch. i, ii, x, xii, xiii; Bk. IV, ch. viii, ix, xvi.

PLEASANT RIDERHOOD, *daughter of Roger Riderhood, and afterwards wife of Mr. Venus.*

She found herself possessed of a swivel eye (derived from her father), which she might perhaps have declined if her sentiments on the subject had been taken. She was not otherwise positively ill-looking, though anxious, meagre, of a muddy complexion, and looking as old again as she really was.

As some dogs have it in their blood, or are trained, to worry certain creatures to a certain point, so—not to make the comparison disrespectful—Pleasant Riderhood had it in the blood, or had been trained, to regard seamen, within certain limits, as her prey. Show her a man in a blue jacket, and, figuratively speaking, she pinned him instantly. Yet, all things considered, she was not of an evil mind or an unkindly disposition.

Bk. II, ch. xii, xiii; Bk. III, ch. iv, viii; Bk. IV, ch. xiv.

ROGER RIDERHOOD, *called "Rogue," a waterside character in whose house an attempt is made on the life of John Harmon. He is killed finally by Bradley Headstone.*

With a squinting leer, who fumbled at an old sodden fur cap, formless and mangy, that looked like a furry animal, dog or cat, puppy or kitten, drowned and decaying.

Bk. I, ch. i, vi, xii-xiv; Bk. II, ch. xii-xiv, xvi; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii, viii, xi; Bk. IV, ch. i, vii, xv.

JOHN ROKESMITH, *see John Harmon.*

GEORGE SAMPSON, *a friend of the Wilfer family.*

Bk. I, ch. iv, ix; Bk. II, ch. xiv; Bk. III, ch. iv, xvi; Bk. IV, ch. v, xvi.

SLOPPY, *a child found in the street and adopted by Betty Higden.*

Of an ungainly make was Sloppy. Too much of him longwise, too little of him broadwise, and too many sharp angles of him anglewise. One of those shambling male human creatures born to be indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons; every button he had about him glaring at the public to a quite preternatural extent. A considerable capital of knee and elbow and wrist and ankle had Sloppy, and he didn't know how to dispose of it to the best advantage, but was always

investing it in wrong securities, and so getting himself into embarrassing circumstances.

Bk. I, ch. xvi; Bk. II, ch. ix, x, xiv; Bk. III, ch. ix; Bk. IV, ch. iii, xiv, xvi.

LORD SNIGSWORTH, *first cousin to Mr. Twemlow.*

Bk. I, ch. ii, x; Bk. II, ch. iii, v, xvi; Bk. IV, ch. xvi.

MRS. SPRODGKIN, *a parishioner of the Rev. Frank Milvey.*

She was a member of the Reverend Frank's congregation, and made a point of distinguishing herself in that body, by conspicuously weeping at everything, however cheering, said by the Reverend Frank in his public ministrations; also by applying to herself the various lamentations of David, and complaining in a personally injured manner (much in arrear of the clerk and the rest of the respondents) that her enemies were digging pitfalls about her, and breaking her with rods of iron.

Bk. IV, ch. xi.

MRS. TAPKINS, *a fashionable woman who calls on the Boffins.*

Bk. I, ch. xvii.

LADY TIPPINS, *a friend of the Veneerings.*

A grisly little fiction concerning her lovers is Lady Tippins's point. She is always attended by a lover or two, and she keeps a little list of her lovers, and she is always booking a new lover, or striking out an old lover, or putting a lover in her black list, or promoting a lover to her blue list, or adding up lovers, or otherwise posting her book.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xvii; Bk. II, ch. iii, xvi; Bk. III, ch. xvii; Bk. IV, ch. xvii.

TODDLES, *the pet name of a little boy in Mrs. Betty Higden's "minding-school."*

Bk. I, ch. xvi.

TOM TOOTLE, *a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.*

Bk. I, ch. vi; Bk. III, ch. ii, iii.

MR. MELVIN TWEMLOW, *a friend of the Veneerings.*

Grey, dry, polite, susceptible to east wind. First-gentleman-in-Europe collar and cravat, cheeks drawn as if he had made a great effort to retire into himself, some years ago, and had got so far, and never got any further.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xvii; Bk. II, ch. iii, xvi; Bk. III, ch. xvii; Bk. IV, ch. xvi, xvii.

MRS. ANASTASIA VENEERING, *wife of Mr. Hamilton Veneering.*

Fair, aquiline-nosed and fingered, not so much light hair as she might have, gorgeous in raiment and jewels, enthusiastic, propitiatory, conscious that a corner of her husband's veil is over herself.

Bk. I, ch. ii, x, xi, xvii; Bk. II, ch. iii, xvi; Bk. III, ch. xvii; Bk. IV, ch. xvii.

MR. HAMILTON VENEERING, *a rich man, of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles, formerly a traveller for the firm.*

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering were brand-new people in a brand-new house in a brand-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was spick and span new. All their furniture was new, all their friends were new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their carriage was new, their harness was new, their horses were new, their pictures were new, they themselves were new, they were as newly-married as

was lawfully compatible with their having a brand-new baby, and if they had set up a great-grandfather, he would have come home in matting from the Pantechneicon, without a scratch upon him, French polished to the crown of his head.

Bk. I, ch. x, xi, xvii ; Bk. II, ch. iii, xvi ; Bk. III, ch. xvii ; Bk. IV, ch. xvii.

MR. VENUS, *a preserver of animals and birds, and a confederate of Mr. Wegg in blackmailing Mr. Boffin.*

A sallow face with weak eyes, surmounted by a tangle of reddish-dusty hair. The owner of the face has no cravat on, and has opened his tumbled shirt-collar to work with the more ease. For the same reason he has no coat on ; only a loose waistcoat over his yellow linen. His eyes are like the over-tried eyes of an engraver, but he is not that ; his expression and stoop are like those of a shoemaker, but he is not that.

Bk. I, ch. vii ; Bk. II, ch. vii ; Bk. III, ch. vi, vii, xiv ; Bk. IV, ch. iii, xiv.

SILAS WEGG, *a balladmonger who keeps a fruit-stall near Cavendish Square.*

Wegg was a knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle. When he laughed, certain jerks occurred in it, and the rattle sprang. Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer that he might be expected—if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months.

Bk. I, ch. v, vii, xv, xvii ; Bk. II, ch. vii, x ; Bk. III, ch. vi, vii, xiv ; Bk. IV, ch. iii, xiv.

MISS BELLA WILFER, *daughter of Reginald Wilfer, and afterwards wife of John Harmon.*

Bk. I, ch. iv, ix, xvi, xvii ; Bk. II, ch. viii-x, xiii ; Bk. III, ch. iv, v, vii, ix, xv, xvi ; Bk. IV, ch. iv, v, xi-xiii, xvi.

MISS LAVINIA WILFER, *youngest daughter of Mr. Wilfer.*

Bk. I, ch. iv, ix ; Bk. II, ch. i, ix, xiii ; Bk. III, ch. iv, xvi ; Bk. IV, ch. v, xvi.

REGINALD WILFER, *called "The Cherub," a clerk in the house of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles.*

So poor a clerk, through having a limited salary, and an unlimited family, that he never yet attained the modest object of his ambition ; which was, to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time. His black hat was brown before he could afford a coat, his pantaloons were white at the seams and knees before he could buy a pair of boots, his boots had worn out before he could treat himself to new pantaloons, and by the time he had worked round to the hat again, that shining modern article roofed-in an ancient ruin of various periods. . . . His chubby, smooth, innocent appearance was a reason for his being always treated with condescension when he was not put down. . . . So boyish was he in his curves and proportions, that his old schoolmaster meeting him in Cheapside, might have been unable to withstand the temptation of caning him on the spot.

Bk. I, ch. iv ; Bk. II, ch. viii, xiii ; Bk. III, ch. iv, xvi ; Bk. IV, ch. iv, v, xvi.

MRS. REGINALD WILFER, *wife of the foregoing.*

A tall woman and an angular—much given to tying up her head in a pocket-handkerchief knotted under the chin. This headgear, in conjunction with a pair of gloves worn within doors, she seemed to consider as at once a kind of armour against misfortune—and as a species of full dress.

Bk. I, ch. iv, ix, xvi; Bk. II, ch. i, ix, xiii; Bk. III, ch. iv, xvi; Bk. IV, ch. v, xvi.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, *a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowsnip Porters.*

Bk. I, ch. vi; Bk. III, ch. iii.

EUGENE WRAYBURN, *a barrister who marries Lizzie Hexam.*

In susceptibility to boredom. . . . I assure you I am the most consistent of mankind.

Bk. I, ch. ii, iii, viii, x, xii-xiv; Bk. II, ch. i, iii, vi, xi, xiv-xvi; Bk. III, ch. x, xi, xvii; Bk. IV, ch. i, vi, ix-xi, xvi, xvii.

MRS. EUGENE WRAYBURN, *see Lizzie Hexam.*

* JENNY WREN, *see Fanny Cleaver.*

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

SCENE: *Cloisterham (Rochester) and London.*

TIME: *circa 1865.*

The Mystery of Edwin Drood is still a mystery. Charles Dickens died before the completion of the story, and it has never been satisfactorily solved, though there have been several notable attempts at solution by well-known authors.

John Jasper, a choir-master in Cloisterham, a cathedral town, is apparently an honest man, but actually an opium-eater and a rogue. Edwin Drood, his ward and nephew, believes him to be honest and has a great admiration for him. Edwin has studied engineering and intends going out to Egypt. He is engaged to Rosa Bud, an orphan, under the terms of their fathers' wills. Jasper is in love with Rosa and is resolved to marry her even if he kills his nephew to do so. Rosa suspects Jasper's love, but Edwin Drood is without an inkling on the subject.

Neville and Helena Landless, twin brother and sister, arrive from Ceylon. They are sent to England by their guardian, Honeythunder, to complete their education, Neville Landless under the Rev. Crisparkle, minor canon of the cathedral, and Helena at the same seminary where Rosa Bud is. Neville and Edwin quarrel, encouraged by Jasper, who hopes thereby to further his schemes. He spreads a report that Neville is a dangerous character, and although he and Edwin Drood are reconciled, Neville is looked upon with suspicion. Jasper invites the two to his house one Christmas Eve. Rosa and Edwin have secretly made up their minds to break off their engagement. Edwin suddenly disappears and is not seen again, and Neville is accused of being the last man to see him. He admits this, but says that when he left him Edwin returned to Jasper's home. Crisparkle is the only one who believes in young Landless, who is looked upon as Edwin's murderer. In the river a watch and pin are found that belong to the latter, and this heightens the suspicion.

Jasper proposes to Rosa and threatens her, but she flies to her guardian in London, Mr. Grewgious. Helena and Neville are also in London. A Lieutenant Tarter appears on the scene and pays attention to Rosa, who looks on him favourably. Datchery, a detective, is another character here introduced, and he is working to clear up the mystery. Here the story ends as Dickens left it.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

MR BAZZARD, clerk of Mr. Grewgious. *A pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired man of thirty, over whom Grewgious possesses some power.*

Ch. xi, xx.

MRS. BILLICKIN, a widowed cousin of Mr. Bazzard, who lets lodgings.

Personal faintness and overpowering personal candour were the distinguishing features of Mrs. Billickin's organisation.

Ch. xxii.

MISS ROSA BUD, called "Rosebud," an orphan, and ward of Mr. Gregarious.

Wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, wonderfully whimsical. A husband had been chosen for her by will and bequest.

Ch. iii, vii, ix, xiii, xix-xxii.

THE REVEREND SEPTIMUS CRISPARKLE, a minor canon of Cloisterham Cathedral.

Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself head-foremost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country; Mr. Crisparkle, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon and good man, lately "Coach" upon the chief Pagan high roads, but since promoted by a patron (grateful for a well-taught son) to his present Christian beat.

Ch. ii, vi-viii, x, xii, xiv-xvii, xxi-xxiii.

MRS. CRISPARKLE, called "The China Shepherdess," mother of the foregoing.

Pretty old lady, "what is prettier than an old lady—when her eyes are bright, when her figure is trim and compact, when her face is cheerful and calm, when her dress is as the dress of a china shepherdess, so dainty in its colours?"

Ch. vi, vii, x.

DICK DATCHERY, a mysterious man who takes lodgings overlooking the rooms of Mr. Jasper.

Being buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with a buff waistcoat and grey trousers, he had something of a military air; but he announced himself at the Crozier (the orthodox hotel, where he put up with a portmanteau) as an idle dog who lived upon his means; and he further announced that he had a mind to take a lodging in the picturesque old city for a month or two, with a view of settling down there altogether.

Ch. xviii, xxiii.

DEPUTY, a small boy hired by Durdles to pelt him home if he catches him out late.

"I'm man-servant up at the Travellers' Twopenny in Gasworks Garding."

Ch. v, xii, xviii, xxiii.

EDWIN DROOD, the character who gives the story its name. He is an orphan, and is murdered, presumably by Jasper.

Ch. ii, vii, viii, xi, xiii, xiv.

DURDLES, a stonemason.

No man is better known in Cloisterham. He is the chartered libertine of the place. Fame trumpets him a wonderful workman—which, for aught that anybody knows, he may be (as he never works); and a wonderful sot—which everybody knows he is. With the Cathedral crypt he is better acquainted than any living authority; it may be even than any dead one. It is said that the intimacy of this acquaintance began in his habitually resorting to that secret place, to look-out the Cloisterham boy populace, and sleep off the fumes of liquor; he having

ready access to the Cathedral, as contractor for rough repairs. . . . With a two-foot rule always in his pocket, and a mason's hammer all but always in his hand, Durdles goes continually sounding and tapping all about and about the Cathedral.

Ch. iv, xii, xiv.

MISS FERDINAND, a pupil at Miss Twinkleton's school.

Ch. ix, xiii.

MISS GIGGLES, a pupil at Miss Twinkleton's school.

Ch. ix, xiii.

HIRAM GREWGIOUS, guardian to Rosa Bud.

He was an arid, sandy man, who, if he had been put into a grinding mill, looked as if he would have ground immediately into high-dried snuff. He had a scanty flat crop of hair, in colour and consistency like some very mangy yellow fur tippet; it was so unlike hair, that it must have been a wig, but for the stupendous improbability of anybody's voluntarily sporting such a head. The little play of features that his face presented was cut deep into it, in a few hard curves that made it more like work; and he had certain notches in his forehead, which looked as though Nature had been about to touch them into sensibility or refinement, when she had impatiently thrown away the chisel, and said, "I really cannot be worried to finish off this man; let him go as he is."

Ch. ix, xi, xv-xvii, xx-xxii.

MR. LUKE HONEYTHUNDER, chairman of the Convened Chief Composite Committee of Central and District Philanthropists, and guardian of Neville and Helena Landless.

A model philanthropist, who never sees a joke.

Ch. vi, xvii.

JOHN JASPER, a music-master and choir-master in Cloisterham Cathedral. He is the uncle of Edwin Drood.

Mr. Jasper is a dark man of some six-and-twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whiskers. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His voice is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a little sombre.

Ch. i, ii, iv, v, vii-x, xii, xiv-xvi, xviii, xix, xxii, xxiii.

MISS JENNINGS, a pupil at Miss Twinkleton's school.

Ch. ix.

JOE, driver of an omnibus.

Ch. vi, xv, xx.

HELENA LANDLESS, a ward of Mr. Honeythunder, who sends her from Ceylon to Miss Twinkleton's school in Cloisterham.

A certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being objects of the chase, rather than the followers. Slender, supple, quick of eye and limb; half shy, half defiant; fierce of look; an indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form, which might be equally likened to the pause before a crouch or a bound.

Ch. vi, vii, x, xiii, xiv, xxii.

NEVILLE LANDLESS, twin brother of the foregoing (whom see), and suspected of the murder of Edwin Drood.

Ch. vi-viii, x, xii, xiv-xvii.

MR. LOBLEY, *a boatman in the employ of Mr. Tarter.*

He was a jolly-favoured man, with tawny hair and whiskers, and a big red face—the dead image of the sun in old woodcuts.

Ch. xxii.

MISS REYNOLDS, *a pupil at Miss Twinkleton's school.*

Ch. ix.

MISS RICKITTS, *a pupil in Miss Twinkleton's school.*

Ch. xiii.

MR. SAPSEA, *an auctioneer, and afterwards Mayor of Cloisterham.*

Accepting the Jackass as the type of self-sufficient stupidity and conceit—a custom, perhaps, like some few other customs, more conventional than fair—then the purest Jackass in Cloisterham is Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Auctioneer. . . .

He possesses the great qualities of being portentous and dull, and of having a roll in his speech, and another roll in his gait; not to mention a certain gravely flowing action with his hands, as if he were presently going to confirm the individual with whom he holds discourse. Much nearer sixty years of age than fifty, with a flowing outline of stomach, and horizontal creases in his waistcoat; reputed to be rich; voting at elections in the strictly respectable interest; morally satisfied that nothing but he himself has grown since he was a baby; how can dunder-headed Mr. Sapsea be otherwiser than a credit to Cloisterham, and society?

Ch. iv, xii, xiv-xvi, xviii.

LIEUTENANT TARTER, *an ex-officer of the Royal Navy.*

A handsome gentleman, with a young face, but with an older figure in its robustness and its breadth of shoulder; say a man of eight-and-twenty, or at the utmost thirty; so extremely sunburnt that the contrast between his brown visage and the white forehead shaded out of doors by his hat, and the glimpses of white throat below the neckerchief, would have been almost ludicrous but for his broad temples, bright blue eyes, clustering brown hair, and laughing teeth.

Ch. xvii, xxi, xxii.

MRS. TISHER, *a widow at Miss Twinkleton's school.*

With a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice, who looks after the ladies' wardrobes, and leads them to infer that she has seen better days.

Ch. ii, vii, ix, xiii.

MR. TOPE, *chief verger at Cloisterham Cathedral.*

Ch. ii, vi, xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xxiii.

MRS. TOPE, *wife of the foregoing.*

Ch. ii, xii, xiv, xvi, xviii, xxiii.

MISS TWINKLETON, *mistress of a boarding-school for young ladies at Cloisterham.*

Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies had ever seen.

Ch. iii, vi, vii, ix, xiii, xxii.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CHARACTERS

THE editor will not make so bold as to claim that the following list of the Dickens characters, arranged in alphabetical order with indications of the books in which they occur, is absolutely complete. It seems impossible to achieve that ideal, though many compilers have attempted it, some even asserting that their lists, from which scores of characters had been omitted, were final. The present compilation has been prepared with the advantage of having these other lists wherewith to check it, and what can at least be claimed for it is that it contains a greater number of entries than any previous list, and no character of the slightest importance is believed to have been overlooked.

It was thought desirable to give in every case reference to the book or story in which the character appears, but in order to save space such references have had to be abbreviated. For the most part the abbreviations used are so obvious that, to anyone moderately familiar with the works of Dickens, they will be self-explanatory. In a few cases, however, they may need explanation. While the simple word *Boz* has been allowed to stand against all the characters appearing in *Sketches by Boz*, in the case of the more miscellaneous chapters of *Reprinted Pieces* a short title of the chapter is given preceded by the initials *R.P.* So with the *Christmas Stories*, to which the references are given thus: *C.S.*, *Sombody's Lug*. In the case of the Christmas books, however, each of these being a distinctive work, the title of the book only is indicated, as *Carol*, *Chimes*, etc. For the extra pieces, continuing, in a way, *The Uncommercial Traveller*, which Dickens wrote under the title of *New Uncommercial Samples*, the reference is given as *New Uncom.* The various uncollected papers, such as "The Pantomime of Life," and "Mr. Robert Bolton," bear the simple reference of their individual titles, but the characters in *George Silverman's Explanation* are indicated by the word *Silverman*, and those from Dickens's operetta, *The Village Coquettes*, by *Vil. Coquettes*.

While serving to indicate the extraordinary inventiveness of the novelist in character-creation, this lengthy list should also prove useful in facilitating ready reference to the book or story in which even the most out-of-the-way and least known of his fictional characters may be found.

Adams	<i>Copperfield</i>	Aged, The. See Wemmick, Mr., senior.
Adams, Captain	<i>Nickleby</i>	Agnes <i>Boz</i>
Adams, Jane	<i>Young Couples</i>	Akerman, Mr. <i>Rudge</i>
Adams, Mr	<i>Hunted Down</i>	Akersham, Sophronia <i>Mutual</i>
African Knife-Swallower	<i>Nickleby</i>	Alice <i>Nickleby</i>

Alice, Mistress	<i>Humphrey</i>	Barton, Jacob	<i>Boz</i>
Alicia, Princess	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Bates, Charley	<i>Twist</i>
Alicumpaine, Mrs.	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Battens, Mr.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Allen, Arabella	<i>Pickwick</i>	Bayton	<i>Twist</i>
Allen, Benjamin	<i>Pickwick</i>	Bazzard, Mr.	<i>Drood</i>
Alphonse	<i>Nickleby</i>	Beadle, Harriet	<i>Dorrit</i>
Amelia	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Bear, Prince	<i>R.P., Bull</i>
Amelia	<i>Boz</i>	Beatrice	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>
Anderson, John	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Bebelle	<i>C.S., Somebody's Lug.</i>
Anderson, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Beckwith, Alfred.	<i>See Meltham, Mr.</i>
Anne	<i>Dombey</i>	Becky	<i>Twist</i>
Anne	<i>Young Couples</i>	Bedwin, Mrs.	<i>Twist</i>
Anny	<i>Twist</i>	Begs, Mrs. Ridger.	<i>See Micawber, Emma.</i>
Antonio	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Belinda	<i>Humphrey</i>
Artful Dodger.	<i>See Dawkins, John.</i>	Bell, Mr. Knight	<i>Mudfog</i>
Ashford, Nettie	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Bella	<i>Boz</i>
Aunt, Mr. F.'s.	<i>See F.'s, Mr., Aunt.</i>	Belle	<i>Carol</i>
Avenger, The.	<i>See Pepper.</i>	Belling, Master	<i>Nickleby</i>
Ayresleigh, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Belvawney, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>
Babley, Richard	<i>Copperfield</i>	Ben	<i>C.S., Seven Travellers</i>
Bachelor, The	<i>Curiosity</i>	Benson, Lucy	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>
Badger, Bayham	<i>Bleak</i>	Benson, Old	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>
Badger, Mrs. Bayham	<i>Bleak</i>	Benson, Young	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>
Bagman, The One-eyed	<i>Pickwick</i>	Benton, Miss	<i>Humphrey</i>
Bagnet, Malta	<i>Bleak</i>	Berinthia	<i>Dombey</i>
Bagnet, Matthew	<i>Bleak</i>	Berry.	<i>See Berinthia.</i>
Bagnet, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>	Bet, or Betsy	<i>Twist</i>
Bagnet, Quebec	<i>Bleak</i>	Betsey	<i>Pickwick</i>
Bagnet, Woolwich	<i>Bleak</i>	Bevan, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Bagstock, Major Joseph	<i>Dombey</i>	Beverley, Mr.	<i>See Loggins, Mr.</i>
Bailey, Captain	<i>Copperfield</i>	Bib, Julius W. Merryweather	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Bailey, junior	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Biddy	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Balderstone, Thomas	<i>Boz</i>	Bigby, Mrs.	<i>R.P., Meek</i>
Bamber, Jack	<i>Pickwick</i>	Bigwig Family, The	<i>C.S., Nobody</i>
Banger, Captain	<i>R.P., Vestry</i>	Biler.	<i>See Toodle, Robin.</i>
Bangham, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Bill	<i>Twist</i>
Banks, Major	<i>Hunted Down</i>	Bill, Uncle	<i>Boz</i>
Bantam, Angelo Cyrus	<i>Pickwick</i>	Billickin, Mrs.	<i>Drood</i>
Baps, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>	Billsmethi, Master	<i>Boz</i>
Baps, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>	Billsmethi, Miss	<i>Boz</i>
Barbara	<i>Curiosity</i>	Billsmethi, Signor	<i>Boz</i>
Barbara's Mother	<i>Curiosity</i>	Bitherstone, Master	<i>Dombey</i>
Barbary, Miss	<i>Bleak</i>	Bitzer	<i>H. Times</i>
Barbox Brothers.	<i>See Jackson, Mr.</i>	Black	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>
Bardell, Mrs. Martha	<i>Pickwick</i>	Black, Mrs.	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Bardell, Tommy	<i>Pickwick</i>	Black Lion, Landlord of	<i>Rudge</i>
Bark, Bully	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>	Blackey	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>
Barker, Miss Fanny	<i>Lamplighter</i>	Blackpool, Mrs.	<i>H. Times</i>
Barker, William	<i>Boz</i>	Blackpool, Stephen	<i>H. Times</i>
Barkis, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Bladud, Prince	<i>Pickwick</i>
Barkis, Mrs.	<i>See Peggotty, Clara.</i>	Blandois.	<i>See Rigaud.</i>
Barley, Clara	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Blank, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Barley, Old Bill	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Blathers and Duff	<i>Twist</i>
Barlow, Mr.	<i>New Uncom.</i>	Bligh, Captain	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>
Barnacle, Clarence	<i>Dorrit</i>	Blight, Young	<i>Mutual</i>
Barnacle, Ferdinand	<i>Dorrit</i>	Blimber, Cornelia	<i>Dombey</i>
Barnacle, Lord Decimus Tite	<i>Dorrit</i>	Blimber, Doctor	<i>Dombey</i>
Barnacle, Tite	<i>Dorrit</i>	Blimber, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>
Barney	<i>Twist</i>	Blinder, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>
Barsad, John	<i>Two Cities</i>	Blinkins, Mr.	<i>R.P., Our School</i>
		Blocker, Mr.	<i>R.P., Out of Season</i>

Blockitt, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>	Brittles	<i>Twist</i>
Blockson, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Brobity, Miss	<i>Drood</i>
Bloss, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Brogley, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>
Blotton, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Brogson, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Blubb, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Brooker	<i>Nickleby</i>
Blunderum, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Browdie, John	<i>Nickleby</i>
Bob	<i>Dorrit</i>	Browdie, Mrs.	<i>See Price, Matilda.</i>
Bobbo	<i>C.S., Lirriper's Lodgings</i>	Brown	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Bobster, Cecilia	<i>Nickleby</i>	Brown, Alice	<i>Dombey</i>
Bobster, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Brown, Emily	<i>Boz</i>
Boffin, Henrietta	<i>Mutual</i>	Brown, Emily	<i>Strange Gent.</i>
Boffin, Nicodemus	<i>Mutual</i>	Brown, Good Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>
Bogsby, James George	<i>Bleak</i>	Brown, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Bokum, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>	Brown, Mr. (of Edenburg)	<i>Mudfog</i>
Bolder	<i>Nickleby</i>	Brownlow, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>
Boldheart, Captain	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Browns, The three Miss	<i>Boz</i>
Boldwig, Captain	<i>Pickwick</i>	Bucket, Mr. Inspector	<i>Bleak</i>
Bolo, Miss	<i>Pickwick</i>	Bucket, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>
Bolter, Morris.	<i>See Claypole, Noah.</i>	Bud, Rosa	<i>Drood</i>
Bolton, Mr. Robert	<i>Mr. Bolton</i>	Budden, Alexander Augustus	<i>Boz</i>
Bones, Mr. Banjo	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Budden, Amelia	<i>Boz</i>
Bones, Mrs. Banjo	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Budden, Octavius	<i>Boz</i>
Bonney, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Budger, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Boodle, Lord	<i>Bleak</i>	Buffer, Doctor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Boorker, Bill.	<i>See Barker, William.</i>	Buffey, Rt. Hon. William	<i>Bleak</i>
Boots.	<i>See Cobbs.</i>	Buffle, Mr.	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Boots, Mr.	<i>Mutual</i>	Buffle, Mrs.	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Boozey, William.	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Buffle, Robina	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Borum, Augustus	<i>Nickleby</i>	Buffum, Oscar	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Borum, Charlotte	<i>Nickleby</i>	Bulder, Colonel	<i>Pickwick</i>
Borum, Emma	<i>Nickleby</i>	Bulder, Mrs. Colonel	<i>Pickwick</i>
Borum, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Bulder, Miss	<i>Pickwick</i>
Borum, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Bull, Prince	<i>R.P., Bull</i>
Bottle-nosed Ned.	<i>See Twigger, Edward.</i>	Bullamy	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Bouclet, Madame	<i>C.S., Somebody's Lug.</i>	Bullfinch	<i>New Uncom.</i>
Bounderby, Josiah	<i>Il. Times</i>	Bull's-eye	<i>Twist</i>
Bounderby, Louisa.	<i>See Gradgrind, Louisa.</i>	Bulph, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Bowley, Lady	<i>Chimes</i>	Bumble, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>
Bowley, Master	<i>Chimes</i>	Bumple, Michael	<i>Boz</i>
Bowley, Sir Joseph	<i>Chimes</i>	Bung, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Boxer	<i>Cricket</i>	Bunsby, Captain Jack	<i>Dombey</i>
Boythorn, Lawrence	<i>Bleak</i>	Burgess & Co.	<i>Dombey</i>
Brandley, Mrs.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Butcher, William	<i>R.P., Tale of Patent</i>
Brass, Sally	<i>Curiosity</i>	Butler, Theodosius	<i>Boz</i>
Brass, Sampson	<i>Curiosity</i>	Buzfuz, Serjeant.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Bravasso, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>		
Bray, Madeline	<i>Nickleby</i>	Calton, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Bray, Walter.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Camilla, Mr. J., or Raymond	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Brewer, Mr.	<i>Mutual</i>	Camilla, Mrs.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Brick, Jefferson	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Cape, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Brick, Mrs. Jefferson	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Captain, The.	<i>Boz</i>
Briggs	<i>Dombey</i>	Carker, Harriet	<i>Dombey</i>
Briggs, Alexander	<i>Boz</i>	Carker, James	<i>Dombey</i>
Briggs, Julia	<i>Boz</i>	Carker, John	<i>Dombey</i>
Briggs, Kate	<i>Boz</i>	Carlavero, Giovanni	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Briggs, Miss	<i>Boz</i>	Caroline	<i>Carol</i>
Briggs, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Carstone, Richard	<i>Bleak</i>
Briggs, Samuel	<i>Boz</i>	Carter, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Brimer, Mr.	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>	Carton, Sydney	<i>Two Cities</i>
Britain, Benjamin	<i>Battle of Life</i>	Casby, Christopher	<i>Dorrit</i>
Britain, Little.	<i>See Britain, Benjamin.</i>	Cavalletto, John Baptist	<i>Dorrit</i>

Certain personio, Prince.	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Cleopatra.	<i>See Skewton, Mrs.</i>
Chadband, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>	Clergyman, The	<i>Curiosity</i>
Chadband, Rev. Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Clergyman, The	<i>Pickwick</i>
Chancery Prisoner, The.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Cleverly, Susannah	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Charles	<i>Young Couples</i>	Cleverly, William	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Charley	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>	Click, Mr.	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>
Charley. <i>See</i> Neckett, Charlotte.		Clickett	<i>Copperfield</i>
Charley	<i>Copperfield</i>	Clubber, Lady	<i>Pickwick</i>
Charlotte	<i>Twist</i>	Clubber, Sir Thomas	<i>Pickwick</i>
Charlotte	<i>Young Couples</i>	Clubber, The Misses	<i>Pickwick</i>
Cheeryble Brothers	<i>Nickleby</i>	Cluppins, Betsey	<i>Pickwick</i>
Cheeryble, Frank	<i>Nickleby</i>	Cly, Roger	<i>Two Cities</i>
Cheeseman, Old	<i>C.S., Schoolboy</i>	Coavinses. <i>See</i> Neckett, Mr.	
Cheggs, Miss	<i>Curiosity</i>	Cobb, Tom	<i>Rudge</i>
Cheggs, Mr.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Cobbey	<i>Nickleby</i>
Cherub, The. <i>See</i> Wilfer, Reginald.		Cobbs	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>
Chester, Edward	<i>Rudge</i>	Cocker, Indignation	<i>New Uncom.</i>
Chester, Mr., afterwards Sir John	<i>Rudge</i>	Codger, Miss	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Chestle, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Codlin, Tom	<i>Curiosity</i>
Chib, Mr.	<i>R.P., Vestry</i>	Coiler, Mrs.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Chick, John	<i>Dombey</i>	Compact Enchantress, The	<i>R.P., A Flight</i>
Chick, Louisa	<i>Dombey</i>	Compeyson	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Chickenstalker, Mrs. Anne	<i>Chimes</i>	Conway, General	<i>Rudge</i>
Chicksey and Stobbles	<i>Mutual</i>	Cooper, Augustus	<i>Boz</i>
Childers, E. W. B.	<i>H. Times</i>	Copperfield, Clara	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chill, Uncle	<i>C.S., Poor Relation</i>	Copperfield, David	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chillip, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Copperfield, Dora. <i>See</i> Spaulow, Dora.	
Chips	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Coppernose, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Chirrup, Mr.	<i>Young Couples</i>	Corney, Mrs.	<i>Twist</i>
Chirrup, Mrs.	<i>Young Couples</i>	Countess, The. <i>See</i> Grimwood, Eliza.	
Chitling, Tom	<i>Twist</i>	Crackit, Toby	<i>Twist</i>
Chivery, John	<i>Dorrit</i>	Craddock, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Chivery, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Craggs, Mrs.	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Chivery, Young John	<i>Dorrit</i>	Craggs, Thomas	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Choke, General Cyrus	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Cratchit, Belinda	<i>Carol</i>
Chollop, Major Hannibal	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Cratchit, Bob	<i>Carol</i>
Chopper, Mrs.	<i>Young Couples</i>	Cratchit, Martha	<i>Carol</i>
Chowley. <i>See</i> MacStinger, Charles.		Cratchit, Mrs.	<i>Carol</i>
Chowser, Colonel	<i>Nickleby</i>	Cratchit, Peter	<i>Carol</i>
Christian, Fletcher	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>	Cratchit, Tim	<i>Carol</i>
Christian, Thursday Oct.	<i>R.P., L. Voyage</i>	Creakle, Miss	<i>Copperfield</i>
Christiana	<i>C.S., Poor Relation</i>	Creakle, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Christopher	<i>C.S., Somebody's Lug</i>	Creakle, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuckster, Mr.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Crewler, Caroline	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuffey, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Louisa	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuzzlewit, Anthony	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Lucy	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuzzlewit, George	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Margaret	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuzzlewit, Jonas	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuzzlewit, Martin, senior	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Rev. Horace	<i>Copperfield</i>
Chuzzlewit, Martin, junior	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Sarah	<i>Copperfield</i>
Cicero	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Crewler, Sophy	<i>Copperfield</i>
Clare, Ada	<i>Bleak</i>	Crimple, David	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Clark, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>	Crinkles, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Clarkson	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>	Cripples, Master	<i>Dorrit</i>
Clarriker	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Cripples, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Claypole, Noah	<i>Twist</i>	Crisparkle, Mrs.	<i>Drood</i>
Claypole, Mrs. Noah	<i>See</i> Charlotte.	Crisparkle, Rev. Septimus	<i>Drood</i>
Cleaver, Fanny	<i>Mutual</i>	Crofts	<i>Young Couples</i>
Cleaver, Mr.	<i>Mutual</i>	Crookey	<i>Pickwick</i>
Clennam, Arthur	<i>Dorrit</i>	Crowl	<i>Nickleby</i>
Clennam, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Crummles, Master	<i>Nickleby</i>

Crummles, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dobble, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Crummles, Ninetta	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dobble, Mr., junior	<i>Boz</i>
Crummles, Percy	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dobble, Mrs.	<i>'Boz</i>
Crummles, Vincent	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dobbs, Julia	<i>Strange Gent.</i>
Crumpton, Amelia	<i>Boz</i>	Dodger, The Artful. <i>See</i> Dawkins, John.	
Crumpton, Maria	<i>Boz</i>	Dodson and Fogg	<i>Pickwick</i>
Cruncher, Jerry	<i>Two Cities</i>	Do'em	<i>Pantomime of Life</i>
Cruncher, Mrs.	<i>Two Cities</i>	Dogginson, Mr.	<i>R.P., Vestry</i>
Cruncher, Young Jerry . . .	<i>Two Cities</i>	Dolloby, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Crupp, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Dolls, Mr. <i>See</i> Cleaver, Mr.	
Crushton, Hon. Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Dombey, Edith. <i>See</i> Granger, Edith.	
Curdle, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dombey, Fanny	<i>Dombey</i>
Curdle, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dombey, Florence	<i>Dombey</i>
Cute, Alderman	<i>Chimes</i>	Dombey, Little Paul	<i>Dombey</i>
Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. . . .	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dombey, Paul	<i>Dombey</i>
Cuttle, Captain Edward . . .	<i>Dombey</i>	Donny, Miss	<i>Bleak</i>
Dadson, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Dora. <i>See</i> Spenslow, Dora.	
Dadson, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Dornton, Sergeant	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>
Daisy, Solomon	<i>Rudge</i>	Dorrit, Amy	<i>Dorrit</i>
Dando	<i>Boz</i>	Dorrit, Edward	<i>Dorrit</i>
Danton, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Dorrit, Fanny	<i>Dorrit</i>
Darby	<i>Bleak</i>	Dorrit, Frederick	<i>Dorrit</i>
Darnay, Charles	<i>Two Cities</i>	Dorrit, William	<i>Dorrit</i>
Darnay, Lucie. <i>See</i> Manette, Lucie.		Dot. <i>See</i> Peerybingle, Mary.	
Dartle, Rose	<i>Copperfield</i>	Doubledick, Richard	<i>C.S., Seven Trav.</i>
Datchery, Dick	<i>Drood</i>	Dounce, John	<i>Boz</i>
David	<i>Nickleby</i>	Dowler, Captain	<i>Pickwick</i>
David, Old	<i>Curiosity</i>	Dowler, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Dawes	<i>Dorrit</i>	Doyce, Daniel	<i>Dorrit</i>
Dawkins, John	<i>Twist</i>	Doze, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Daws, Mary	<i>Dombey</i>	Drawley, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Dawson, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Drood, Edwin	<i>Drood</i>
Deaf Gentleman, The	<i>Humphrey</i>	Drowvey, Miss	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Deedlock, Lady Honoria . . .	<i>Bleak</i>	Drumme, Bentley	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Deedlock, Sir Leicester . . .	<i>Bleak</i>	Dubbley	<i>Pickwick</i>
Deedlock, Volumina	<i>Bleak</i>	Duff	<i>Twist</i>
Defarge, Ernest	<i>Two Cities</i>	Dull, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Defarge, Therese	<i>Two Cities</i>	Dumbledon, Master	<i>R.P., Our School</i>
Demple, George	<i>Copperfield</i>	Dumkins, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Denham, Edmund	<i>Haunted Man</i>	Dummy, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Dennis, Ned	<i>Rudge</i>	Dumps, Nicodemus	<i>Boz</i>
Deputy	<i>Drood</i>	Dundey, Doctor	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>
Derrick, John	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>	Dunkle, Doctor Ginery . . .	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Devasseur, Loyal. <i>See</i> Loyal Devasseur.		Durdles	<i>Drood</i>
Dibble, Dorothy	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Edkins, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Dibble, Sampson	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Edmunds, George	<i>Fil. Coquettes</i>
Dick, Little	<i>Twist</i>	Edmunds, John	<i>Pickwick</i>
Dick, Mr. <i>See</i> Babley, Richard.		Edmunds, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Diego, Don	<i>R.P., A Flight</i>	Edmunds, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Digby. <i>See</i> Smike.		Edson, Mr.	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Dilber, Mrs.	<i>Carol</i>	Edson, Peggy	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Dingo, Professor	<i>Bleak</i>	Edward	<i>Young Couples</i>
Dingwall, Cornelius Brook . .	<i>Boz</i>	Edwards, Miss	<i>Curiosity</i>
Dingwall, Frederick	<i>Boz</i>	Edwin	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>
Dingwall, Lavinia Brook . . .	<i>Boz</i>	Ellis, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Dingwall, Mrs. Brook	<i>Boz</i>	Emily	<i>Boz</i>
Diogenes	<i>Dombey</i>	Em'ly, Little	<i>Copperfield</i>
Dismal Jemmy. <i>See</i> Hutley, Jem.		Emma	<i>Pickwick</i>
Diver, Colonel	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Emma	<i>Lamplighter</i>
Dobble, Julia	<i>Boz</i>	Emmeline	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>

Endell, Martha	<i>Copperfield</i>	Flipfield, Mr.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Estella	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Flipfield, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Evans, Jemima	<i>Boz</i>	Flipfield, Tom	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Evans, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Flite, Miss	<i>Beak</i>
Evans, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Flopson	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Evans, Richard	<i>Curiosity</i>	Flowers	<i>Dombey</i>
Evans, Tilly	<i>Boz</i>	Flummery, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Evenson, John	<i>Boz</i>	Fogg, Mr. <i>See</i> Dodson and Fogg.	
Evrémonde, Chas. <i>See</i> St. Evrémonde, C.		Folair, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Ezekiel	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>	Foulon	<i>Two Cities</i>
Face-Maker, Monsieur the <i>Uncommercial</i>		Frank, Little	<i>C.S., Poor Relation</i>
Fagin	<i>Twist</i>	Fred	<i>Carol</i>
Fan	<i>Carol</i>	Frost, Miss	<i>R.P., Our School</i>
Fang, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>	F's Aunt, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Fanny	<i>C.S., Child's Story</i>	Gabelle, Théophile	<i>Two Cities</i>
Fareway, Adelina	<i>Silverman</i>	Gabrielle. <i>See</i> Bebelle.	
Fareway, Lady	<i>Silverman</i>	Galileo, Isaac Newton F.	<i>Lamplighter</i>
Fareway, Mr.	<i>Silverman</i>	Game Chicken, The	<i>Dombey</i>
Father of the Marshalsea. <i>See</i> Dorrit, Wm.		Gamfield	<i>Twist</i>
Fee, Dr. W. R.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Gamp, Sairey	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Feeder, Mr., B.A.	<i>Dombey</i>	Gander, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Feeder, Rev. Alfred	<i>Dombey</i>	Gargery, Georgiana Maria	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Feenix, Cousin	<i>Dombey</i>	Gargery, Joe	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Fendall, Sergeant	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>	Garland, Abel	<i>Curiosity</i>
Ferdinand, Miss	<i>Drood</i>	Garland, Mr.	<i>Curiosity</i>
Fern, Lilian	<i>Chimes</i>	Garland, Mrs.	<i>Curiosity</i>
Fern, Will	<i>Chimes</i>	Gashford, Mr.	<i>Rudge</i>
Féroce, M. <i>R.P., French Watering-Place</i>		Gaspard	<i>Two Cities</i>
Fezziwig, Mr.	<i>Carol</i>	Gattleton, Caroline	<i>Boz</i>
Fezziwig, Mrs.	<i>Carol</i>	Gattleton, Lucina	<i>Boz</i>
Fezziwig, The three Misses	<i>Carol</i>	Gattleton, Miss	<i>Boz</i>
Fibbetson, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Gattleton, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Field, Inspector	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>	Gattleton, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Fielding, Emma	<i>Young Couples</i>	Gattleton, Sempronius	<i>Boz</i>
Fielding, May	<i>Cricket</i>	Gay, Walter	<i>Dombey</i>
Fielding, Mrs.	<i>Cricket</i>	Gazingi, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>
Fiercy, Hon. Capt. Fitz-Whisker	<i>P. of Life</i>	General, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Fikey	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>	Gentleman in Small Clothes	<i>Nickleby</i>
Filer, Mr.	<i>Chimes</i>	George	<i>Nickleby</i>
Finching, Flora	<i>Dorrit</i>	George	<i>Curiosity</i>
Fips, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	George	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>
Fish, Mr.	<i>Chimes</i>	George	<i>Copperfield</i>
Fitz-Marshall, Chas. <i>See</i> Jingle, Alfred.		George	<i>C.S., Larriper's</i>
Fixem	<i>Boz</i>	George. <i>See</i> Rouncewell, George.	
Fizkin, Horatio	<i>Pickwick</i>	George, Aunt	<i>Boz</i>
Fladdock, General	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	George, Mrs.	<i>Curiosity</i>
Flam, Hon. Sparkins	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>	George, Uncle	<i>Boz</i>
Flamwell, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Georgiana	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Flanders, Sally	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Ghost of Christmas Past	<i>Carol</i>
Flasher, Wilkins	<i>Pickwick</i>	Ghost of Christmas Present	<i>Carol</i>
Fledgeby, Fascination	<i>Mutual</i>	Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come	<i>Carol</i>
Fleetwood, Master	<i>Boz</i>	Giggles, Miss	<i>Drood</i>
Fleetwood, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Gilbert, Mark	<i>Rudge</i>
Fleetwood, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Giles, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>
Fleming, Agnes	<i>Twist</i>	Gills, Solomon	<i>Dombey</i>
Fleming, Rose. <i>See</i> Maylie, Rose.		Gimblet, Brother	<i>Silverman</i>
Flintwinch, Affery	<i>Dorrit</i>	Glamour, Bob	<i>Mutual</i>
Flintwinch, Ephraim	<i>Dorrit</i>	Gliddery, Bob	<i>Mutual</i>
Flintwinch, Jeremiah	<i>Dorrit</i>	Globson, Bully	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Flipfield, Miss	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Glubb, Old	<i>Dombey</i>

Gobler, Mr.	Boz	Gummidge, Mrs.	Copperfield
Gog	Humphrey	Gunter, Mr.	Pickwick
Golden Dustman, The.	See Boffin, Nico.	Guppy, Mrs.	Bleak
Goodwin	Pickwick	Guppy, William	Bleak
Gordon, Colonel	Rudge	Gusher, Mr.	Bleak
Gordon, Emma	H. Times	Guster	Bleak
Gordon, Lord George	Rudge	Gwynn, Miss	Pickwick
Gowan, Henry	Dorrit		
Gowan, Mrs.	Dorrit	Haggage, Dr.	Dorrit
Gowan, Mrs. Henry	See Meagles, Minnie.	Handel.	See Pirrip, Philip.
Gradgrind, Adam Smith	H. Times	Handford, Julius.	See Harmon, John.
Gradgrind, Jane	H. Times	Hannah	Nickleby
Gradgrind, Louisa	H. Times	Hardy, Mr.	Boz
Gradgrind, Malthus	H. Times	Haredale, Emma	Rudge
Gradgrind, Mr. Thomas	H. Times	Haredale, Geoffrey	Rudge
Gradgrind, Mrs	H. Times	Harker, Mr.	C.S., Marigold's
Gradgrind, Thomas	H. Times	Harleigh, Mr.	Boz
Graham, Hugh	Humphrey	Harmon, John	Mutual
Graham, Mary	Chuzzlewit	Harmon, Mrs. John.	See Wilfer, Bella.
Granger	Copperfield	Harris	Pickwick
Gran, Mrs.	C.S., Lirriper's	Harris, Mr.	Curiosity
Grandfather of Little Nell	Curiosity	Harris, Mr.	Boz
Grandmarina, Fairy	Holiday Rom.	Harris, Mrs.	Chuzzlewit
Granger, Edith	Dombey	Harry	Curiosity
Graymarsh	Nickleby	Harthouse, James	H. Times
Grayper, Mr.	Copperfield	Harvey, Mr.	Young Couples
Grayper, Mrs.	Copperfield	Havisham, Estella.	See Estella.
Grazinglands, Alexander	Uncommercial	Havisham, Miss	Gt. Expect.
Grazinglands, Mrs. Arabella	Uncommercial	Hawdon, Captain	Bleak
Green	R.P., Insp. Field	Hawdon, Miss.	See Summerson, Esther.
Green, Lucy.	See Specks, Mrs.	Hawk, Sir Mulberry	Nickleby
Green, Miss	Nickleby	Hawkyard, Verity	Silverman
Green, Mr.	Boz	Headstone, Bradley	Mutual
Green, Mr., junior	Boz	Heathfield, Alfred	Battle of Life
Green, Tom	Rudge	Heathfield, Grace.	See Jeddler, Grace.
Gregsby, Mr.	Nickleby	Heep, Mrs.	Copperfield
Grewgious, Hiram	Drood	Heep, Uriah	Copperfield
Gride, Arthur	Nickleby	Helves, Captain	Boz
Gridley, Mr.	Bleak	Henry	Pickwick
Grig, Tom	Lamplighter	Henry, Mr.	Boz
Grime, Professor	Mudfog	Hexam, Charley	Mutual
Grimmer, Miss	Holiday Rom.	Hexam, Jesse, or Gaffer	Mutual
Grimwig, Mr.	Twist	Hexam, Lizzie	Mutual
Grimwood, Eliza	R.P., Detect. Anec.	Heyling, George	Pickwick
Grunder, Mr.	Curiosity	Heyling, Mary	Pickwick
Grip	Rudge	Hicks, Septimus	Boz
Groffin, Thomas	Pickwick	Higden, Betty	Mutual
Grogzwig, Baron of	Nickleby	Hilton, Mr.	Boz
Groper, Colonel	Chuzzlewit	Hominy, Mrs.	Chuzzlewit
Groves, James	Curiosity	Honeythunder, Luke	Drood
Grub, Gabriel	Pickwick	Hopkins, Captain	Copperfield
Grub, Mr.	Mudfog	Hopkins, Jack	Pickwick
Grubbe, W.	Bleak	Hortense, Mademoiselle	Bleak
Grudden, Mrs.	Nickleby	Howler, Rev. Melchisedech	Dombey
Grueby, John	Rudge	Hubble, Mr.	Gt. Expect.
Gruff and Tackleton.	See Tackleton.	Hubble, Mrs.	Gt. Expect.
Grummer, Daniel	Pickwick	Hugh	Rudge
Grummidge, Doctor	Mudfog	Humm, Anthony	Pickwick
Grundy, Mr.	Pickwick	Humphrey, Master	Humphrey
Gulpidge, Mr.	Copperfield	Hunt	Pickwick
Gulpidge, Mrs.	Copperfield	Hunter, Horace	Boz

Hunter, Leo	<i>Pickwick</i>	Jobba, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Hunter, Mrs. Leo	<i>Pickwick</i>	Jobling, Dr. John	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Hutley, Jem	<i>Pickwick</i>	Jobling, Tony	<i>Bleak</i>
Ikey	<i>Boz</i>	Jobson, Jesse, No. Two	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Infant Phenomenon. See Crummles, Nin.		Jodd, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Inspector, Mr.	<i>Mutual</i>	Joe	<i>Dombey</i>
Isaac	<i>Pickwick</i>	Joe	<i>Carol</i>
Ivins, J'nima. See Evans, Jemima.		Joe	<i>Drood</i>
Izzard, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Joe	<i>Two Cities</i>
Jack	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Joe, The Fat Boy	<i>Pickwick</i>
Jack	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Joey, Captain	<i>Mutual</i>
Jack	<i>Boz</i>	John	<i>Pickwick</i>
Jack, Dark	<i>Uncommercial</i>	John	<i>Dombey</i>
Jack, Mercantile.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	John	<i>Boz</i>
Jackman, Major Jemmy. C.S., <i>Lirriper's</i>		John	<i>New Uncom.</i>
Jackson, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	John	<i>R.P., Tale of Patent</i>
Jackson, Mr.	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>	John	<i>Is She his Wife?</i>
Jacobs, Solomon.	<i>Boz</i>	John, Mr.	<i>Young Couples</i>
Jacques One	<i>Two Cities</i>	Johnny	<i>Mutual</i>
Jacques Two	<i>Two Cities</i>	Johnson	<i>Dombey</i>
Jacques Three	<i>Two Cities</i>	Johnson, John	<i>Strange Gent.</i>
Jacques Four. See Defarge, Ernest.		Johnson, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jacques Five	<i>Two Cities</i>	Jolttered, Sir William	<i>Mudfog</i>
Jagers, Mr.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Jonathan	<i>Mutual</i>
James	<i>Boz</i>	Jones, George	<i>Mutual</i>
James, Master	<i>Young Couples</i>	Jones, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Jane	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Joram, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Jane	<i>Boz</i>	Joram, Mrs. See Omer, Minnie.	
Jane	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>	Jorkins, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Jane, Aunt	<i>Boz</i>	Jowl, Joe	<i>Curiosity</i>
Janet	<i>Copperfield</i>	Joy, Thomas	<i>R.P., Tale of Patent</i>
Jarley, Mrs.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Jupe, Cecilia	<i>H. Times</i>
Jarndyce, John	<i>Bleak</i>	Jupe, Signor	<i>H. Times</i>
Jasper, John	<i>Drood</i>	Kags	<i>Twist</i>
Jeddler, Doctor Anthony	<i>Battle of Life</i>	Kate	<i>Pickwick</i>
Jeddler, Grace	<i>Battle of Life</i>	Kate	<i>Dombey</i>
Jeddler, Marion	<i>Battle of Life</i>	Kedgick, Captain	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Jellyby, Caroline	<i>Bleak</i>	Kenge, Conversation	<i>Bleak</i>
Jellyby, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Kenwigs, Morleena	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jellyby, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>	Kenwigs, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jellyby, Peepy	<i>Bleak</i>	Kenwigs, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jem	<i>Boz</i>	Ketch, Professor John	<i>Mudfog</i>
Jemima	<i>Dombey</i>	Kettle, Lafayette	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Jemmy, Dismal. See Hutley, Jem.		Kibble, Jacob	<i>Mutual</i>
Jenkins, Miss	<i>Boz</i>	Kidderminster, Master	<i>H. Times</i>
Jenkinson	<i>Dorrit</i>	Kinch, Horace	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Jennings, Miss	<i>Drood</i>	Kindheart, Mr.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Jennings, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Kitterbell, Charles	<i>Boz</i>
Jenny	<i>Bleak</i>	Kitterbell, Frederick Chas. Wm.	<i>Boz</i>
Jerry	<i>Curiosity</i>	Kitterbell, Jennina	<i>Boz</i>
Jingle, Alfred	<i>Pickwick</i>	Klem, Miss	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Jiniwin, Mrs.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Klem, Mr.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Jinks	<i>Boz</i>	Klem, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Jinkins	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Knag, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jinkins, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Knag, Mortimer	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jinkinson	<i>Humphrey</i>	Koeldwethout, Baron von	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jinks, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Koeldwethout, Baroness von	<i>Nickleby</i>
Jip	<i>Copperfield</i>	Krök, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>
Jo	<i>Bleak</i>	Kutankunagen, Doctor	<i>Mudfog</i>
		Kwakley, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>

La Creevy, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>	Lowten, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Lagnier, <i>See</i> Rigaud.		Loyal Devasseur, M.	<i>R.P., French Water.</i>
Lammle, Alfred	<i>Mutual</i>	Lucas, Solomon	<i>Pickwick</i>
Lammle, Mrs. Alf. <i>See</i> Akershem, Miss S.		Luffey, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Lamps	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>	Lumbey, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Landless, Helena	<i>Drood</i>	Lupin, Mrs.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Landless, Neville	<i>Drood</i>		
Lane, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>	M'Choakumchild, Mr.	<i>H. Times</i>
Langdale, Mr.	<i>Rudge</i>	Mackin, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Langley, Mr.	<i>C.S., Somebody's Lug.</i>	Macklin, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Larkins, Jem.	<i>Boz</i>	Macmanus, Mr.	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>
Larkins, Miss.	<i>Copperfield</i>	MacStinger, Alexander	<i>Dombey</i>
Larkins, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	MacStinger, Charles	<i>Dombey</i>
Latin-Grammar Master	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	MacStinger, Juliana	<i>Dombey</i>
Leath, Angela	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>	MacStinger, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>
Leaver, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Maddox, John	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>
Leaver, Augusta	<i>Young Couples</i>	Madgers, Winifred	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Leaver, Augustus	<i>Young Couples</i>	Magg, Mr.	<i>R.P., Vestry</i>
Ledbrain, Mr. X.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Maggy	<i>Dorrit</i>
Ledbrook, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>	Magnus, Peter	<i>Pickwick</i>
Leeford, Edward. <i>See</i> Monks.		Magog	<i>Humphrey</i>
Legion. <i>See</i> Nobody.		Magwitch, Abel	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Lemon, Mrs.	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Malderton, Frederick	<i>Boz</i>
Lenville, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Malderton, Marianne	<i>Boz</i>
Lenville, Thomas	<i>Nickleby</i>	Malderton, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Lewsome, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Malderton, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Lightwood, Mortimer	<i>Mutual</i>	Malderton, Teresa	<i>Boz</i>
Lillerton, Miss	<i>Boz</i>	Malderton, Thomas	<i>Boz</i>
Lillyvick, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Maldon, Jack	<i>Copperfield</i>
Lillyvick, Mrs. <i>See</i> Petowker, Henrietta.		Mallard, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Limbkins	<i>Twist</i>	Mallet, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Limbury, Mrs.	<i>Is She his Wife?</i>	Man from Shropshire. <i>See</i> Gridley, Mr.	
Limbury, Peter	<i>Is She his Wife?</i>	Manette, Doctor Alexandre	<i>Two Cities</i>
Linkinwater, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>	Manette, Lucie	<i>Two Cities</i>
Linkinwater, Mrs. <i>See</i> La Creevy, Miss.		Mann, Mrs.	<i>Twist</i>
Linkinwater, Tim	<i>Nickleby</i>	Manners, Julia	<i>Boz</i>
Lirriper, Doctor Joshua. <i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>		Mansel, Miss	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>
Lirriper, Emma	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>	Mantolini, Alfred	<i>Nickleby</i>
Lirriper, Jemmy Jackman <i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>		Mantolini, Madame	<i>Nickleby</i>
List, Isaac	<i>Curiosity</i>	Maplesone, Julia	<i>Boz</i>
Littimer	<i>Copperfield</i>	Maplesone, Matilda	<i>Boz</i>
Little Britain. <i>See</i> Britain, Benjamin.		Maplesone, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Little Dorrit. <i>See</i> Dorrit, Amy.		Marchioness, The	<i>Curiosity</i>
Little Nell. <i>See</i> Trent, Little Nell.		Margaret, Aunt	<i>Boz</i>
Little Nell's Grandfather. <i>See</i> Grandfather of Little Nell.		Marigold, Doctor.	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>
Lively, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>	Marigold, Little Sophy	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>
Liz	<i>Bleak</i>	Marigold, Mrs.	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>
Lobbs, Maria.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Marigold, Willum	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>
Lobbs, Old	<i>Pickwick</i>	Markham	<i>Copperfield</i>
Lobley, Mr.	<i>Drood</i>	Markleham, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Lobskini, Signor	<i>Boz</i>	Marks, Will	<i>Humphrey</i>
Loggins, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Marley, Ghost of Jacob	<i>Carol</i>
Long Ears, Hon. and Rev. Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Maroon, Captain	<i>Dorrit</i>
Long Lost, The. <i>See</i> Flipfield, Tom.		Marshall, Mary	<i>C.S., Seven Travellers</i>
Longford, Edmund. <i>See</i> Denham, Edm.		Marshalsea, Father of the. <i>See</i> Dorrit, Wm.	
Lorry, Jarvis.	<i>Two Cities</i>	Martha	<i>Twist</i>
Losberne, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>	Martha	<i>Boz</i>
Louisa	<i>Young Couples</i>	Martha	<i>Dombey</i>
Lovetown, Mr. Alfred	<i>Is She his Wife?</i>	Martha, Aunt	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Lovetown, Mrs.	<i>Is She his Wife?</i>	Martin	<i>Pickwick</i>
		Martin, Amelia	<i>Boz</i>

Martin, Jack	<i>Pickwick</i>	Mivins, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Martin, Miss	<i>C.S., Somebody's Lug.</i>	Mobbs	<i>Nickleby</i>
Martin, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Moddle, Augustus	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Marton, Mr.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Molly	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Marwood, Alice. <i>See</i> Brown, Alice.		Monifathers, Miss	<i>Curiosity</i>
Mary	<i>Pickwick</i>	Monks	<i>Twist</i>
Mary	<i>Boz</i>	Montague, Tigg. <i>See</i> Tigg, Montague.	
Mary Ann	<i>Boz</i>	Mooney	<i>Bleak</i>
Mary Anne	<i>Mutual</i>	Mooney, Mr.	<i>Lamplighter</i>
Mary Anne	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Morfin, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>
Master Humphrey	<i>Humphrey</i>	Mortair, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Master, The two Misses	<i>Pickwick</i>	Mould, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Master, Master	<i>R.P., Our School</i>	Mould, Mrs.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Master, Master	<i>R.P., Our School</i>	Mould, The two Misses	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Masey, Caroline	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>	Mouse	<i>Haunted Man</i>
Maylie, Harry	<i>Twist</i>	Mowcher, Miss	<i>Copperfield</i>
Maylie, Mrs.	<i>Twist</i>	Mr. F.'s Aunt. <i>See</i> F.'s, Mr., Aunt.	
Maylie, Rose	<i>Twist</i>	Muddlebrains, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Meagles, Minnie	<i>Dorrit</i>	Mudge, Jonas	<i>Pickwick</i>
Meagles, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Muff, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Meagles, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Mull, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Mealy Potatoes	<i>Copperfield</i>	Mullins, Jack	<i>Mutual</i>
Meek, Augustus George	<i>R.P., Meek</i>	Mullit, Professor	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Meek, George	<i>R.P., Meek</i>	Murderer, Captain	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Meek, Mrs.	<i>R.P., Meek</i>	Murdstone, Edward	<i>Copperfield</i>
Melia	<i>Dombey</i>	Murdstone, Jane	<i>Copperfield</i>
Mell, Charles	<i>Copperfield</i>	Mutanhed, Lord	<i>Pickwick</i>
Mell, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Mutuel, Monsieur <i>C.S., Somebody's Lug.</i>	
Mellows, Mr. J.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Muzzle, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Meltham, Mr.	<i>Hunted Down</i>		
Melvilson, Miss M.	<i>Bleak</i>	Nadgett, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Melville	<i>Bleak</i>	Namby, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Mercy	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Nancy	<i>Twist</i>
Merdle, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Nandy, John Edward	<i>Dorrit</i>
Merdle, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Native, The	<i>Dombey</i>
Meriton, Henry	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>	Neckett, Charlotte	<i>Bleak</i>
Merrylegs	<i>H. Times</i>	Neckett, Emma	<i>Bleak</i>
Merrywinkle, Mr. and Mrs. <i>Young Couples</i>		Neckett, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>
Mesnick, Aaron	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>	Neckett, Tom	<i>Bleak</i>
Micawber, Emma	<i>Copperfield</i>	Neddy	<i>Pickwick</i>
Micawber, Master Wilkins	<i>Copperfield</i>	Neeshawts, Doctor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Micawber, Mrs. Emma	<i>Copperfield</i>	Nemo. <i>See</i> Hawdon, Captain.	
Micawber, Wilkins	<i>Copperfield</i>	Nettingall, The Misses	<i>Copperfield</i>
Michael	<i>C.S., Poor Relation</i>	Newcome, Clemency	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Miff, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>	Nicholas	<i>Boz</i>
Miggs, Miss	<i>Rudge</i>	Nickleby, Godfrey	<i>Nickleby</i>
Mike	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Nickleby, Kate	<i>Nickleby</i>
Miles, Bob	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>	Nickleby, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Miles, Owen	<i>Humphrey</i>	Nickleby, Nicholas, the elder	<i>Nickleby</i>
Miller, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Nickleby, Nich., the younger	<i>Nickleby</i>
Millers	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Nickleby, Ralph	<i>Nickleby</i>
Mills, Julia <i>Copperfield & R.P., E. Wat.-Pl.</i>		Niner, Margaret	<i>Hunted Down</i>
Mills, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Nipper, Susan	<i>Dombey</i>
Milvey, Margaretta	<i>Mutual</i>	Noakes, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Milvey, Rev. Frank	<i>Mutual</i>	Noakes, Mrs.	<i>Strange Gent.</i>
Mim	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>	Noakes, Percy	<i>Boz</i>
Minns, Augustus	<i>Boz</i>	Nobody	<i>C.S., Nobody</i>
Misty, Mr. X.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Nockemorf. <i>See</i> Sawyer, Rob.	
Misty, Mr. X. X.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Noddy, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Mith, Sergeant	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>	Noggs, Newman	<i>Nickleby</i>
Mitts, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Nogo, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>

Norah	C.S., <i>Holly Tree</i>	Peggy	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Norris, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Pegler, Mrs.	<i>H. Times</i>
Norris, Mrs.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Pell, Solomon	<i>Pickwick</i>
Norris, The two Misses	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Peplow, Master	<i>Boz</i>
Norton, Squire	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>	Peplow, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Nubbles, Christopher, or Kit	<i>Curiosity</i>	Pepper	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Nubbles, Jacob	<i>Curiosity</i>	Peps, Doctor Parker	<i>Dombey</i>
Nubbles, Mrs.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Perch, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>
Nupkins, George	<i>Pickwick</i>	Perch, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>
Nupkins, Henrietta	<i>Pickwick</i>	Perker, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Nupkins, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Perkins, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>
Oakum-Head	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Perkinsop, Mary Anne	C.S., <i>Lirrip</i>
O'Bleary, Frederick	<i>Boz</i>	Pessell, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Old Soldier, The.	See Markleham, Mrs.	Pet.	See Meagles, Minnie.
Omer, Minnie	<i>Copperfield</i>	Peter, Lord	<i>Boz and Strange Gent.</i>
Omer, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Petowker, Henrietta	<i>Nickleby</i>
Onowever, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Phil	<i>Nickleby</i>
Orange, James	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Phibbs, Mr.	R.F., <i>Detect. Anec.</i>
Orange, Mrs.	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Phil	R.P., <i>Our School</i>
Orlick, Dolge	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Phoebe	C.S., <i>Mugby</i>
Overton, Joseph	<i>Boz</i>	Phunky, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Overton, Owen	<i>Strange Gent.</i>	Pickles	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Owen, John	<i>Curiosity</i>	Pickleson	C.S., <i>Mariold's</i>
Pancks, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>	Pickwick, Sam.	<i>Pickwick and Humphrey</i>
Pangloss	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Pidger, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Pankey, Miss.	<i>Dombey</i>	Pierce, Captain	R.P., <i>Long Voyag.</i>
Paragon, Mary Anne	<i>Copperfield</i>	Pierce, Mary	R.P., <i>Long Voyag.</i>
Pardiggle, Alfred	<i>Bleak</i>	Piff, Miss	C.S., <i>Mugby</i>
Pardiggle, Egbert	<i>Bleak</i>	Pigeon, Thomas	R.P., <i>Detect. Police</i>
Pardiggle, Felix	<i>Bleak</i>	Pilkins, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>
Pardiggle, Francis	<i>Bleak</i>	Pinch, Ruth	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Pardiggle, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>	Pinch, Tom	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Pardiggle, O. A.	<i>Bleak</i>	Pip.	See Pirrip, Philip.
Pardiggle, Oswald	<i>Bleak</i>	Pip, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Parker	R.P., <i>Insp. Field</i>	Pipechin, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>
Parker, Mrs. Johnson	<i>Boz</i>	Piper, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>
Parkes, Phil	<i>Rudge</i>	Piper, Professor	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Parkins, Mrs.	R.P., <i>Ghost of Art</i>	Pipkin, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Parkle, Mr.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Pipkin, Nathaniel	<i>Pickwick</i>
Parsons, Gabriel	<i>Boz</i>	Pirrip, Philip	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Parsons, Letitia	<i>Boz</i>	Pitt, Jane	C.S., <i>Schoolboy</i>
Parsons, Mrs. Fanny	<i>Boz</i>	Plornish, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Passnidge, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Plornish, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Patriarch, The.	See Casby, Christopher.	Pluck, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Pawkins, Major	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Plummer, Bertha	<i>Cricket</i>
Pawkins, Mrs.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Plunmer, Caleb	<i>Cricket</i>
Payne, Doctor	<i>Pickwick</i>	Plummer, Edward	<i>Cricket</i>
Pea, or Peacoat	R.P., <i>Down with the Tide</i>	Pocket, Alick	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Peak	<i>Rudge</i>	Pocket, Belinda	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Pecksniff, Charity	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Pocket, Fanny.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Pecksniff, Mercy	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Pocket, Herbert	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Pecksniff, Seth	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Pocket, Jane	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Peecer, Emma	<i>Mutual</i>	Pocket, Joe	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Peepy, Hon. Miss	R.P., <i>Eng. Watering-Pl.</i>	Pocket, Matthew	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Peerybingle, John	<i>Cricket</i>	Pocket, Sarah	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Peerybingle, Mary	<i>Cricket</i>	Podder, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Peggotty, Clara	<i>Copperfield</i>	Poddles	<i>Mutual</i>
Peggotty, Daniel	<i>Copperfield</i>	Podgers, John	<i>Humphrey</i>
Peggotty, Ham	<i>Copperfield</i>	Podsnap, Georgiana	<i>Mutual</i>
		Podsnap, John	<i>Mutual</i>
		Podsnap, Mrs.	<i>Mutual</i>

Pogram, Hon. Elijah	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Robinson	<i>Boz</i>
Polly	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>	Robinson, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Poodles	<i>New Uncom.</i>	Rodolph, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings	<i>Boz</i>
Porter, Emily	<i>Boz</i>	Rogers	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>
Porter, Mrs. Joseph	<i>Boz</i>	Rogers, Mr.	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>
Potkins, William	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Rogers, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Pott, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Rogers, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Pott, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Roker, Tom	<i>Pickwick</i>
Potter, Thomas	<i>Boz</i>	Rokesmith, John. <i>See</i> Harmon, John.	
Potterson, Abbey	<i>Mutual</i>	Rokesmith, Mrs. John. <i>See</i> Wilter, Bella.	
Potterson, Job	<i>Mutual</i>	Rosa	<i>Bleak</i>
Pratchett, Mrs.	<i>C.S., Somebody's Lug.</i>	Rose	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>
Price, Matilda	<i>Nickleby</i>	Rosebud. <i>See</i> Bud, Rosa.	
Price, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Rouncewell, George	<i>Bleak</i>
Prig, Betsey	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Rouncewell, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>
Priscilla	<i>Bleak</i>	Rouncewell, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>
Prodgit, Mrs.	<i>R.P., Meek</i>	Rouncewell, Watt	<i>Bleak</i>
Prosee, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Rudge, Barnaby	<i>Rudge</i>
Pross, Miss	<i>Two Cities</i>	Rudge, Mr.	<i>Rudge</i>
Pross, Solomon. <i>See</i> Barsad, John.		Rudge, Mrs.	<i>Rudge</i>
Provis. <i>See</i> Magwitch, Abel.		Rugg, Anastasia	<i>Dorrit</i>
Pruffle	<i>Pickwick</i>	Rugg, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Pubsey & Co. <i>See</i> Fledgeby.		Rummun, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Pugstyles, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Saggers, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Pumblechook, Uncle	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	St. Evrémonde, Charles. <i>See</i> Darnay, C.	
Pumpkinskull, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>	St. Evrémonde, Lucio	<i>Two Cities</i>
Pupker, Sif Matthew	<i>Nickleby</i>	St. Evrémonde, Marquis	<i>Two Cities</i>
Purblind, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	St. Evrémonde, Marquise	<i>Two Cities</i>
Purday, Captain	<i>Boz</i>	St. Julian, Mr. Horatio. <i>See</i> Larkins, Jem.	
Pyke, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Salcy, P., Family	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Quale, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Sally	<i>Boz</i>
Queerspeck, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>	Sally, Old	<i>Twist</i>
Quickear	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Sam	<i>Pickwick</i>
Quilp, Betsey	<i>Curiosity</i>	Sampson, George	<i>Mutual</i>
Quilp, Daniel	<i>Curiosity</i>	Sampson, Mr.	<i>Hunted Down</i>
Quinch, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Sanders, Susannah	<i>Pickwick</i>
Quinion, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Sapsea, Thomas	<i>Drood</i>
Rachael	<i>H. Times</i>	Sarah	<i>Boz</i>
Rachael, Mrs. <i>See</i> Mrs. Chadband.		Saunders, Mr.	<i>Young Couples</i>
Raddle, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Sawyer, Bob	<i>Pickwick</i>
Raddle, Mary Ann	<i>Pickwick</i>	Scadder, Zephaniah	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Rainbird, Alice	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>	Scadgers, Lady	<i>H. Times</i>
Rairyanoo, Sally	<i>C.S., Larriper's</i>	Scaley, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Redburn, Jack	<i>Humphrey</i>	Schutz, Mr.	<i>R.P., Long Voyage</i>
Redforth, Lieut.-Col. Robin. <i>Holiday Rom.</i>		Scott, Tom	<i>Curiosity</i>
Redlaw, Mr.	<i>Haunted Man</i>	Scroo, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Refractory, Chief	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Scrooge, Ebenezer	<i>Carol</i>
Refractory, Number Two	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Seraphina	<i>C.S., Larriper's</i>
Reynolds, Miss	<i>Drood</i>	Sexton, The Old	<i>Curiosity</i>
Riah, Mr.	<i>Mutual</i>	Sharp, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Richard	<i>Chimes</i>	Sharpeye	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Richards. <i>See</i> Toodle, Polly.		Shepherd, Miss	<i>Copperfield</i>
Rickitts, Miss	<i>Drood</i>	Shepherd, The. <i>See</i> Stiggins, Rev. Mr.	
Riderhood, Pleasant	<i>Mutual</i>	Shepherdson, Mr.	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>
Riderhood, Roger, or Rogue	<i>Mutual</i>	Short. <i>See</i> Harris, Mr.	
Rigaud	<i>Dorrit</i>	Shropshire, The Man from. <i>See</i> Gridley, Mr.	
Rinaldo di Velasco. <i>See</i> Pickleson.		Sikes, Bill	<i>Twist</i>
Rob the Grinder. <i>See</i> Toodle, Robin.		Silverman, George	<i>Silverman</i>
Robert, Uncle	<i>Boz</i>	Simmery, Frank	<i>Pickwick</i>
		Simmonds, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>

Simmons	<i>Boz</i>	Snawley, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Simmons, Henrietta	<i>Curiosity</i>	Snevellicci, Miss	<i>Nickleby</i>
Simmons, William	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Snevellicci, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Simpson, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Snevellicci, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Simpson, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Snewkes, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Single Gentleman, The	<i>Curiosity</i>	Sniff, Mr.	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>
Skettles, Barnet, junior	<i>Dombey</i>	Sniff, Mrs.	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>
Skettles, Lady	<i>Dombey</i>	Sniggs, Mr.	<i>Tulrumble</i>
Skettles, Sir Barnet	<i>Dombey</i>	Snigsworth, Lord	<i>Mutual</i>
Skewton, Hon. Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>	Snipe, Hon. Wilmot	<i>Pickwick</i>
Skifflins, Miss	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Snitchey, Jonathan	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Skimpin, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Snitchey, Mrs.	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Skimpole, Arethusa	<i>Bleak</i>	Snivey, Sir Hookham	<i>Mudfog</i>
Skimpole, Harold	<i>Bleak</i>	Snobb, Hon. Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Skimpole, Kitty	<i>Bleak</i>	Snodgrass, Augustus	<i>Pickwick</i>
Skimpole, Laura	<i>Bleak</i>	Snore, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Skimpole, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>	Snubbin, Serjeant	<i>Pickwick</i>
Slackbridge	<i>H. Times</i>	Snuffletofle, O. J.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Slammer, Doctor	<i>Pickwick</i>	Snuphanuph, Lady	<i>Pickwick</i>
Slaughter, Lieutenant	<i>Boz</i>	Soemup, Doctor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Sleary, Josephine	<i>H. Times</i>	Sophia	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Sleary, Mr.	<i>H. Times</i>	Sophia	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Sliderskew, Peg	<i>Nickleby</i>	Sophy	<i>C.S., Marigold's</i>
Slinkton, Julius	<i>Hunted Down</i>	Southcote, Mr.	<i>R.P., Begging-Letter</i>
Slithers, Mr.	<i>Humphrey</i>	Southcote, Mrs.	<i>R.P., Begging-Letter</i>
Sliverstone, Mr.	<i>Young Couples</i>	Sowerberry, Mr.	<i>Twist</i>
Sliverstone, Mrs.	<i>Young Couples</i>	Sowerberry, Mrs.	<i>Twist</i>
Sloppy	<i>Mutual</i>	Sownds, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>
Slowboy, Tilly	<i>Cricket</i>	Sowster	<i>Mudfog</i>
Sludberry, Thomas	<i>Boz</i>	Sparkins, Horatio	<i>Boz</i>
Sluffen, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Sparkler, Edmund	<i>Dorrit</i>
Slug, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Sparkler, Mrs. Edmund. <i>See</i> Dorrit, Fanny.	
Slum, Mr.	<i>Curiosity</i>	Sparks, Tom	<i>Strange Gent.</i>
Slumkey, Hon. Samuel	<i>Pickwick</i>	Sparsit, Mrs.	<i>H. Times</i>
Slurk, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Spatter, John	<i>C.S., Poor Relation</i>
Slyme, Chevy	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Specks, Joe	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Smallweed, Bartholomew	<i>Bleak</i>	Specks, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Smallweed, Grandfather	<i>Bleak</i>	Spelow, Clarissa	<i>Copperfield</i>
Smallweed, Grandmother	<i>Bleak</i>	Spelow, Dora	<i>Copperfield</i>
Smallweed, Judy	<i>Bleak</i>	Spelow, Francis	<i>Copperfield</i>
Smangle	<i>Pickwick</i>	Spelow, Lavinia	<i>Copperfield</i>
Smart, Tom	<i>Pickwick</i>	Sphynx, Sophronia. <i>See</i> Marchioness, The.	
Smauker, John	<i>Pickwick</i>	Spider, The. <i>See</i> Drummle, Bentley.	
Smif, Putnam	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Spiker, Henry	<i>Copperfield</i>
Smiggers, Joseph	<i>Pickwick</i>	Spiker, Mrs. Henry	<i>Copperfield</i>
Smike	<i>Nickleby</i>	Spottletoe, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Smith, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Spottletoe, Mrs.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Smith, Mr. (of London)	<i>Mudfog</i>	Sprogdkin, Mrs.	<i>Mutual</i>
Smithers, Emily	<i>Boz</i>	Spruggins, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Smithers, Miss	<i>Pickwick</i>	Spruggins, Thomas	<i>Boz</i>
Smithers, Robert	<i>Boz</i>	Squeers, Fanny	<i>Nickleby</i>
Smithie, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Squeers, Master Wackford	<i>Nickleby</i>
Smithie, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Squeers, Mrs.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Smithie, The Misses	<i>Pickwick</i>	Squeers, Wackford	<i>Nickleby</i>
Smorltork, Count	<i>Pickwick</i>	Squires, Olympia	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Smouch, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Squod, Phil	<i>Bleak</i>
Smuggins, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Stables, Hon. Bob	<i>Bleak</i>
Snagsby, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Stagg	<i>Rudge</i>
Snagsby, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>	Stalker, Mr. Inspector	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>
Snap, Betsey	<i>C.S., Poor Relation</i>	Staple, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Snawley, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Stareleigh, Justice	<i>Pickwick</i>

Starling, Mrs.	<i>Young Couples</i>	Tetterby, Adolphus	<i>Haunted Man</i>
Startop, Mr.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Tetterby, 'Dolphus	<i>Haunted Man</i>
Steerforth, James	<i>Copperfield</i>	Tetterby, Johnny	<i>Haunted Man</i>
Steerforth, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>	Tetterby, Sally	<i>Haunted Man</i>
Stiggins, Rev. Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Tetterby, Sophia	<i>Haunted Man</i>
Stiltstalking, Lord Lancaster	<i>Dorrit</i>	Théophile, Corporal C.S.,	<i>Somebody's Lug.</i>
Stokes, Mr. Martin	<i>Vil. Coquettes</i>	Thomas	<i>Bleak</i>
Strange Gentleman, The	<i>Strange Gent.</i>	Thomas	<i>Boz</i>
Straudenheim	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Thompson, Tally-ho	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>
Straw, Sergeant	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>	Tibbs, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Strong, Annie	<i>Copperfield</i>	Tibbs, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Strong, Doctor	<i>Copperfield</i>	Tickit, Mrs.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Struggles, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Tickle, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Stryver, Mr.	<i>Two Cities</i>	Tiddypot, Mr.	<i>R.P., Vestry</i>
Stubbs, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Tiffey, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Styles, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Tigg, Montague	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Summerson, Esther	<i>Bleak</i>	Timbered, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Sweedlepipe, Paul, or Poll	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Timberly, Snittle	<i>Nickleby</i>
Sweeney, Mrs.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Timson, Rev. Charles	<i>Boz</i>
Sweet William	<i>Curiosity</i>	Tinkler	<i>Dorrit</i>
Swidger, George	<i>Haunted Man</i>	Tinkling, William	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Swidger, Milly	<i>Haunted Man</i>	Tiny Tim. <i>See</i> Cratchit, Tim.	
Swidger, Philip	<i>Haunted Man</i>	Tip. <i>See</i> Dorrit, Edward.	
Swidger, William	<i>Haunted Man</i>	Tipkisson	<i>R.P., Hon. Friend</i>
Swillenhausen, Baron von	<i>Nickleby</i>	Tipp	<i>Copperfield</i>
Swillenhausen, Baroness von	<i>Nickleby</i>	Tippin, Master	<i>Boz</i>
Swills, Little	<i>Bleak</i>	Tippin, Miss	<i>Boz</i>
Swiveller, Dick	<i>Curiosity</i>	Tippin, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Swoshle, Mrs. Hen. Geo. Alf., née		Tippin, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Tapkins	<i>Mutual</i>	Tippins, Lady	<i>Mutual</i>
Swosser, Captain	<i>Bleak</i>	Tisher, Mrs.	<i>Drood</i>
Sylvia	<i>Silverman</i>	Tix, Tom	<i>Nickleby</i>
Tacker	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Toddles	<i>Mutual</i>
Tackleton	<i>Cricket</i>	Toddyhigh, Joe	<i>Humphrey</i>
Tadger, Brother	<i>Pickwick</i>	Todgers, Mrs. M.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Tamaroo	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Tom	<i>Nickleby</i>
Tangle, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Tom	<i>Two Cities</i>
Tape	<i>R.P., Bull</i>	Tom	<i>Boz</i>
Tapkins, Antonia	<i>Mutual</i>	Tom	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Tapkins, Euphemia	<i>Mutual</i>	Tom, Honest	<i>Boz</i>
Tapkins, Felix	<i>Is She his Wife?</i>	Tom, Uncle. <i>See</i> Balderstone, Thomas.	
Tapkins, Frederica	<i>Mutual</i>	Tomkins	<i>Nickleby</i>
Tapkins, Malvina	<i>Mutual</i>	Tomkins, Alfred	<i>Boz</i>
Tapkins, Miss	<i>Mutual</i>	Tomkins, Charles	<i>Strange Gent.</i>
Tapkins, Mrs.	<i>Mutual</i>	Tomkins, Miss	<i>Pickwick</i>
Tapley, Mark	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>	Tomlinson, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Tappertit, Simon	<i>Rudge</i>	Tommy	<i>Pickwick</i>
Tappleton, Lieutenant	<i>Pickwick</i>	Tommy	<i>Boz</i>
Tartar, Bob	<i>C.S., Schoolboy</i>	Toodle, Mr.	<i>Dombey</i>
Tartar, Lieutenant	<i>Drood</i>	Toodle, Polly	<i>Dombey</i>
Tatham, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Toodle, Robin	<i>Dombey</i>
Tatt, Mr.	<i>R.P., Detect. Anec.</i>	Toorell, Doctor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Tattycoram. <i>See</i> Beadle, Harriet.		Tootle, Tom	<i>Mutual</i>
Taunton, Captain	<i>C.S., Seven Trav.</i>	Toots, Mrs. <i>See</i> Nipper, Susan.	
Taunton, Emily	<i>Boz</i>	Toots, P.	<i>Dombey</i>
Taunton, Mrs.	<i>C.S., Seven Trav.</i>	Tope, Mr.	<i>Drood</i>
Taunton, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Tope, Mrs.	<i>Drood</i>
Taunton, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Topper, Mr.	<i>Carol</i>
Taunton, Sophia	<i>Boz</i>	Toppit, Miss	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Tellson & Co.	<i>Two Cities</i>	Tottle, Watkins	<i>Boz</i>
Testator, Mr.	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Toughy. <i>See</i> Jo.	

Towlinson, Thomas	<i>Dombey</i>	Wackles, Melissa	<i>Curiosity</i>
Tox, Lucretia	<i>Dombey</i>	Wackles, Mrs.	<i>Curiosity</i>
Tozer	<i>Dombey</i>	Wackles, Sophy	<i>Curiosity</i>
Trabb, Mr.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>	Wade, Miss	<i>Dorrit</i>
Traddles, Thomas	<i>Copperfield</i>	Waghorn, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
Trampfoot	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Waldengarver, Mr.	<i>See Wopsle, Mr.</i>
Trent, Frederick	<i>Curiosity</i>	Walker, Mick	<i>Copperfield</i>
Trent, Little Nell	<i>Curiosity</i>	Walker, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Tresham	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>	Walker, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>
Trimmers, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>	Walmers, Master H., jun.	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>
Trinkle, Mr.	<i>R.P., Detect. Anec.</i>	Walmers, Mr.	<i>C.S., Holly Tree</i>
Trott, Alexander	<i>Pickwick</i>	Walter, E. M'Neville.	<i>See Butler, Theo.</i>
Trott, Walker	<i>Strange Gent.</i>	Warden	<i>Boz</i>
Trotter, Job	<i>Pickwick</i>	Warden, Mary	<i>Boz</i>
Trotters. <i>See Harris, Mr.</i>		Warden, Michael	<i>Battle of Life</i>
Trotty. <i>See Veck, Toby.</i>		Warden, William	<i>Boz</i>
Trotwood, Betsey	<i>Copperfield</i>	Wardle, Emily	<i>Pickwick</i>
Trotwood, Husband of Betsey	<i>Copperfield</i>	Wardle, Isabella	<i>Pickwick</i>
Truck, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Wardle, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Trundle, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>	Wardle, Mrs.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Tuckle	<i>Pickwick</i>	Wardle, Rachael	<i>Pickwick</i>
Tugby	<i>Chimes</i>	Warwick, The Earl of	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>
Tuggs, Charlotte	<i>Boz</i>	Waterbrook, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Tuggs, Joseph	<i>Boz</i>	Waterbrook, Mrs.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Tuggs, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Waterloo	<i>R.P., Down with the Tide</i>
Tuggs, Simon	<i>Boz</i>	Waters, Belinda	<i>Boz</i>
Tulkinghorn, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Waters, Captain Walter	<i>Boz</i>
Tulrumble, Mr.	<i>Tulrumble</i>	Watkins the First, King	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Tulrumble, Nicholas	<i>Tulrumble</i>	Watty, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
Tulrumble, Nicholas, junior.	<i>Tulrumble</i>	Wedgington, Master B.	<i>R.P., Out of Season</i>
Tungay	<i>Copperfield</i>	Wedgington, Mr. B.	<i>R.P., Out of Season</i>
Tupman, Tracy	<i>Pickwick</i>	Wedgington, Mrs. B.	<i>R.P., Out of Season</i>
Tupples, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Weedle, Anasiasia	<i>Uncommercial</i>
Turveydrop, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Weevle, Mr.	<i>See Jobling, Tony.</i>
Turveydrop, Prince	<i>Bleak</i>	Wegg, Silas	<i>Mutual</i>
Twemlow, Melvin	<i>Mutual</i>	Weller, Samuel	<i>Pickwick and Humphrey</i>
Twigger, Edward	<i>Tulrumble</i>	Weller, Susan	<i>Pickwick</i>
Twigger, Mrs.	<i>Tulrumble</i>	Weller, Tony	<i>Pickwick and Humphrey</i>
Twinkleton, Miss	<i>Drood</i>	Weller, Tony, jr.	<i>Pickwick and Humphrey</i>
Twist, Oliver	<i>Twist</i>	Wemmick, John	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Uncle Tom. <i>See Balderstone, Thomas.</i>		Wemmick, Mr., senior	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Upwitch, Richard	<i>Pickwick</i>	Wemmick, Mrs.	<i>See Skiffins, Miss.</i>
Varden, Dolly	<i>Rudge</i>	West, Dame	<i>Curiosity</i>
Varden, Gabriel	<i>Rudge</i>	Westlock, John	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
Varden, Martha	<i>Rudge</i>	Westwood, Mr.	<i>Nickleby</i>
Veck, Margaret, or Meg	<i>Chimes</i>	Wharton, Granville	<i>Silverman</i>
Veck, Toby	<i>Chimes</i>	Wheezey, Professor	<i>Mudfog</i>
Velasco, Rinaldo di. <i>See Pickleson.</i>		Whiff, Miss	<i>C.S., Mugby</i>
Veneering, Anastasia	<i>Mutual</i>	Whiffers	<i>Pickwick</i>
Veneering, Hamilton	<i>Mutual</i>	Whiffler, Mr. and Mrs.	<i>Young Couples</i>
Vengeance, The	<i>Two Cities</i>	Whimble, Mrs.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Ventriloquist, Monsieur the	<i>Uncom.</i>	Whisker	<i>Curiosity</i>
Venus, Mr.	<i>Mutual</i>	White	<i>Holiday Rom.</i>
Verisopht, Lord Frederick	<i>Nickleby</i>	White	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>
Wholes, Mr.	<i>Bleak</i>	Wickfield, Agnes	<i>Copperfield</i>
Victualler, Mr. Licensed	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Wickfield, Mr.	<i>Copperfield</i>
Vuffin	<i>Curiosity</i>	Wickham, Mrs.	<i>Dombey</i>
Wackles, Jane	<i>Curiosity</i>	Wicks, Mr.	<i>Pickwick</i>
		Widger, Bobtail	<i>Young Couples</i>
		Widger, Lavinia	<i>Young Couples</i>
		Wield, Mr. Inspector	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>

Wigsby, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>	Winkle, Nathaniel	<i>Pickwick</i>
Wigsby, Mr.	<i>R.P., Vestry</i>	Wisbottle, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>
Wilfer, Bella	<i>Mutual</i>	Wisk, Miss	<i>Bleak</i>
Wilfer, Lavinia	<i>Mutual</i>	Witchem	<i>R.P., Detect. Police</i>
Wilfer, Mrs. Reginald	<i>Mutual</i>	Witherden, Mr.	<i>Curiosity</i>
Wilfer, Reginald	<i>Mutual</i>	Withersfield, Miss	<i>Pickwick</i>
Wilkins	<i>Pickwick</i>	Withers	<i>Dombey</i>
Wilkins, Dick	<i>Carol</i>	Wititterly, Henry	<i>Nickleby</i>
Wilkins, Samuel	<i>Boz</i>	Wititterly, Julia	<i>Nickleby</i>
Willet, Joe	<i>Rudge</i>	Wobbler, Mr.	<i>Dorrit</i>
Willet, John	<i>Rudge</i>	Wolf, Mr.	<i>Chuzzlewit</i>
William	<i>Nickleby</i>	Woodcourt, Allan	<i>Bleak</i>
William	<i>Boz</i>	Woodcourt, Mrs.	<i>Bleak</i>
William	<i>Copperfield</i>	Woodensconce, Mr.	<i>Mudfog</i>
William	<i>Copperfield</i>	Woolford, Miss	<i>Boz</i>
William. <i>See</i> Potkins, William.		Wopsle, Mr.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
William, Sweet. <i>See</i> Sweet William.		Wopsle's Great-Aunt, Mr.	<i>Gt. Expect.</i>
Williams	<i>R.P., Insp. Field</i>	Wosky, Doctor	<i>Boz</i>
Williams, William	<i>Mutual</i>	Wozenham, Miss	<i>C.S., Lirriper's</i>
Williamson, Mrs.	<i>Boz</i>	Wrayburn, Eugene	<i>Mutual</i>
Willing, Sophy. <i>See</i> Sophy.		Wrayburn, Mrs. Eugene. <i>See</i> Hexam, Lizzie	
Willis, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>	Wren, Jenny. <i>See</i> Cleaver, Fanny.	
Willises, The four Miss	<i>Boz</i>	Wugsby, Mrs. Colonel	<i>Pickwick</i>
Wilson, Caroline	<i>Boz</i>		
Wilson, Fanny	<i>Strange Gent.</i>	Yawler	<i>Copperfield</i>
Wilson, Mary	<i>Strange Gent.</i>	York, The five Sisters of	<i>Nickleby</i>
Wilson, Mr.	<i>Boz</i>		
Wiltshire	<i>Uncommercial</i>	Zamiel	<i>R.P., A Flight</i>
Winking, Charley	<i>R.P., Lying Awake</i>	Zephyr, The. <i>See</i> Mivins, Mr.	
Winkle, Mr., senior	<i>Pickwick</i>		

CHRONOLOGY



MRS. CHARLES DICKENS

The novelist's widow died in 1879

After the photograph by Watkins

CHRONOLOGY

1805. First mention of John Dickens, father, on books of Navy Pay Office as seventh assistant clerk, with annual salary of £80.
1809. John Dickens transferred from Navy Pay Office, London, to Portsmouth Dockyard.
June 13. Marries Elizabeth Barrow, sister of a fellow clerk.
June. Rents No. 387 Mile End Terrace, Commercial Road, Portsea.
1812. February 7. Charles Dickens born at Mile End Terrace.
March. Charles Dickens baptized at parish church of Portsea, as Charles John Huffam Dickens.
June 24. Dickens family move to Hawke Street, Portsea.
1814. June 24. Family move to London, into lodgings in Norfolk Street (now Cleveland Street), on east side of Middlesex Hospital.
1816. Family take lodgings in Chatham.
1817. June. Family move to No. 2 Ordnance Terrace, Chatham.
1821. Family move to No. 18 St. Mary's Place, Chatham.
- 1821-22. Charles and sister Fanny sent to small preparatory school, kept by William Giles, in Clover Lane.
- 1822-23. Winter. Family move to London; Charles left behind with Mr. Giles for a few weeks, and then travels by "Commodore" coach to London.
1823. Family reside at No. 16 (now 141) Bayham Street, Camden Town.
Michaelmas. Family move to No. 4 Gower Street North, where Mrs. Dickens opens a school for young ladies, but fails.
1824. Charles employed in Warren's Blacking Warehouse at 6s. to 7s. a week.
Lodging taken in Little College Street, at Mrs. Roylance's, for Charles, when Mrs. Dickens with children join John Dickens in the Marshalsea Debtors' Prison. Shortly afterwards Charles moves to an attic in Lant Street, Borough.
John Dickens released from prison and takes up his residence at Hampstead.
Charles removed from warehouse and sent to school again at Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road.

1825. John Dickens removes to No. 29 (now 13) Johnson Street, Somers Town.
1826. Charles transferred to school kept by Jonathan Dawson, Compton Street, Brunswick Square.
Engaged for a short time at Mr. Molloy's, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, as a clerk.
1827. May. Enters office of Messrs. Ellis & Blackmore, attorneys, of Gray's Inn, at a salary of 13s. 6d. a week, rising to 15s.
1828. November. Charles leaves Ellis & Blackmore's and the law.
November. John Dickens moves to No. 18 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, Charles going with him.
- 1829-31. Charles studies shorthand and practises reporting at the Law Courts of Doctors' Commons for two years.
1831. Charles lodges at No. 10 Norfolk Street, Fitzroy Square.
1832. Becomes a reporter on the *True Sun*.
- 1832-33. Employed on the *Mirror of Parliament*, and then on the *Morning Chronicle*.
First meets Forster at this time.
1833. Rents apartments in Cecil Street, Strand.
December. First literary composition, "A Dinner at Poplar Walk" (afterwards called "Mr. Minns and his Cousin"), in the *Monthly Magazine*.
1834. August. Adopts the pseudonym of "Boz."
Christmas. Leaves his father's house for chambers at No. 13 Furnival's Inn.
1835. January 31. First number of *Evening Chronicle* appears with first "Sketches of London" by "Boz." Twenty sketches appear in all, the last on August 20.
February. Last of the sketches in *Monthly Magazine* appears.
September 27. Twelve papers under heading "Scenes and Characters" appear in *Bell's Life in London*, beginning on this date.
Christmas. Moves to No. 15 Furnival's Inn.
1836. This year Charles Dickens ceases to be a reporter.
Selection of Dickens's published articles, together with eight new papers, issued by Macrone in two volumes, with drawings by Cruikshank, under title of *Sketches by Boz*.
January 17. Last of the papers in *Bell's Life in London* appears.
March 26. Advertisement in the *Times* announcing *Pickwick*.
March 31. First number of *Pickwick* appears.
April 2. Marriage of Charles Dickens to Miss Catherine Thompson Hogarth, at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea.
April 20. Suicide of Seymour, the artist engaged to illustrate *Pickwick*. Phiz (Hablôt K. Browne) chosen to succeed Seymour.
August 22. Agreement with Bentley to edit *Bentley's Miscellany*.

1836. September. *The Strange Gentleman*, a dramatic piece adapted from *The Great Winglebury Duel*, written for St. James's Theatre. Runs for sixty nights.
 December 6. First performance of *The Village Coquettes*, by Dickens, with music by Hullah, at St. James's Theatre.
1837. January. First number of *Bentley's Miscellany* appears.
 January 6. First child, a son, Charles, born.
 Second series of *Sketches* published by Macrone.
 February. *Oliver Twist* begins in the *Miscellany*.
 March. Dickens removes to No. 48 Doughty Street.
 March 6. *Is She his Wife? or Something Singular*, produced at St. James's Theatre.
 May 7. Death of Mary Hogarth, sister-in-law of Dickens.
 July. Dickens takes a holiday in Flanders, accompanied by his wife and Phiz.
 September. First authoritative statement that Boz and Charles Dickens are the same.
 November. First monthly part of *Sketches by Boz* appears.
 November. Last monthly part of *Pickwick* appears.
 Dinner in town to celebrate the completion of *Pickwick*. Dickens in the chair, Serjeant Talfourd in the vice-chair.
1838. January. Dickens visits Yorkshire with Phiz to inspect the schools there, with a view to treatment in *Nicholas Nickleby*.
 March. His daughter Mary (Mamie) born.
 April. First monthly part of *Nicholas Nickleby* appears.
 Summer. Rents a cottage at Twickenham Park.
 August and September. At Broadstairs.
 Autumn. Visits Stratford-on-Avon and Kenilworth.
The Lamplighter, a play, written but never acted.
1839. Complete edition of *Sketches by Boz* appears.
 March. Visits Devonshire to find a cottage for his parents.
 March. *Oliver Twist* ends in *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 June. Last monthly part of *Sketches by Boz* appears.
 Summer. Rents Elm Cottage, Petersham.
 Autumn. At Broadstairs.
 September 20. Finishes writing *Nickleby* at Broadstairs.
 October. Last part of *Nicholas Nickleby* appears.
 October. Daughter, Kate Macready, born.
 Moves to No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, at end of this year.
1840. April 4. First number of *Master Humphrey's Clock* appears.
 June. Visits Broadstairs, and again in September.
1841. January 17. Writing of *Old Curiosity Shop* finished.
 January. First part of *Barnaby Rudge* appears in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.
 February. Spends a week at Brighton.
 February 9. Son, Walter Landor, born.
 April 10. Dinner to celebrate completion of second volume of *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

1841. May. Declines request of Reading electors to represent them in Parliament.
 June. First visit to Scotland, accompanied by his wife. Receives a public dinner in Edinburgh and freedom of the city.
 August. At Broadstairs.
 November. Last part of *Barnaby Rudge* written at Windsor.
 November 27. Last number of *Master Humphrey's Clock* appears.
1842. January. Visits America accompanied by his wife.
 July. Returns from America.
 August. At Broadstairs.
 October. Undertakes an expedition to Cornwall, with Forster, Maclise, and Stanfield.
 October. *American Notes* appears.
1843. January. First monthly part of *Martin Chuzzlewit* appears.
 Autumn. At Broadstairs.
 October 4-6. Presides at opening of the Manchester Athenæum, assisted by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Disraeli.
 December. *Christmas Carol* appears.
1844. January. Son, Francis Jeffrey, born.
 January. Action against pirates of Dickens's works.
 February 26. Takes chair in Liverpool at the Mechanics' Institution.
 February 28. Takes chair in Birmingham at the Polytechnic Institution.
 June. Agreement with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, who advance Dickens £2800.
 July. Last monthly part of *Martin Chuzzlewit* appears.
 July. Dinner at Greenwich to Dickens on completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Lord Normanby in the chair.
 July. Leaves for Italy, arriving at Marseilles, July 14.
 July 16. Arrives at Albaro, suburb of Genoa.
 October. Hires rooms in the Peschiere, Genoa.
 November 3. Writes for Forster, "Thank God! I have finished *The Chimes*!"
 November 6. Starts on a tour, visiting Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Verona, and Mantua.
 December. Flying visit to England.
 December 2. Reading of *The Chimes* given by Dickens at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields.
 December. *The Chimes* appears.
1845. June. Return of Dickens to England.
 Autumn. At Broadstairs for three weeks.
 September 21. Performance of Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* at Miss Kelly's Theatre. Jerrold, Mark Lemon, John Leech, Gilbert & Beckett, Percival Leigh, Frank Stone, and Forster as actors, among others. Bobadil played by Dickens. Later in the year *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, given by the same company at the same place.

1845. October 28. Son, Alfred Tennyson, born.
 December. *Cricket on the Hearth* appears.
1846. January. First monthly part of *Oliver Twist* appears.
 January 21. Dickens undertakes the editorship of the *Daily News*. On same day appears the first of the *Pictures from Italy*.
 February 9. Resigns editorship of the *Daily News*.
 March 2. *Pictures from Italy* end in the *Daily News*.
 May 31. Leaves England for the Continent.
 June 7. At Strasburg.
 June 11. At Lausanne, Rosemont rented.
 June 27. Writing of *Dombey* begun.
 October. Last monthly part of *Oliver Twist* appears.
 October. First monthly part of *Dombey and Son* appears.
 November 20. Arrives in Paris on return from Switzerland.
 December. *The Battle of Life*, written at Lausanne, appears.
 December 15-23. In London.
1847. March. House taken in Chester Place, Regent's Park.
 April 18. Son, Sydney Haldimand, born.
 May. At Brighton.
 Summer. At Broadstairs.
 July. Appears at Manchester and Liverpool in Jonson's comedy, as Bobadil, for benefit of Leigh Hunt.
 October. Returns to Devonshire House.
 December 1. Accepts chairmanship of Leeds Mechanics' Society.
 December 28. Opens Glasgow Athenæum.
1848. March. Writing of *Dombey* finished.
 April. Last monthly part of *Dombey and Son* appears.
 April 15. Dickens takes part in first of eight amateur performances in London, in aid of funds for preserving Shakespeare's house at Stratford.
 Summer. At Broadstairs.
 July 20. Engages in amateur performance in Glasgow in aid of the Shakespeare House Fund.
 December. *The Haunted Man* appears.
1849. January 3. Dinner to "christen" *The Haunted Man*. Present—Lemon, Evans, Leech, Bradbury, Stanfield, Tenniel, Topham, Stone, Robert Bell, and Thomas Beard.
 January 16. Son, Henry Fielding, born.
 May. First of the monthly parts of *David Copperfield* appears.
 Summer. Stays at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.
1850. March 30. First number of *Household Words* appears.
 June. Dinner at Star and Garter, Richmond, in honour of *David Copperfield*.
 June. Trip to France with Maclise.
 August 16. Daughter, Dora Annie, born.
 November. Takes part in three private performances of *Every Man in his Humour*, at Knebworth Park.
 November. Final monthly part of *David Copperfield* appears.

1851. January 25. *A Child's History of England* begins in *Household Words*.
 February. Dickens visits Paris with Leech and Hon. Spencer Lyttleton.
 March. Stays with Mrs. Dickens and her niece at Great Malvern.
 March 31. Death of John Dickens at Malvern.
 April 14. Takes the chair at the General Theatrical Fund.
 April 14. Death of daughter Dora.
 May 16. Plays in Lytton's *Not so Bad as We Seem* at Devonshire House, before Queen Victoria and Prince Consort.
 May. At Broadstairs, where he stayed until November.
 Autumn. Takes possession of Tavistock House.
 November. Begins writing *Bleak House*.
1852. March. First monthly part of *Bleak House* appears.
 Summer. At Dover for three months.
1853. March 13. Son, Edward Bulwer Lytton, born.
 June. At Boulogne until September.
 August. Finishes *Bleak House* at Boulogne.
 September. Last monthly part of *Bleak House* appears.
 October to December. Touring Switzerland and Italy.
 December 10. *A Child's History of England* ends in *Household Words*.
 December 27. Gives reading of the *Christmas Carol* at the Birmingham Town Hall; the *Cricket on the Hearth* on December 29; and the *Carol* again on December 30.
 Winter. Plans and starts *Hard Times*.
1854. April 1. First instalment of *Hard Times* appears in *Household Words*.
 June to October. Stays at Boulogne, at the Villa du Camp de Droite.
 August 12. Last instalment of *Hard Times* appears in *Household Words*.
 October. Returns to Tavistock House.
 December 19. Gives reading of the *Carol* at Reading.
1855. January. Gives reading of the *Carol* at Bradford.
 January 6. Planché's fairy extravaganza, *Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants*, acted by Dickens's children and others, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Mark Lemon acting with them.
 February. Fortnight in Paris with Wilkie Collins.
 May. Begins writing *Little Dorrit*.
 June. *The Lighthouse*, *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, and *Animal Magnetism*, acted by Dickens and children at Tavistock House.
 July. At Folkestone.
 November. Takes up residence in Paris.
 December. First monthly part of *Little Dorrit* appears.
 December. Gives a reading of the *Carol* at Sheffield.

1856. January 10. Meets George Sand in Paris, at the house of Madame Viardot.
 March 14. Purchase money of Gad's Hill Place paid.
 May. Leaves Paris and returns to England.
 June to September. At Boulogne.
1857. January. *The Frozen Deep* acted, in which Dickens in later performances takes part.
 June. Takes possession of Gad's Hill Place.
 June. Last monthly part of *Little Dorrit* appears.
 July. Second son, Walter Landor, goes to India.
 September. Tours through the north of England with Wilkie Collins: origin of *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*.
1858. First series of readings begin this year.
 April 29 to July 22. Sixteen readings at St. Martin's Hall.
 August 2. Gives first of a series of twenty-seven readings, beginning at Clifton, and ending at Brighton, November 13, taking in Ireland and Scotland.
1859. April 30. First number of *All the Year Round* appears, incorporating *Household Words*, and containing the opening chapters of *A Tale of Two Cities*.
 May 28. Last issue of *Household Words*.
 October 27. End of first series of readings.
 November 26. Final instalment of *A Tale of Two Cities* appears.
1860. January 28. *The Uncommercial Traveller* begins in *All the Year Round*.
 Summer. Daughter Kate marries Charles Allston Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins.
 September. Gives up Tavistock House.
 October 13. *The Uncommercial Traveller* finishes in *All the Year Round*.
 November. Dickens and Wilkie Collins visit Devonshire and Cornwall to gather material for the Christmas story.
 December 1. First instalment of *Great Expectations* appears in *All the Year Round*.
1861. March. Takes No. 3 Hanover Square, Regent's Park, for some months.
 March. Second series of readings begins at St. James's Hall.
 June. Finishes writing *Great Expectations*.
 August 3. Last instalment of *Great Expectations* appears in *All the Year Round*.
 October 28. Provincial readings open at Norwich.
1862. January. On reading tour.
 February. Stays at No. 16 Hyde Park Gate, South Kensington, for three months.
 March. Series of readings begins at St. James's Hall, and continues until the middle of June.
 October. Visits Paris for two months.
 December. Returns to Gad's Hill.

1863. January. Gives four readings at the British Embassy, Paris, in aid of the British Charitable Fund.
 June. Gives thirteen readings at the Hanover Square Rooms.
 September. Death of his mother, Mrs. John Dickens.
 December 31. Death of his son Walter in India.
1864. January. Third son, Francis Jeffrey, starts for India.
 February. Moves to No. 57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, where he resides until the middle of June.
 May. First part of *Our Mutual Friend* appears.
 Summer and autumn. At Gad's Hill.
1865. February. Suffers from an affection of his foot, caused by frostbite.
 March. Takes furnished house at No. 16 Somers Place, Hyde Park, until June.
 June 9. In railway accident at Staplehurst.
 November. Last monthly part of *Our Mutual Friend* appears.
1866. March. Takes furnished house at No. 6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park, for some months.
 April. Gives series of readings in various towns.
 June. Returns to Gad's Hill.
1867. January. Begins series of provincial readings, including Ireland.
 May 14. Finishes series of fifty readings.
 November 9. Sails for America.
 November 19. Arrives at Boston, on second visit to America.
 December 2. First reading at Boston, the *Christmas Carol* and Trial scene from *Pickwick*.
1868. May. Arrives in England on return from America.
 September. Youngest son, Edward Bulwer Lytton, starts for Australia.
 October. Dickens starts on his last reading tour.
1869. January. Readings in England, Scotland, and Ireland, until the end of April.
 April 10. Public dinner given to Dickens at Liverpool, Lord Dufferin in the chair.
 May. Spends three weeks at St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, with one of his daughters and sister-in-law.
 October. Begins writing *Edwin Drood*.
1870. January. Takes furnished house at No. 5 Hyde Park Place.
 January 11. Begins last twelve "farewell readings."
 January 23. Last meeting with Carlyle.
 March 13. Gives final reading.
 April. First monthly part of *Edwin Drood*.
 May 2. Last public appearance, at the Royal Academy dinner.
 May 22. Last meeting with Forster.
 June 9. Death of Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill.
 June 14. Burial in Westminster Abbey.
 September. Last monthly part of *Edwin Drood*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY



DICKENS IN 1861

*From a lithograph, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1864,
by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., after a photograph by Watkins*

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| 1833. Dec. | A Dinner at Poplar Walk (Reprinted in <i>Sketches by Boz</i> as Mr. Minns and his Cousin), | <i>Monthly Magazine.</i> |
| 1834. Jan. | Mrs. Joseph Porter "over the way," | " " |
| Feb. | Horatio Sparkins, | " " |
| April. | The Bloomsbury Christening, | " " |
| May. | The Boarding House, | " " |
| Aug. | The Boarding House, No. 2 (First paper signed "Boz"), | " " |
| Sept. | The Goings On at Bramsby Hall (Signed W. P.), | " " |
| Oct. | The Steam Excursion, | " " |
| 1835. Jan. | A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle, ch. 1, | " " |
| Jan. 31. | Hackney Coach Stands, | <i>Evening Chronicle.</i> |
| Feb. | A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle, ch. 2, | <i>Monthly Magazine.</i> |
| Feb. 7. | Gin Shops, | <i>Evening Chronicle.</i> |
| Feb. 19. | Early Coaches, | " " |
| Feb. 28. | The Parish, | " " |
| March 7. | The House, | " " |
| March 17. | London Recreations, | " " |
| April 7. | Public Dinners, | " " |
| April 11. | Bellamy's, | " " |
| April 16. | Greenwich Fair, | " " |
| April 23. | Thoughts about People, | " " |
| May 9. | Astley's, | " " |
| May 19. | Our Parish, | " " |
| June 6. | The River, | " " |
| June 16. | Our Parish, | " " |
| June 30. | The Pawnbroker's Shop, | " " |
| July 14. | Our Parish, | " " |
| July 21. | The Streets—Morning, | " " |
| July 28. | Our Parish—Mr. Bung's Narrative, | " " |
| Aug. 11. | Private Theatres, | " " |
| Aug. 20. | Our Parish, | " " |
| Sept. 27. | Seven Dials, | <i>Bell's Life in London.</i> |

1835. Oct. 4. Miss Evans and *The Eagle*, *Bell's Life in London*.
 Oct. 11. The Dancing Academy, " "
 Oct. 18. Making a Night of it, " "
 Oct. 25. Love and Oysters ("Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce" in *Sketches by Boz*), " "
 Nov. 1. Some Account of an Omnibus Cad (used in part for "The Last Cab-driver and the First Omnibus Cad" in *Sketches by Boz*), " "
 Nov. 22. The Vocal Dress-Maker ("The Mistaken Milliner" in *Sketches by Boz*), " "
 Nov. 29. The Prisoner's Van (two opening paragraphs omitted in *Sketches by Boz*), " "
 Dec. 13. The Parlour ("The Parlour Orator" in *Sketches by Boz*, where opening paragraph is omitted), " "
 Dec. 27. Christmas Festivities ("A Christmas Dinner" in *Sketches by Boz*, where concluding paragraph is omitted), " "
1836. The Village Coquettes: A Comic Opera in Two Acts.
 The Tuggses at Ramsgate, *The Library of Fiction*.
 A Little Talk about Spring and the Sweeps, *The Library of Fiction*.
 Sunday under Three Heads, by Timothy Sparks.
 Jan. 3. The New Year, *Bell's Life in London*.
 Jan. 17. The Streets at Night, " "
 Feb. (Date of Preface) *SKETCHES BY BOZ* (first series).
 April-Dec. *PICKWICK PAPERS*, in monthly parts.
Sketches by Boz (first series), with a new preface, dated August 1, 1836.
1837. Jan.-Nov. *Pickwick Papers*, in monthly parts.
 Feb.-Dec. *OLIVER TWIST* in *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 The Strange Gentleman, a Comic Burletta in Two Acts.
Sketches by Boz (second series).
 March. Stray Chapters by Boz, ch. 1, The Pantomime, *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 March 6. IS SHE HIS WIFE? or Something Singular, a Comic Burletta, first acted on this date.
 May. Stray Chapters by Boz, ch. 2, Some Particulars concerning a Lion, *Bentley's Miscellany*.

1837. June. Editor's address on Completion of the First Volume, *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 Oct. Full report of the First Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 Nov. Address, *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 Nov.-Dec. First two monthly parts of Sketches by Boz.
1838. Jan.-Dec. Sketches by Boz, in monthly parts.
 Oliver Twist in *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 THE LAMPLIGHTER, a Farce.
 SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
 Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, edited by, and with introductory chapter by, Boz.
 Feb. 4. The Restoration of Shakespeare's "Lear" to the Stage, *The Examiner*.
 April-Dec. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, in monthly parts.
 Sept. Full report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 Oct. Oliver Twist, in three volumes.
1839. Sketches by Boz, complete edition.
 Jan.-Mar. Oliver Twist in *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 Jan.-June. Sketches by Boz, in monthly parts.
 Jan.-Oct. Nicholas Nickleby, in monthly parts.
 Notice of Hood's "Up the Rhine," *The Examiner*.
 Feb. Familiar Epistle from a Parent to a Child aged two years and two months, *Bentley's Miscellany*.
 March 31. Scott and his Publishers, I. (notice of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart's pamphlet "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled").
 Sept. 29. Scott and his Publishers, II. ("Reply to Mr. Lockhart's pamphlet").
1840. SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.
 April 4-Dec. MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, weekly and monthly, containing THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP and BARNABY RUDGE.
1841. The Lamplighter's Story—printed in THE PIC-NIC PAPERS by various hands, edited by Charles Dickens, Esq.
 Jan.-Nov. 27. Master Humphrey's Clock.
 Aug. 7. The Fine Old English Gentleman, a squib in verse, 48 lines, *The Examiner*.
 Aug. 14. The Quack Doctor's Proclamation, a squib in verse, *The Examiner*.
 Aug. 21. Subjects for Painters, after Peter Pindar. A squib in rhyme, *The Examiner*.
1842. AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.
 July 7. Circular letter on International Copyright with America. Printed in *The Examiner* and

1842. *Athenæum*, July 16, and *Morning Chronicle*, July 14.
 Dec. 17. Prologue to Mr. Westland Marston's play, "The Patrician's Daughter," *The Theatrical Journal and Stranger's Guide*.
1843. Jan.-Dec. MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, in monthly parts.
 Jan. 16. Letter printed in the *Times* in contradiction of a statement made in a notice of American Notes by James Spedding in the *Edinburgh Review* for January.
 March 4. Macready as "Benedick," *The Examiner*.
 Dec. A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE.
1844. Preface to John Overs' "Evenings of a Working Man."
 A Word in Season, in verse, *The Keepsake*.
 Jan.-July. Martin Chuzzlewit, in monthly parts.
 March 9. The Agricultural Interest, leader in *Morning Chronicle*.
 May. Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood, from an Ancient Gentleman, *Hood's Magazine*.
 Dec. THE CHIMES: A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT AND A NEW YEAR IN.
1845. Letter to the Committee of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, printed in *The Student and Young Men's Advocate*, No. 1.
 Aug. The Spirit of Chivalry, In Westminster Hall, *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*.
 Dec. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.
1846. Jan.-Oct. Oliver Twist, in monthly parts.
 Jan. 21. Travelling Letters, No. 1, *Daily News*.
 Jan. 24. Travelling Letters, No. 2 (Lyons, the Rhone, and the Goblin of Avignon), " "
 Jan. 31. Travelling Letters, No. 3 (Avignon to Genoa), " "
 Feb. 4. Crime and Education, letter, " "
 Feb. 9. Travelling Letters, No. 4 (A Retreat at Albaro), " "
 Feb. 14. The Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers, verse, " "
 Feb. 16. Travelling Letters, No. 5 (First sketch of Genoa. The Streets, Shops, and Houses), " "
 Feb. 26. Travelling Letters, No. 6 (In Genoa), " "
 March 2. Travelling Letters, No. 7 (In Genoa, and out of it), " "
 PICTURES FROM ITALY, being the "Travelling Letters" collected from the *Daily News*.
 March 9, 13, 16. Three letters on Social Questions—Capital Punishment, *Daily News*.

1846. Oct.-Dec. **DOMBEY AND SON**, in monthly parts.
 Dec. **THE BATTLE OF LIFE.**
1847. Jan.-Dec. **Pickwick Papers**, first cheap edition.
1848. Jan.-Dec. **Dombey and Son**, in monthly parts.
 Nicholas Nickleby, first cheap edition.
 Old Curiosity Shop, first cheap edition.
 Jan.-April. **Dombey and Son**, in monthly parts.
 April 22. **Ignorance and Crime**, *The Examiner.*
 June 24. **The Chinese Junk**, " "
 July 8. **Cruikshank's "The Drunkard's
 Children,"** " "
 Aug. 19. **The Niger Expedition**, " "
 Dec. 9. **The Poetry of Science**, " "
 Dec. 16. **The American Panorama**, " "
 Dec. 23. **Judicial Special Pleading**, " "
 Dec. 30. **Edinburgh Apprentice School
 Association**, " "
 Leech's "The Rising Generation," " "
 Dec. **THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S
 BARGAIN.**
1849. **Martin Chuzzlewit**, first cheap edition.
 Barnaby Rudge, first cheap edition.
 Jan. 20. **The Paradise at Tooting**, *The Examiner.*
 Jan. 27. **The Tooting Farm**, " "
 April 21. **The Verdict for Drouet**, " "
 May-Dec. **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, in monthly parts.
 May 12. **"Virginie" and "Black-Eyed
 Susan."** *The Examiner.*
 July 21. **An American in Europe**, " "
 Nov. 14. **Letter to the editor of the Times**, describing
 scenes at execution of the Mannings.
 Dec. 15. **Court Ceremonies**, *The Examiner.*
1850. **Oliver Twist**, first cheap edition.
 Sketches by Boz, first cheap edition.
 Jan.-Nov. **David Copperfield**, in monthly parts.
 March 30. **A Preliminary Word**, *Household Words.*
The Amusements of the People, " "
 April 6. **A Child's Dream of a Star**, " "
**Perfect Felicity, in a Bird's-
 Eye View**, " "
 April 20. **Supposing!** " "
**Some Account of an Extra-
 ordinary Traveller**, " "
 April 27. **Pet Prisoners**, " "
 May 4. **The Amusements of the People**, " "
 May 11. **From the Raven in the Happy
 Family**, " "
 May 18. **The Begging-Letter-Writer**, " "
A Card from Mr. Booley, " "
 May 25. **A Walk in a Workhouse**, " "

1850. June 8.	From the Raven in the Happy Family,	<i>Household Words.</i>
June 15.	Old Lamps for New Ones,	" "
June 22.	The Sunday Screw,	" "
July 6.	Chips,	" "
July 20.	The Ghost of Art,	" "
July 27.	The Detective Police,	" "
Aug. 10.	The Detective Police,	" "
	Supposing !	" "
Aug. 24.	From the Raven in the Happy Family,	" "
Sept. 14.	Three Detective Anecdotes,	" "
Sept. 21.	The Individuality of Locomotives,	" "
Oct. 12.	The " Good " Hippopotamus,	" "
Oct. 19.	A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent,	" "
Oct. 26.	Lively Turtle,	" "
Nov. 23.	A Crisis in the Affairs of Mr. John Bull, as related by Mrs. Bull to the Children,	" "
Nov. 30.	Mr. Booley's View of the Last Lord Mayor's Show,	" "
Dec. 14.	A December Vision,	" "
Dec. 21.	A Christmas Tree,	" "
1851. Jan.-Dec.	A Child's History of England (at irregular intervals),	" "
Jan. 4.	The Last Words of the Old Year,	" "
Jan. 11.	Railway Strikes,	" "
Feb. 15.	Red Tape,	" "
Feb. 22.	" Births—Mrs. Meek, of a Son,"	" "
March 8.	A Monument of French Folly,	" "
March 22.	Bill Sticking,	" "
May 10.	The Guild of Literature and Art,	" "
May 17.	The Finishing Schoolmaster,	" "
June 7.	Supposing !	" "
June 14.	On Duty with Inspector Field,	" "
June 28.	A Few Conventionalities,	" "
July 12.	A Narrative of Extraordinary Suffering,	" "
Aug. 2.	Our English Watering-Place,	" "
Aug. 23.	Whole Hogs,	" "
Aug. 30.	A Flight,	" "
Sept. 6.	Supposing !	" "
	One Man in a Dockyard. (By Dickens and R. H. Horne),	" "
Oct. 11.	Our School,	" "
Nov. 8.	Sucking Pigs,	" "
Nov. 15.	Homœopathy,	" "
Dec.	What Christmas is as we grow older,	" "

1852. THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS published in volume form.
 To be Read at Dusk, *The Keepsake*.
 Jan.-Dec. A Child's History of England (at irregular intervals), *Household Words*.
 Mar.-Dec. BLEAK HOUSE, in monthly parts.
 March 13. A Sleep to Startle Us, *Household Words*.
 The Fine Arts in Australia, " "
 April 24. A Plated Article, " "
 June 26. Betting-Shops, " "
 July 31. Our Honourable Friend, " "
 Aug. 28. Our Vestry, " "
 Oct. 9. Our Bore, " "
 Oct. 30. Lying Awake, " "
 Nov. 27. Trading in Death—On the State Funeral of the Duke of Wellington, " "
 Dec. 25. { The Poor Relation's Story, " "
 { The Child's Story, (Christmas No.)
 A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, vol. i.
 1853. Jan.-Dec. A Child's History of England (at irregular intervals), *Household Words*.
 Jan.-Sept. Bleak House, in monthly parts.
 Jan. 1. Where We Stopped Growing, *Household Words*.
 Jan.-15. The Ghost of the Cock Lane, Ghost wrong again, " "
 Feb. 5. Down with the Tide, " "
 Feb. 12. Proposals for amusing Posterity, " "
 April 23. Home for Homeless Women, " "
 May 7. The Spirit Business, " "
 June 11. The Noble Savage, " "
 July 23. A Haunted House, " "
 Aug. 13. Gone Astray, " "
 Oct. 1. Frauds on the Fairies, " "
 Oct. 8. Things that Cannot be Done, " "
 Dec. { The Schoolboy's Story, " "
 { Nobody's Story, (Christmas No.)
 Dec. 31. The Long Voyage, *Household Words*.
 A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, vol. ii.
 1854. Jan. 21. Fire and Snow, *Household Words*.
 Feb. 4. Ready Wit, " "
 Feb. 11. On Strike, " "
 March 25. The Late Mr. Justice Talfourd, " "
 April 1-Aug. 12. HARD TIMES, " "
 Sept. 2. It is not Generally Known, " "
 Sept. 23. Legal and Equitable Jokes, " "
 Oct. 7. To Working Men, " "
 Nov. 4. Our French Watering-Place, " "
 Nov. 11. An Unsettled Neighbourhood, " "
 Nov. 18. Reflections of a Lord Mayor, " "

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| 1854. | Nov. 25. | Mr. Bull's Somnambulist, | <i>Household Words.</i> |
| | Dec. 2. | The Lost Arctic Voyagers, I., | " " |
| | Dec. 9. | " " " II., | " " |
| | Dec. | The Seven Poor Travellers, | " " |
| | | | (Christmas No.) |
| | | A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, vol. iii. | |
| 1855. | Feb. 3. | That Other Public, | <i>Household Words.</i> |
| | Feb. 10. | Gaslight Fairies, | " " |
| | | Supposing ! | " " |
| | Feb. 17. | Prince Bull : a Fairy Tale, | " " |
| | March 10. | Gone to the Dogs, | " " |
| | March 24. | Fast and Loose, | " " |
| | April 21. | The Thousand and One Hum-
bugs, I., | " " |
| | April 28. | " " " II., | " " |
| | May 5. | " " " III., | " " |
| | May 26. | The Toady Tree, | " " |
| | June 9. | Cheap Patriotism, | " " |
| | June 16. | By Rail to Parnassus, notice of
Leigh Hunt's "Stories in
Verse," | " " |
| | June 23. | Smuggled Relations, | " " |
| | Aug. 4. | The Great Baby, | " " |
| | Aug. 11. | Our Commission, | " " |
| | Aug. 25. | The Worthy Magistrate, | " " |
| | Sept. 29. | Out of Town, | " " |
| | Nov. 3. | A Slight Depreciation of the
Currency, | " " |
| | Dec. | LITTLE DORRIT—First monthly
part, | " " |
| | Dec. | The Holly Tree, | " " |
| | | | (Christmas No.) |
| 1856. | Jan.-Dec. | Little Dorrit, in monthly parts. | |
| | Jan. 19. | Insularities, | <i>Household Words.</i> |
| | Jan. 26. | A Nightly Scene in London, | " " |
| | Feb. 2. | The Friend of Lions, | " " |
| | March 1. | Why ? | " " |
| | May 3. | Proposals for a National Jest-
Book, | " " |
| | May 10. | Railway Dreaming, | " " |
| | June 14. | The Demeanour of Murderers, | " " |
| | June 28. | Out of Season, | " " |
| | Aug. 30. | Nobody, Somebody, and Every-
body, | " " |
| | Oct. 11. | The Murdered Person, | " " |
| | Dec. | The Wreck of the Golden Mary,
including the hymn, "Hear
my Prayer, O Heavenly Father," | " " |
| | | | (Christmas No.) |
| 1857. | | Address to French Public in French edition of
Nicholas Nickleby. | |

1857. Jan.-June. *Little Dorrit*, in monthly parts.
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| Jan. 3. | Murderous Extremes, | <i>Household Words</i> . |
| March 7. | Stores for the First of April, | " " |
| June 20. | The Best Authority, | " " |
| Aug. 1. | Curious Misprint in the <i>Edinburgh Review</i> (A retort upon the notice of <i>Little Dorrit</i> in that magazine for July 1857), | " " |
| Oct. | THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES (partly by Wilkie Collins), | " " |
| Dec. | The Perils of Certain English Prisoners, <i>Household Words</i> (Christmas No.). | " " |
1858. David Copperfield, first cheap edition.
Dombey and Son, first cheap edition.
Bleak House, first cheap edition.
REPRINTED PIECES (from *Household Words*).
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| Feb. 20. | Well-Authenticated Rappings, | <i>Household Words</i> . |
| March 13. | An Idea of Mine, | " " |
| May 1. | Please to Leave your Umbrella, | " " |
| June 12. | Personal (statement respecting separation from his wife), | " " |
| Dec. | A House to Let, <i>Household Words</i> (Christmas No.). | " " |
1859. Jan. 1. New Year's Day, *Household Words*.
April 30. First issue of *All the Year Round*.
The Blacksmith: a Trade Song, *All the Year Round*.
The Poor Man and his Beer. " "
- April 30-Nov. 26. A TALE OF TWO CITIES, weekly, " "
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| May 28. | Announcement of the publication of <i>All the Year Round</i> , | <i>Household Words</i> . |
| | A Final Household Word, | " " |
| | Final issue of <i>Household Words</i> . | " " |
- June-Dec. A Tale of Two Cities, in monthly parts.
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| Aug. 20. | } Hunted Down, <i>The New York Ledger</i> . | |
| Aug. 27. | | |
| Sept. 3. | | |
| Sept. 24. | Five New Points of Criminal Law, | <i>All the Year Round</i> . |
| Dec. 24. | Leigh Hunt, A Remonstrance, | " " |
| Dec. 31. | The Tattlesnivele Bleater, | " " |
| Dec. | The Haunted House, | " " |
| | | (Christmas No.) |
1860. Jan. 28. First paper of the Uncommercial Traveller, His General Line of Business—The Shipwreck (of the Royal Charter), *All the Year Round*.
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| Feb. 18. | Wapping Workhouse, | " " |
| Feb. 25. | Two Views of a Cheap Theatre, | " " |
| March 10. | Poor Mercantile Jack, | " " |

1860. March 24. Refreshments for Travellers, *All the Year Round*.
 April 7. Travelling Abroad, " "
 April 21. The Great Tasmania's Cargo, " "
 May 5. City of London Churches, " "
 May 26. Shy Neighbourhoods, " "
 June 16. Tramps, " "
 June 30. Dullborough Town, " "
 July 21. Night Walks, " "
 Aug. 4. } Hunted Down (reprinted from *The*
 Aug. 11. } *New York Ledger*), " "
 Aug. 18. Chambers, " "
 Sept. 8. Nurses' Stores, " "
 Sept. 29. Arcadian London, " "
 Oct. 13. The Italian Prisoner, " "
 Dec. 1. GREAT EXPECTATIONS begins, " "
 Dec. A Message from the Sea, " "
 (Christmas No.)
1861. Little Dorrit, first cheap edition.
 UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.
 Jan.-Aug. 3. Great Expectations, *All the Year Round*.
 Jan. 12. Letter to the editor of the *Times*, referring to
 dramatised version of A Message from the Sea.
 Sept. 14. Four Stories, *All the Year Round*.
 Dec. Tom Tiddler's Ground, *All the Year Round*
 (Christmas No.).
1862. March 1. The Young Man from the
 Country, *All the Year Round*.
 March 8. An Enlightened Clergyman, " "
 March 21. Rather a Strong Dose, " "
 Dec. Somebody's Luggage, " "
 (Christmas No.).
1863. Great Expectations, first cheap edition.
 April 4. The Martyr Medium, *All the Year Round*.
 May 2. The Calais Night Mail, " "
 May 16. Some Recollections of Mortality, " "
 June 6. Birthday Celebrations, " "
 June 20. The Short-Timers, " "
 July 4. Bound for the Great Salt Lake, " "
 July 18. The City of the Absent, " "
 Aug. 1. An Old Stage Coaching House, " "
 Aug. 15. The Boiled Beef of New England, " "
 Aug. 29. Chatham Dockyard, " "
 Sept. 12. In the French-Flemish Country, " "
 Sept. 26. Medicine Men of Civilisation, " "
 Oct. 8. The Earthquake. Letter to the editor of the *Times*.
 Oct. 24. Titbull's Almshouses, *All the Year Round*.
 Dec. Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings, *All the Year Round*
 (Christmas No.).
1864. Tale of Two Cities, first cheap edition.
 Jan. 30. Pincher Astray, *All the Year Round*.

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| 1864. | Feb. | In Memoriam (of Thackeray), <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> . |
| | May-Dec. | OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, in monthly parts. |
| | Dec. | Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy, <i>All the Year Round</i> (Christmas No.). |
| 1865. | | Hard Times, first cheap edition. |
| | Jan.-Nov. | Our Mutual Friend, in monthly parts. |
| | Dec. | Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions, <i>All the Year Round</i> (Christmas No.). |
| 1866. | | Introduction to Legends and Lyrics by Adelaide Anne Procter. |
| | March 31. | History of Pickwick, <i>Athenæum</i> . |
| | April 7. | Note correcting verbal mistake in above, <i>Athenæum</i> . |
| | Dec. | Mugby Junction, <i>All the Year Round</i> (Christmas No.). |
| 1867. | | Our Mutual Friend, first cheap edition. |
| | June 1. | The late Mr. Stanfield, <i>All the Year Round</i> . |
| | Dec. | No Thoroughfare, " " (Christmas No.) |
| 1868. | | The Uncommercial Traveller, containing eleven new papers. |
| | | George Silverman's Explanation, printed in the <i>Atlantic Monthly</i> and <i>All the Year Round</i> . |
| | | Holiday Romance, printed in <i>Our Young Folks</i> and <i>All the Year Round</i> . |
| | June 6. | A Debt of Honour. Postscript to the latest published editions of American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit, <i>All the Year Round</i> . |
| | Oct. 10. | The Ruffian, " " |
| | Dec. 5. | Aboard Ship, " " |
| | Dec. 19. | A Small Star in the East, " " |
| 1869. | | Introduction to "Religious Opinions" of the late Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend. |
| | Jan. 2. | A Little Dinner in an Hour, <i>All the Year Round</i> . |
| | Jan. 16. | Mr. Barlow, " " |
| | Feb. 13. | A Slight Question of Fact, " " |
| | Feb. 27. | On an Amateur Beat, " " |
| | May 22. | A Fly-leaf in a Life, " " |
| | June 5. | A Plea for Total Abstinence, " " |
| | July 24. | Landor's Life. Notice of Mr. Forster's Biography of Walter Savage Landor, " " |
| | Aug. | On Mr. Fechter's Acting, <i>Atlantic Monthly</i> . |
| 1870. | April-Sept. | EDWIN DROOD (unfinished), in monthly parts. |
| 1871. | | CHRISTMAS STORIES, from <i>Household Words</i> and <i>All the Year Round</i> . |

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